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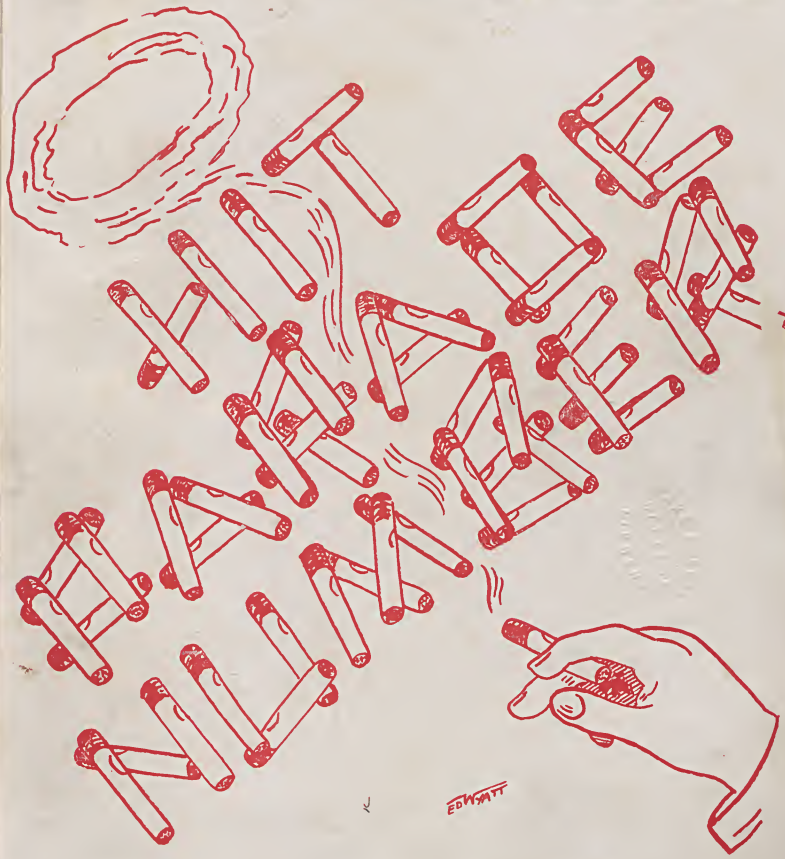
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STUDENT



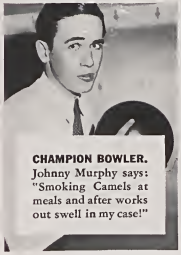


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When you smoke Camels with your meals and after, tension is lessened. The flow of digestive fluids speeds up. And alkalinity is increased. For "lift" and "for digestion's sake," the answer is Camels. Camels set you right!





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WHAT WILL THE WINNER BE?

60705



I expectorate a first prize

"I've nothing—and my watch has only sentimental value."
"Hand it over, I feel like having a good cry anyway."
—*Grit.*

"Did you test this stuff, Joe?"
"Yeh, I poured some in the ash-tray to burn it."
"Did it burn green?"
"I don't know—I can't find the ash-tray."

"I heard the kid bawling last night."
"And after four bawls he got his base warmed."

Student in car (to sweet young thing): Pardon me—er—but—

Sweet Young Thing: No, you've never met me at Palm Beach, Newport, or Saranac Lake. I wasn't in the Pullman car on the New York Express last Tuesday afternoon. I know I'm good looking and I'm not bashful. I'm not going your way and I wouldn't ride with you on a bet. I didn't ever go to school with you; I'm not waiting for a street car, I don't want a lift and I know plenty of college boys. Furthermore, I have a 220-pound fiance waiting for me. Now, were you going to say something?

Student in car: Yes, darn it, you're losing your underwear!

—*Froth.*

Infant: Baby wants a new pair of shoes.

Mother: Oh, baby does, does she? Well, baby'd better come across with some bright sayings that'll sell or baby'll go barefoot.

—*Ski-U. Mah.*

Sim Caldwell: I'd like to buy a shirt.
Female Clerk: Neck?
Sim Caldwell: Yeah, but right now I want a shirt.

"Black boy, how did you all get all dat soot on yo' coat?"
"Dat ain't soot, Carbona, dat's dandruff."
—*Yellow Jacket.*

"Hi there, big boy, how'd you like a red hot date with a cute little devil?"
"Fine, baby. O.K."
"Go to hell, big boy, go to hell."
—*Bison.*

The family was down and out. They had no food, and both the father and mother were out of work. The eight children were on the verge of starvation—they had not seen food for three days.

And then they got a break! One night the stork visited the house. It brought sunshine to the faces of the kiddies. The mother and father grew fat with pride. Another kid? Heck, no! Roast stork for breakfast!

A STUPENDOUS DRAMA IN ONE ACT

Scene: A crowded trolley car. A young lady is vainly groping for her purse to pay her fare. A young man is standing nearby with anguish written plainly on his handsome features.

Young Man: Pardon me, miss, but may I pay your fare?
Young Lady: Sir!
(Several seconds groping.)
Young Man: I beg your pardon again, young lady, but won't you let me pay your fare?
Young lady: Why, I don't even know you, and anyway, I'll have this purse open in a minute.
(Continued groping.)
Young Man: I really must insist on paying your fare. You've unbottoned my suspenders three times.
(*Curtain*)
—*Beanpot.*

STUDENTS
While in Raleigh visit our new air conditioned store
WALGREEN'S
You Are Always Welcome at Walgreen's
Raleigh, North Carolina

Mrs. Jones of the suburbs had finally discharged her extremely dumb maid. The maid was all packed and ready to go and Mrs. Jones was writing out her check. The maid was annoyed at losing a good position and didn't intend to have her mistress get off quite free. The maid began to make conversation:

"At least, I guess I'm better looking than you, anyway, even if I can't wait on the table good."

Mrs. Jones was a little shocked. "Oh, indeed—well—whoever told you that?"

"Your husband."

At this the conversation very appropriately lapsed for a while until the maid again got loquacious and said, "And I can kiss much better than you, too"

Mrs. Jones was a little worried. "So? Well, now; who told you that?"

"The chauffer told me that." —*Wataugan.*

Knott: How come you resigned from the choir?

Lawrence: I wasn't there one Sunday and somebody asked if they'd fixed the organ.

"Guess how old I am."

"21."

"No."

"24."

"No."

"23."

"No, try 22."

"22."

"No!" —*Record.*

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THORN'S

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA



Having their own Hit Parade

"Izzy, vere iss my glasses?"

"On you nose, fadder."

"Vy must you always be so indefinite, Izzy?" —*Pup.*

Moore: Say, got a cigarette?

Stone: Sure, but they're all promised.

—*Wataugan.*

Teacher: What is your worst sin?

Student: Vanity—I stand in front of my mirror for hours admiring my beauty.

Teacher: That's not vanity—that's imagination.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

"John, what is the Ancient Order of Bath?"

"Me first, Willie second."

—*Skipper.*

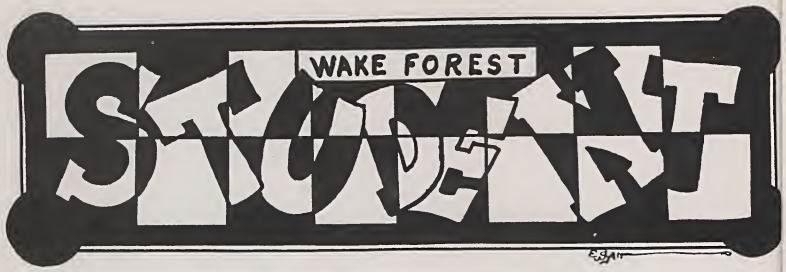
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"The Wake Forest Student is designed to advance the educational interests of the state, to encourage and develop the taste for literary effort in the students and the alumni of the College, and to be a means of instruction and pleasure to all who may read it."

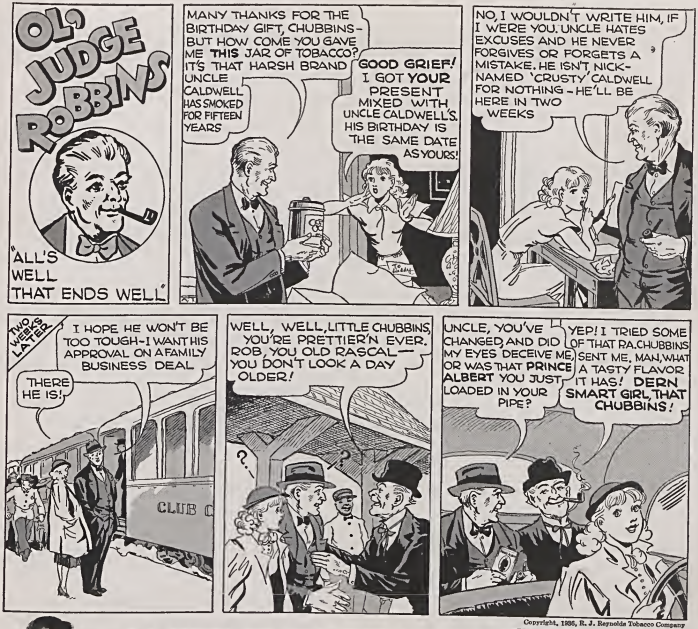
The above statement appears in the first issue of the Wake Forest Student, a literary magazine which began publication in 1882.

For nearly half a century the Wake Forest Student adhered rather strictly to purposes mentioned above. It was something more than a college journal. It was the answer to the state's need of a genuine literary magazine. Later when independent parties entered this field the Student's sphere of activity was lessened. It became more an instrument for the service of the students and withdrew from the statewide field. But with all this retrenchment, it still remained a very dignified and respectable journal, although many of us would today call it "dry" and "not worth reading."

Then a few years ago there was a radical change. It was decided to "liberalize" the Student and to devote a substantial portion of its space to humor. Finally humor *got the best of the editors* and instead of professing any concern about the development of culture here on the campus, it was brazenly announced that the "Student was solely for the entertainment of the boys and that if they liked it, then we're satisfied."

As to what will be our policy, we can not pretend to any definite idea. But we are prepared to condemn the attitude that entertainment should be the criterion of success for our magazine. We are prepared to say, much as we want their endorsement, that no feeling of a job well done will come over us just because a number of students get a "kick" out of the publication. We should greatly prefer to hold to as much as possible of the original aim: "to advance the educational interests," "to encourage and develop the taste for literary effort," and "to be a means of instruction and pleasure."

J. F. P.

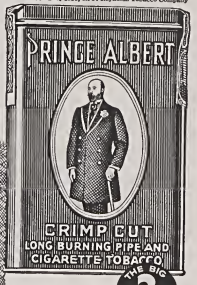


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PRINCE ALBERT GUARANTEES SATISFACTION

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

The Vanishing American

By DAVID MORGAN

Also in the money hitch hiking as a science.

Freddie was a dignified, straight-shooting, uncompromising senior, and if he had not been either dignified or a senior, he would still have pardoned no affection.

That accounts for the fact that when Freshman Googles flashed his wallet from his pocket with a picture of Freddie's girl, the big boy jumped into him with a tirade of stinging language that all but melted him into a stream of water trickling down the gutter away from the bumming corner.

"Now if you'd just calm yourself and tell me what it's all about," popped in Googles on his recovery, "I'd make an effort to explain whatever it is on your mind."

"Well first, Frosh, do you know who I am?" demanded the senior.

No, Googles was sorry he didn't, and thought it would be unselfish of his new friend to give him the pleasure at once of learning.

Not deigning to protest against such exquisite politeness, Fred introduced himself curtly.

"Oh, you're Freddie Summers, are you?" inquired Googles with evident interest. "Why gee, I'm . . ." Here he caught himself, grinned imperceptably, and ended by extending his hand.

"Just call me Googles," he said. "Seniors are so busy that we really shouldn't bother them with more than one name."

"Even at that," retorted Summers, "it would be more fitting to give the last one."

"That," returned the other with emphasis, "depends upon the circumstances."

Freddie turned away in an attitude calculated to register disgust. "When a freshman parades around the campus with a picture of a senior's best girl, you can tell the school is really going to the dogs," he muttered, making sure that Googles heard the words.

"Or it might be a symptom of something even worse: that a senior can't rate a girl that isn't above giving her picture to a frosh," countered the other with evident relish.

Summers pretended to walk off. "Leave the corner to you," he said. "We'll hope the bumming's better a little farther away from freshmen."

"Reciprocal," called Googles. "And by the way, did you see that fellow that just whizzed by? Well, out at Foster High we called folks like that 'the Vanishing American'."

"Because he gets out of sight so fast, I suppose," submitted the senior.

"Oh no, because he's an American."

Freddie lighted a pipe. "I hope this'll blow that one away," he said.

"You know, this is a pretty good location for a bumming corner," continued Googles. "Just enough curve to slow down the cars. Curves after all are a valuable institution. There's no use for the highway department to attempt to eliminate them so long as there is so much subsidizing by bumming societies."

"Now there are lots of good ways to get a ride," continued the freshman. "Tacks are good for making the cars stop, and banana peels too, if there's a good curve. But of course a bellows is the best way."

"And what's the connection between a bellows and bumming?" queried Freddie.

"You wait for a fellow in an open car, wearing a straw hat. The bellows is already going and you just waft him a heavy draft. When his hat is blown off you have the opportunity to get it for him, and to tell him that you think he should take you along."

"Whatever it was that started you talking," cut in Freddie, "I wish you'd throw it in reverse."

"Now speaking of starting things reminds me of the origin of bumming. Have you ever heard about it?"

"No—unfortunately since I'll have to listen to it now."

"Oh that was when Jonah—gulp, gulp—came to the top—sputter—and, holding up his thumb, yelled 'Ninevah'."

"Speaking of holding up a thumb," went on Googles, "most people bring it out so abruptly that it is ungraceful. You should bring your whole right forearm around, following through with the whole body—gracefully and elegantly—no jerks. That, I would say, is the second axiom of bumming."

"And the first is—"

"To get a good hill or curve—any hazard. Now the third—but here's a car stopping for us; you two fellows go ahead, even if I am first in line. Upperclassmen first, you know."

Freddie hesitated. "You aren't going to do that after the way I—"

Googles grinned. "You'll see," he said. "No thanks necessary. Scram."

Presently Freddie nudged his companion. "I don't like this guy's driving, do you?" he whispered.

"I should say not. I think he's tipsy. But don't tell him I said so."

There followed a series of lurches, skids, and ferocious jerks, arising from last minute recognition of impending danger.

"Why the white knuckles, Freddie? Holding too tight to the window casing there? That's not the steering wheel."

"Shut up, you fool. That's not the brakes you're pushing against, either."

A little later: "Say, Freddie, I can't stand it any longer; guess he'll let us out? See."

Fred bit his lip and raised his voice, "Well, it's certainly a great feeling to get home again. Nothing like it after you've been off at college for a long time. There's the old barn, and the mill wheel, and there's the old cow Susie. I'll just get out at the mail box, if you don't mind."

The car slowed to a stop. Suddenly the driver seemed to awake. "But I thought you yelled for Prescott?"

"No, that was the other boy. We live here."

"All four of you?"

"There aren't but two of us."

"Sure enough? I was just wondering how four of you were on the back seat. Well, so long."

(*Continued on page thirteen*)

Maker of Hit Parades

By ARCHIE McMILLAN

A state championship is second on your list

Coach John C. Caddell has for more than a dozen years taken boys from little North Carolina towns, moulded them into championship teams, and fed them to the big leagues.

There must be a hidden secret about the seeming miracle. Within a few minutes ride from this Baptist institution are colleges with high reputations for their athletic prowess. Their football teams are heralded as potential Rose Bowlers, their tennis teams are world intercollegiate champions, their track men do well at Berlin Olympics, their baseball teams have money enough for extended northern trips during which the Tar Heels at Duke or Chapel Hill send nines like the Princeton Tigers off the field with their tails between their legs.

Yet Wake Forest's aggregation of unheralded sandlot stars coached by a dignified dairyman whip their neighbors with almost monotonous consistency.

Coach John Caddell, you and I think at first, must have a powerful line of pregame pep talk; he must scout around furtively and pick high school champs from all over the country; he must call in a little "expert" help instead of handling the entire coaching job himself; he must give his boys a more tangible inducement to sweat for the Alma Mater than a head-swelling banner line in the newspapers.

That's what we may have thought; let's hear from those who ought to know.



COACH JOHN CADDELL

George Mauney, tough tri-letterman expected to replace last year's bull-voiced Captain Floss Patton at first base, answered skeptical queries: "Naw, Coach John doesn't hand out any do or die talking to us boys when we are about to go into a big game. He just reminds us quietly about the weaknesses we gotta watch out for, and then leaves it up to us to play the best ball we can. . . . Yeah, he can't help showing how much the game means to him and he does walk up and down in front of the bench when we're in a tight spot, but he doesn't get us nervous by shooting a lot of bull when he's already showed us how to hit and field. He's a swell fellow and all the boys like him."

Beamer Barnes, reserve outfielder and brother of southpaw Junie Barnes the Great, was, as usual, willing to express his opinion: "The boys fight so for Coach John because they love and respect him. He seems solemn and dignified at times, but he always gets the boys in a healthy fighting mood without much effort. He tells us, 'Now it might be the last half of the ninth inning, with none on bases and two out, but that ball game isn't through 'till the last batter lays down his bat. Play the best heads-up ball you can 'till the scrap is finished.' Coach has a pretty rich vocabulary; he can really tell a ball player or sports writer where to get off. . . . He's got everything—playing ability, coaching ability, and a swell personality."

Doyt Morris, husky fielder already spotted by Philly Athletics as big league timber, leaned back on his dorm bed and checked his two teammates without any cue. "And he knows his baseball, too. He signals us around on the field so we can get in the way of a fly. He knows more about the game, its records and highlights, his boys, and opposing players than anybody else."

No one could define or state Coach John's secret, but everyone felt its power. Those baseball players would rather win a game for their coach than fill up on waffles or date a beauty. He has innate qualities of gentlemanliness that drew respect from associates.

Though his belt has slipped out a few notches, John Caddell looks much like one of the boys when he slips into a regular Deacon uniform, covers his graying hair with the standard ballplayer's cap, and slaps bouncing grounders to the infield. He has the sublime dignity of a great Roman general who could hobnob wth the lowliest private, a Federal judge who mingles with plugging law students, or a farmer who exalts manual labor.

There's nothing put on or affected about the Wake Forest baseball mentor, but he doesn't mind stepping out once in a while. When his nine has just copped a conference championship, Coach Caddell can often be found in his sportiest seersucker pants and tan shirt, with an unconceivable beam of pleasure on his face.

This veteran doesn't go out to look for baseball stars; most of the Tar Heel hot shotlets come to Coach Caddell, rated by Connie Mack and others who ought to know as a leading Southern coach. As for players' palm grease and questions of subsidizing of athletics, he showed his true caliber in this plain statement: "If athletic officials would spend as much time trying to enforce the Graham plan that many of them are considering spending in trying to find loopholes in it, there is no doubt that it would succeed admirably."

John Caddell, son of the late J. C. Caddell who for 20 years served as field agent for the *Biblical Recorder*, studied in Wake Forest from 1900 to 1902. He coached the championship freshman teams of 1924 and 1925, after which he stepped into the head job on the Deacon Diamond in 1926, following Frank Thompson, for whom the State College gym was named; Irving Carlyle, Winston-Salem attorney; and Hank Garrity, all-American football star at Princeton, coach of Wake Forest's most spectacularly successful gridiron aggregations.

During each year since Caddell took over the team, Wake Forest has been Big Five champion or runner-up.

When Coach John Caddell won the Big Five baseball championship again last spring, mostly with sophomore and junior stars, letters of congratulations poured in from such notables as Raleigh's Dr. R. T. Vann, armless preacher

(*Continued on page sixteen*)

Forte Freshman, '40

By SLOANE GUY

The winner in your parade of hits is a freshman psalm.

Consider the freshman.

He approacheth Alma Mater a very large Potato, in his own eyes at least. He standeth upon her doorstep, as it were, and demandeth adoption. It does not occur to him that Illustrious Predecessors have had to plead passionately, quakingly, and with long-suffering before gaining her Haven.

He baseth his right for an Education upon the sundry Diplomas and Medals he was granted in a Lower School. He believeth in his heart that the Time is now ripe for him to assume the Leadership in something. Hence, he runneth ahead of Upperclassmen, both to Classes and to Meals. Especially the latter. And Alma Mater blinketh both eyes in Dismay.

His more or less manly Chest is weighted by Honor Medals which prove that he was the Big Frog in his Local Puddle. However, he hasteneth to secrete his most recent acquisition, a Wake Forest Frosh medallion, in the pocket of his Sunday coat, which he as promptly sendeth to the Cleaners. And it—the Medallion—is no more. Alma Mater paleth with Anger.

He regardeth Upperclassmen as "the Boys." He neither boweth nor scrapeth when his Superiors approach because to him "there are none." On the campus, he findeth pleasure in the Birds and Squirrels, in the trees and nuts on the ground, especially when passing a fellow-student. Yet, he condescendeth to address his Professors as his Almost-Equals. Alma Mater groaneth with Pain.

He writeth with great fervor of his Love for Alma Mater. His first themes are Gooey with Noble Aims and High Ambitions. He innocently believes that a Pharisaical proclamation of High Goals will get him by on the Course, and with a good Grade. Alma Mater smileth up her Sleeve.

He seizeth eagerly an Opportunity to represent the College away from the Hill. He leaveth home with the Idea that the Best Representation is the Loudest. He acteth as one who hath been sent to Congress, in that his Nether Portions are much in Evidence. Alma Mater justifiably Blusheth.

He becometh agitated when addressed as "freshman." He explaineth at great length that he is a "first-year man." He smileth indulgently when he is requested to "button." He thinketh (if possible) that Upperclassmen who demand that he "fry like an Egg" or "wrestle with Temptation" are fit Subjects for Dix Hill, and he beginneth to spot handy weapons with which to defend himself from a Maniac's attack. He holdeth at arm's length those who would be brotherly toward him, and taketh perfect delight in rushing in where even Fools fear to tread. Alma Mater quaketh for him.

Cometh the Football season, and His Highness, the "first year man," graceth the games with his Presence. He expresses annoyance at certain Cheer leaders who invite him to join in a sustained Jabber to help the Team. He resenteth being herded into a Special Section with other members of his class, fearing that Some might mistake Him for a *freshman*. His dignity weigheth so heavily upon him that he bendeth — backwards. Alma Mater downright grinneth.

The long Winter resteth upon the Hill, and the freshman, for the first time in his Life, meeteth Himself, and liveth in rather close Contact with that Same Person. During the long nights he communeth with Himself and taketh Inventory. Usually he findeth himself Unbearable and Changeth accordingly. He absorbeth the better Traditions, and ariseth from the depths of his Despair something of a Gentleman, after all. He findeth himself strangely Humble, and there awakeneth in him a Deep Love and Respect for Alma Mater. He setteth for himself an Attainable Goal, and laboreth toward it with Diligence. Alma Mater sigheth with Content.

NO LONGER IN THE MONEY

GRAHAM PLAN

NOTHING MORE CAN BE SAID



Made by LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO COMPANY — *and you can depend on a Liggett & Myers product*

Lavelock's Collections

By BEN FISHER

Sixth on your list a sketch of ye olden times.

The WAKE FOREST STUDENT is presenting in this issue a reprint of two ancient manuscripts found last summer in the ruins of an old building in South Wales. This notable discovery was made by one Mr. Earl Lavelock, who at that time was preparing a book which he will call, when finished, "Student Life of the Sixteenth Century." Mr. Lavelock says, "You can well imagine my surprise and delight when I quite unexpectedly ran into this rare find. The papers were in tatters and showed ample evidence of having been in a fire."

Mr. Lavelock thinks these two papers were part of a students notebook. In the Tragedy of Antonius this is extremely noticeable. The brevity of the act and the shortness of the time indicate that there is much of the play missing. Mr. Lavelock says, "It seems as if each act has been carefully briefed and set down to be later committed to memory."

The other manuscript, if it can be called such—literally a fragment—had neither title nor explanatory notes. It seems to be complete in the first act, as far as it is legible. However, it gives a beautiful insight of a classroom of five hundred years ago.

The word Hardwicke College has been a puzzle to Mr. Lavelock. He is inclined to believe the name fictitious, since no record of it has been found.

It is interesting to compare the similarities of yesterday and today. Alter the characters and change the time and place and these two plays or fragments of plays would almost fit Wake Forest.

Mr. Lavelock was kind enough to re-spell the words, knowing that the busy students here would have very little time to halt over old English spelling. These are not the only things which Mr. Lavelock discovered, but they are the only ones which he has had time to edit. Those majoring in English, and others who would like to know more of these discoveries, can reach Mr. Lavelock by addressing their letters to *Mr. Earl Lavelock, 209 Drury Lane, London, England.*

ACT I

Scene I: A classroom. Enter Father Philip, Benjamin, Paulus, Johan, and other members of the class.

Father Philip: Bless *ye*, young knaves. 'Tis well *ye* would know more of this tongue, if perchance *thy* thick pates will allow it. A goodlier language was never invented, though some would disown it, calling it dead and useless—braying donkeys.

Johan (aside): Methinks it has a smell.

Paul (whispering): Aye! And the ablative the most foul.

Father P.: Avaunt, there knaves! Johan, see if thy prattle canst make yon sentences have proper meaning. (Points to slate on wall.)

Father P. (while Cohan fidgets and turns): Well! Make haste.

Johan: Sir, I am unprepared.

Father P.: Unprepared!!!

Johan: Sir, I regret it. 'Twas a thing beyond my command.

Father P.: How so?

Johan: A friend, Sir, most sick. Duty, Sir. It grieved me greatly to cast aside my beloved grammar.

Father P.: Truly a noble gesture.

Johan (aside): Like a piggy at the trough, he laps it up; tho, in some measure 'tis true. One more tankard of ale and it would have done us all.

Paul (whispering): Yea! A darke brown taste hangs on my palate even now.

Father Philip: Yes, yes my son. A noble a very noble gesture. (Aside.) Young liar. 'Tis likely that his friend was some ale house and the cure some well bid cuchre. Precious little Latin would have gone into his ivory skull. I am persuaded, am I? Let him bask in his own conceit; the world will discover him to his folly.

Benjamin (aside): Zounds! 'Tis my turn next. (Turning to Paulus.) Quick, Paulus! Give the old boy a lead. The fencing bouts.

Paul (whispering): Fencing! Methinks 'twould be better to speak of Sir Highstuff's new rule of schooling.

Benjamin (whispering): Hold! Thou idiot, would'st thy feeble brain allow thee to thrust a taper into a drum of powder. The fencing! The fencing!

Father P.: And now, my brilliant Benjamin, mount ye and ride. On deck, my laddie, on deck.

Benjamin: Aye, Sir. Just a moment Sir. (Aside.) Quick Paulus! I'm undone!

Paul: Pardon, Sir, my untimely interruption, but I saw in the *Courier* this noon where one man of great learning would drop Latin as quite dead and useless.

Father P.: Offspring of a dog! Senseless ass! Traitor vile! Most blasphemous. . . .

Here, unfortunately, the manuscript was so badly charred that the rest of the words were illegible. Lavelock thinks the play from here on would have shown a marked Senecan influence.

THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONIUS

Act I

Scene I. Library at Hardwicke College. Reading rooms filled with students. A pretty maid at the bar.

Enter Antonius wth several books in his arms. Seats himself at a table.

Antonius (to himself): Now to prepare the morrow's lesson. (Begins to read a book.)

Slam! Bang!

Antonius (jumping halfway out of his seat, loses place in book): What th— 'Tis only some one moving a chair. (After searching with much diligence, finds place in book and resumes work.)

Enter three more students. 1st Stude grabs a chair and drags it with much squeaking from under the table. 2nd Stude grabs a chair and drags it with much squeaking from under the table. 3rd Stude (same as first two).

Antonius (to himself): Methinks I had best seek the quiet of the Armour's shoppe. Little thinking I can do here. 'Tis time for fortitude and resource. I shall move. (Gets up.)

(*Continued on page fifteen*)

Romeo and Juliet

A favorite of the old school

Balcony Scene: Juliet is waiting on her balcony for Romeo. The hero climbs up the ladder to the balcony and hands Juliet a rose.

Juliet: Ah, my Romeo, why do you always bring me a rose?

Romeo: Because thou art—the very flower of womanhood. (Aside: Whatever that means.)

Juliet: Flower of womanhood, eh? I bet you mean a blooming idiot.

Romeo: My Juliet, how can you think that I, Romeo, your lover . . . aw, nuts! Words fail me. (Coughs violently.)

Juliet: Hast thou a Shakespearean cough?

Romeo: What the deuce is a Shakespearean cough?

Juliet: T. B. or not T. B. That is the question.

Romeo: Darling, you're my suppressed desire.

Juliet: Well, don't suppress it any longer. (Romeo and Juliet embrace.)

Juliet: I don't think you love me any more.

Romeo: Juliet, even your best friend won't tell you, but I shall. . . .

Juliet: You don't kiss me like you used to.

Romeo: Well, what can you expect? Conditions are bad everywhere. (Romeo gasps for breath.)

Juliet: Ah, my Romeo, is this how passionately you love me?

Romeo: Don't be silly, this isn't passion, this is asthma.

Juliet: Kiss me, Romeo. (They kiss.)

Romeo: Now you kiss me. (They kiss.)

Romeo: Again. (They kiss.)

Romeo: And again. (They kiss.)

Juliet: Say, wait a minute. Who wrote this scene?

Romeo: I did. (They kiss.)

Enter Papa

Papa: Is this my daughter I see before me?

Juliet: Oh, hello Dad! You home so early?

Papa: Never mind that. (To Romeo.) Sir, how is it that I catch you kissing my daughter?

Romeo: You must be wearing rubber soles.

Papa: Sir hold thy tongue.

Romeo: I can't, it slips.

Papa: Then watch thy tongue, or I'll give thee a sock.

Romeo: Make it two, size 10 1-2, and I'll take them.

Papa: Who are you to talk to me like this? I'll kill you.

Juliet: Father, have mercy. . . .

Romeo: Oh, yes, the quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath it; it is twice. . . .

Papa: Enough! Who are you?

Romeo: I am Romeo.

Papa: So you're the Romeo my daughter is always talking about? Well, I'll be a son of a ring-tailed monkey.

Romeo: Yes, I'm Romeo, and keep your family out of this.

Papa: You know, I don't like all the flies around here.

Romeo: Well, why don't you pick out the ones you don't like and chase them away?

Papa: Come, Romeo, let us shoo the flies.

Romeo: Aw, let them walk barefoot. Say, how about a fourth of bridge?

Papa: Sure.

Romeo: Fine, now all we need is a third.

Romeo: When he was a bachelor, ah, 'twas true
But now he is married to a shrew.
And I do not want to cause him pain,
For to call him now, is to call in vain.

Papa: And marriage is a grand refrain.

Romeo: Yes, refrain from drinking, refrain from gambling, refrain from. . . .

Papa (Patting Romeo on the back): Spoken like a true Roman! Ah, yes, 'twould be a better world for children if the parents had to eat the spinach.

Romeo: Say, what would you charge to fall into a manhole?

Papa: Only cover charge.

Romeo: Oh yeah?

Papa: Sewer.

Romeo: Is that so? I know what you're thinking.

Papa: You do, eh? Well, why don't you go there?

Romeo: Aw, go cut yourself a piece of throat.

Juliet: Please don't argue. Shake hands and be friends. (They shake hands.)

Romeo: Have a cigar.

Papa: Thanks. (Smells cigar.) This cigar smells strong.

Romeo: It is strong. The weak ones break in my pocket.

Juliet: How about Antonio? He plays bridge.

Papa: What this country needs is a good five cent cigar, butt. . . .

Juliet: Now, that's just fine, boys.

Romeo: Say, have you a nickel? I want to call a friend.

Papa: Here's a dime, and you can call up all of them.

Romeo: Oh, is that so?

Juliet: Oh, is that so?

Papa: Wait a minute. One fool at a time.

Romeo: O.K. Go ahead. By the way, sir, I'd like to marry your daughter.

Papa: Ha! Ha! Do you think she wants to live with an idiot for the rest of her life?

Romeo: No! That's why I want to marry her.

Papa: Well, that's beside the point. What do you do for a living?

Romeo: I've been admitted to the bar.

Papa: Ah, a barrister?

Romeo: No, a bar-tender.

Papa: Can you support a family?

Romeo: I think so.

Papa: Better make sure. There are nine of us, you know.

Juliet: Papa, you better go to bed now. You've got to be up early now that you are working my way through college.

Papa: Yes, Juliet, I guess I had better. Goodnight! See you tomorrow. (Papa climbs down the ladder, and takes the ladder with him.)

* * * * *

Juliet: Ah, my Romeo, the hour of departure has come. The night is almost done. You must go now.

Romeo: O. K., Juliet. Adieu, adieu. . . .
(Romeo steps off balcony where ladder is supposed to be but isn't, and falls six stories to the ground.)

(*Continued on page sixteen*)

Monotony or Not?

By JACK SAWYER

A hit in the life of a band leader

"Of course," said Peter Van Ihrie, "of course I enjoy conducting an orchestra. What gives you the idea that I might not?"

I was interviewing the famous orchestra leader as a feature assignment for the *Globe* and had just asked him that question.

"I don't know," I replied, "it seems so monotonous—night after night nothing to do but to smile sweetly at debutantes, croon caressingly into the microphone—is there more to it than that?"

"You aren't a musician, are you?" he came back. In reply to my negative response he said, "I thought not."

Settling further back in his chair and lighting a cigarette he continued. "Well, all I can say is that anything can and will happen in connection with music. Here are a few incidents to prove that music isn't all humdrum and monotonous."

After pausing a moment for reflection he started his narrative. "When I began my music career I was in high school in a small town down South. A band director from a neighboring city came out to our school, sold us a few battered instruments, and lo and behold, we had a band. When we had thirteen members we played our first number, and were we proud! Before long we had grown in size and ability and decided to enter the state high school band contest.

"Everything went off fine in our opening march and all was calm and serene until the last few measures of the overture. On the last note I happened to look at the tympani player—he hit the last beat on the huge kettledrum, and the stick flew out of his hand. In an instant I had lost sight of it as it soared toward the rafters. However, just as our director took his bow, the wayward stick returned to its starting point, and with a mighty *bam*, the drum head was split from rim to rim!

"It seems that something is frequently happening to drums or drummers. I remember when our college band obtained its first bass drum. Never has a mother been as proud of her first-born as we were of that drum!

"Well, one day we were going over to Durleigh to put on a concert. When we arrived at the town we were confronted by a detour over several rough hilly streets. As we neared the top of a steep hill Dr. Bell, the director, looked back in time to see the drum bounding off the top of the bus and gathering speed as it rushed toward the bottom of the hill. Stopping the bus, he hurried back, wondering with a sinking heart whether or not he would ever be able to find all the pieces. Then he gave a cry of joy, for, there in the middle of the road, was the drum with hardly a scratch on it!

"This same drum was being used one day in a concert at school. In the middle of a stirring march Dr. Bell suddenly missed the beats of the drum. He looked up just in time to see the stick flying at his head. Ducking just in time, he watched the stick sail out into the audience, who graciously passed the stick back to the stage in time for the next number."

"That seems to cover bands pretty well," I broke in, "but what about orchestras?"

"I'm getting to that now," he said.

"I had two amusing experiences with a trombonist in one of my first orchestras. One night, for some reason, his slide became gummed up. He used a great deal of slide oil on it, and soon almost all his horn as well as his hands were covered with the slippery fluid. Pretty soon we played a rather hot number featuring much trombone gymnastics. He did excellently, but suddenly the oil got the best of him, the slide slipped out of his hand and landed in the fifth row seats! Needless to say, that brought down the house.

"That same trombonist was with me one night when we played a dance after riding some 600-odd miles to fill the engagement. By the time the dance started we were almost dead, for we hadn't slept any during that long ride. Along about twelve o'clock we were playing a very sweet selection in which there was a featured solo on the trombone. He got up to play, played several lines, and suddenly fell over backwards—he had put himself to sleep with his own sweet music!

"It was on this same trip that we were driving through mountainous country when through the air shot an automobile and landed with a resounding crash on the road in front of our car. It developed that the car had skidded off the road where it doubled back above us, had lodged against a sapling, had remained there long enough for the occupants to get out before the tree gave way, and had plunged down to the road below.

"I could go on all night with similar experiences," he said, "but I believe I've cited enough to prove my case, don't you?"

"Right you are," I heartily agreed. "But that leaves me with one other question."

"And that is—?"

"That is, where can I find a good music teacher, and how long before I can join a band!"

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Passing of the Sky

By AL MARTIN

Number seven a standby of the campus.

The Sky is Dead; Long Live the Sky!

Recently a campus columnist made the statement that not one time th's year had he heard a ministerial student called "Sky." The statement was made very casually; but perhaps it holds much more significance than might appear at first sight. Perhaps The Sky *is* dead! If he is, then Wake Forest has passed into a new stage of growth which parallels a growth and broadening in the field responsible for her birth—the field of religion.

First of all, who *was* the Sky?

The Sky gained his name from the cowboys, strangely enough. Out in the wide open men-are-men, back in the days when heroes of current movie thrillers were alive the Sky came into being. There, during the birth of a nation, members of the clergy were called "Sky-Pilots." And it is from these pious and hardy individuals that our deceased Wake Forest Sky received his name. True, the term "Sky-Pilot," in the course of its evolution from the Western parsons to the Wake Forest holier-than-thou's meant several things; once it meant the Billy Sunday type of sawdust-trail evangelist. But such, so far as we can ascertain, is the actual geneology of the word, "Sky."

At Wake Forest the Sky was such a familiar type that he hardly needs description. He was the fellow who never did any wrong, studied in the library most of the time when he was not attending a recitation, went to Sunday school and church regularly, ate and slept, and that was all. That was all, that is except for one crowning trait—he always looked pious—the kind of subdued piety which makes one want to wash his mouth out with hard liquor. Perhaps he would take unto himself a Flock of Brethren in a nearby place of worship before he finished, not for the actual good that he wanted to do there or for financial reasons alone, but because it was the saintly thing to do—to have a Flock. It lent prestige and a sort of awe.

However, we will not dwell on the Sky any longer. He is a more or less unpleasant memory for those who believe themselves to have attained a little broader and clearer vision of the work of the ministry. Perhaps there are one or two of his tribe, still encrusted in the traditonal smuggery of the past, haunting our halls with sweet silence. But we are inclined to believe that the Sky is nearly gone—and no one mourns.

We said that the passing of the Sky parallels current trends in religion. By that we mean that religionists of the more progressive hue have finally realized that the Man of Nazareth carried more meaning in his immortal teachings than formal worship and soft lights and sweet music. There are those, happily, who believe that, as Kagawa puts it, "Until God saturates even the stock-markets there is little hope for genuine religion." They believe that material salvation is equally important as spiritual salvation and that a man's soul cannot be saved while his body starves. They believe that Christianity works as well in every phase of everyday life as it does at prayer-meetings and funerals. They believe that the Creator of All never intended that any race or color or creed should dominate any other race or color or creed. They believe that war is the modern prototype of the Miltonic Hell. They believe, in short, that religion is Browning's "all or nothing, sir—no mere smile

(*Continued on page fourteen*)

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Grandpappy Morgan, a hillbilly of the Ozarks, had wandered off into the woods and failed to return for supper, so young Tolliber was sent to look for him. He found him standing in the bushes.

"Gettin' dark, Grandpap," the tot ventured.

"Yep."

"Suppertime, Grandpap."

"Yep."

"Ain't ye hongrey?"

"Yep."

"Well, air ye comin' home?"

"Nope."

"Why ain't ye?"

"Standin' in a b'ar trap." —*Growler.*

"Hey, Zeke, ya got yu shoes on wrong, ya got the right one on the left foot."

"My gosh, they been that way fer twenty years; I thawt I was clubfooted.

If you are caught in hot water, be nonchalant; take a bath.

PASSING OF THE SKY

(*Continued from page thirteen*)

of contentment." And they are trying to study and do something about it.

These modern ministers and the students who are studying in their vision want to understand folks. They do not want to be shut off in one corner of life. They want to go to the top intellectually. They do not want to fall into a mental groove and live on dogma and petty platitudes. They are the New Sky. Give them a chance. Long may they live!

THE VANISHING AMERICAN

(*Continued from page six*)

"Thank goodness that's over, and here's hoping it won't be long till another car comes by. I've got to be in Prescott in half an hour."

Presently a car swung up and came to a stop. The door opened, and Googles popped his head out. "Hop in boys," he called cheerfully. "Good. Got plenty of room? Are you comfortable? Now as I was saying, the third axiom is to watch the tires and the driver before you get in. It's not good strategy to get stranded on the highway."

"And another thing, Freddie. It doesn't pay to get all wrought up about a piece of black and white paper before you find out all about it. I'm the girl's brother. Glad to meet you. Come on around and have supper with us tonight. She'd be glad to see you."

Little Audrey went out riding the other day. When he stopped the car she laughed and laughed—because she knew he was only her brother. —*Widow.*

His wife, determined to cure him of his evil ways, with the aid of a sheet and an electric torch, transformed herself into a fair resemblance of a ghost. She went in and shook the drunkard.

"Wash that?" murmured the topic.

"This is the Devil," came the answer in sepulchral tones.

"Shake hands, old horsh, I married your sister."—*Log.*

It seems that the freshman that come here are greener (?) and greener (??) every year. This year a freshman takes the cake, he registered for Vat 69. We wonder what the prerequisite is.

Old Lady (to Old Tar): Excuse me—do those tattoo marks wash off?

Old Tar: I can't say, lady. —*Log.*

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

OCTOBER, 1936

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FRED JOHNSON
Editor-in-Chief
JAMES W. MASON
Business Manager

LAVELOCK'S COLLECTIONS

(*Continued from page ten*)

Scene II. Same as the first.

Enter Antonius and seats himself.

Antonius: Now to my physics. "'Tis said that a moving body . . ."

Enter two students. They seat themselves at an adjacent table.

1st Stude: Didst thou . . . mumb-mumble-er Mmmmm-mum-mumble she mumble-mumble-mummum and he-Ho-Ho-Hee, Hee mum-mumble-mum.

2nd Stude: Ho! Ho! Ha, ha, ha, Hee, hee, hee. WoW!!!

Antonius: Oh merciful me! Will this prattling never cease? The clock will soon strike the hour of nine and I have read a whole paragraph. (Gets up and moves to the room of the papers.)

Scene III. Another part of the building.

Enter Antonius, who seats himself at a table. He has a pale and haggard look.

Antonius (opening a physics book): "'Tis said that a moving body . . ."

Students begin a simultaneous exchange of books, and papers.

Antonius: "'Tis-Slam-said-mumble-mumble-that a-crinkle-crinkle moving body—"oh woe is me! woe! woe! Woe is me! Is there no peace—no quietness. Father, givest thou me courage. (Gets up and moves to room of maps.)

Scene IV. Another room, filled with maps, globes and lexicons of various tongues.

Enter Antonius with hair flowing wildly and tears streaming down his cheeks. Seats himself at a table.

Antonius: "'Tis said that a moving body . . ."

Enter half a dozen students and whirl globe which squeaks mightily on its axis.

1st Stude (inaudible voice): The devil, 'tis south of the equator . . .

2nd Stude (still louder): I say north. North . . .

Antonius. 'Tis come! No mortal can stand up in the face of it. I'm mad! Mad! Mad! Mad, do you hear? Stark raving mad. (Runs shrieking around the room.)

Enter Walton, Sherwood, Norton, and others to learn of the noise.

Walton: What goes here?

Sherwood (addressing Antonius): Stay, villain!

Norton: Thou knave, Dost thou wish to disturb this sanctuary of quietness with they shrieks? Hold!

Sherwood: Oh, blasphemous hound!

Norton: He deserves to die. (Draws dagger and stabs Antonius.)

Walton: Worthy act. Justice done.

Students in chorus: Long live Norton.

(Exit all, dragging the body of Antonius with them.)



"You ain't no gentleman."
"You ain't no blond." —*Exchange.*



Young Lady (in book store): Got any Lifebuoy?
Gene Snyder: Set the pace, gal—set the pace.

Professor: Now, spell "straight."
Student: S-T-R-A-I-G-H-T.
Professor: Correct, and what does it mean?
Student: Without gingerale. —*Bison.*

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MAKER OF HIT PARADES

(Continued from page seven)

and former Meredith College president, and from such phrase-turners as George Pennell, Asheville lawyer and Sunday school teacher. Wrote Pennell: "To John Caddell, Premier North Carolina Coach, Prince of Gentlemen, Wake Forest, North Carolina. If the rhododendron in these mountains were to fail to bloom this year, it would not be as big an upset as it would if your baseball team were to fail to make a creditable showing."

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ROMEO AND JULIET

(Continued from page eleven)

Juliet (Looks down and shouts): Romeo, are you double-jointed?

Romeo: No.

Juliet: Well then, both your legs are broken . . . are you hurt?

Romeo: No, but if you're coming down also, look out! The first step on the ladder is very steep!

Curtain

—Reprinted from *Yellow Jacket*.

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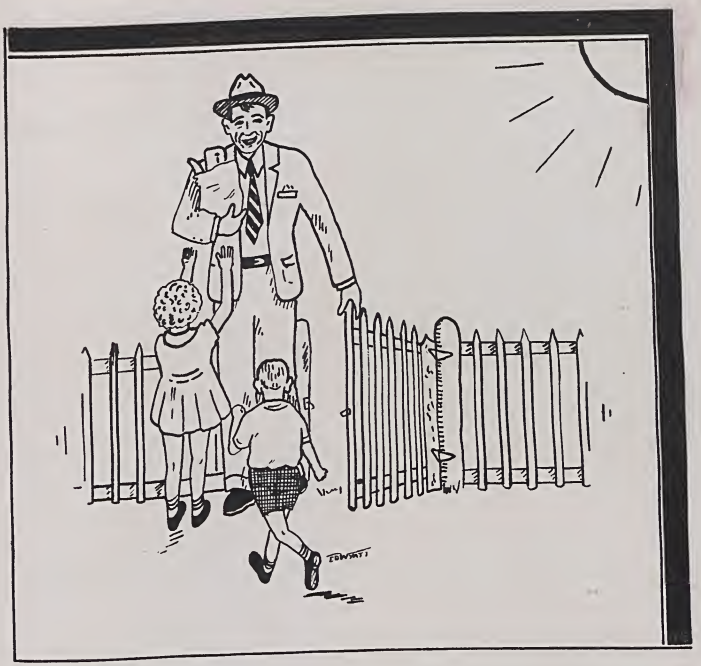
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"If anyone sees the invisible man, tell him to report to office."

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—*State Lion.*

"S'funny, I always thought that the Mississippi Deltas were some of our fraternity brothers from the south.

—*Voo Doo.*

Sig Chi: So you always wear your gloves to keep your hands soft?
D. G.: Yes.
S. C.: And do you always sleep with your hat on?

—*Rambler.*

Critic: What does this picture represent?
Artist: Satan's Daughters.
Critic: Oh, Hell's Belles, eh?

—*Dirge.*

Thirty days hath September,
April June and November.
All the rest have thirty-one
Except Grandpa—he has a long white beard.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow.
And everywhere that Mary went,
She took the 5th avenue subway.

Do you remember the one about the Scotchman who gave his girl a watch case for Christmas, and then the next Christmas he gave her the works?

—*Tiger.*

"Does your husband ever take your little hand in his?"
"Yes, and twists it until I drop the gun."

—*Power.*

The lights were low. The spell of romance gripped the shy young man. Tenderly, he placed his arm around the girl of his dreams.
"Do you love me, honey?" he breathed.
"No," replied the girl. "I can't say that I do. But kiss me anyhow. Kiss me!"
The timid youngster drew back.
"But," he protested, "you just said you didn't love me."
"Aw, come on," coaxed the girl. "Don't be so technical."

—*Exchange.*

A little colored boy was sitting slumped down in a chair with his feet resting on top of the table, when his mammy came into the room and said, "Lord, yo' is a lazy boy; youze 'zackly like yo' pappy. Thank goodness I didn't marry dat man."

—*Exchange.*

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RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

The present administration is truly great. We know the depression is over—students have quit writing home for money. They wire for it.

Oliver was careless about his personal effects. When his mother saw clothing scattered about on the chair and floor, she inquired, "who went to bed and didn't hang up his clothes?"

A muffled voice from under the covers murmured, "Adam."

—*Drexerd.*

"We've been waiting here a long time for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say."

"Oh, Jack, this is so sudden."

—*The Pup.*

There is almost always a tie between father and son—and the son usually wears it.

—*Dirge.*

Speaking of savage birds, my eighth cousin on Uncle Charlie's side was killed some months ago by a revolving crane.

—*Battalion.*

Many a sober-faced little lamb goes riding in the moonlight and comes home with a sheepish grin on her face.

—*Arch.*

Bible stories (and the State's boys know them): Noah was the first electrician. He made the ark light on Mt. Sinai.



"I'd ask for the next dance, but all the cars are taken."

Visitor: Remember, my good man, "stone walls do not a prison make."

Inmate: By golly, they been foolin' me for eighteen years.

—*Siren.*

Coed: I've got the cutest little niece.

Frosh: Yeah, I couldn't help noticing them.

—*Widow.*

Caesar Herrin: What do you think would go well with my new purple and orange golf socks?

"Little Man" Sims: Hip Boots.

Dean: Know you? Why, I knew you when your mother got kicked out of college.

—*Showne.*

Alumnus: Why, I'm sorry to hear that. How did Brother Jones die?

Active: He fell through a scaffolding.

Alumnus: What on earth was he doing up there?

Active: Being hanged!

—*Exchange.*

He drank the nectar from her lips
As under the moon they sat;
And wondered if another had
Ever drunk from a mug like that!

—*Widow.*

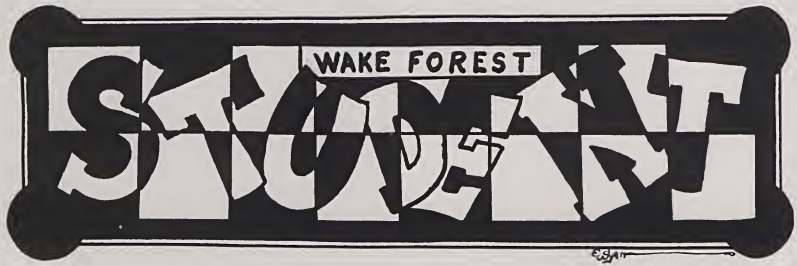
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ARE YOU COMING OR GOING?

Homecoming for alumni often turns out to be homegoing for students. In spite of attractions of a gala football game and myriad faces—many of which are feminine—the local bumming corners have always been lined with Wake Forest undergraduates on Homecoming Day.

As the old grads stream back for another look at their beloved campus in holiday garb, prosaic students pour out in equal numbers, anxious to get away from the dump as soon as their last bell has tolled—or before. Alumni have invested the campus with the misty golden glory of every member of their exuberant, carefree college days. Undergraduates see simply the mud they plow through, the dormitories where they burn midnight electricity, the classrooms where they flunk quizzes.

Many students of the present generation can see little that is beautiful about the campus and college—because they are too close and they lack perspective. Maples lifting their burning arms to heaven are passed unnoticed by men bending all their efforts to evade a sloshy puddle.

"Can any good thing come out of Wake Forest?" students here ask. "Why, we live here, know most of the boys, and yet see nothing remarkable about the place."

Leave it to the alumni to praise their Alma Mater to the skies; leave it to graduates with clear vision to declare that the Deacon football team is one of the most remarkable in the college's history and her equipment at Gore Field unsurpassable.

Home brew is declared awful, but vinegar labeled as aged champagne imported from France is declared ambrosial. Chronic malcontents bit with the travel bug denounce their home flat as the ugliest spot on earth and chase all over Europe to find beauty that always evades them because they are half blind.

A few walk by the golf links entranced with the beauty of it all, telling nature to "let fall no burning leaf" lest joy's cup overflows." The same person would rather see Wake Forest play Duke on Homecoming Day than watch the Army-Navy mixup.

The rest of the student body have just one week end impulse—that is, to check out from Wake Forest, leave their dreary workshop here and journey to distant playhouses. Perhaps today will be different; perhaps there will be exhibited today a new spirit of loyalty and love for this college home.

A. M.

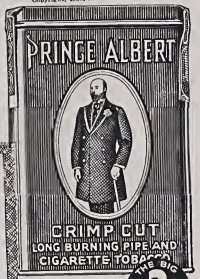


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Track Men Learn to Play Football

By J. C. DRAKE

A Disciplinarian Coach Demands Strict Training

This year was one of Bill Forsythe's most promising years as football coach of Center High School in Washington, D. C., for he had a team that was big and strong and well trained. But then Bill always had good teams, for he usually had good material and was one of the best coaches in the country. The secret of his success lay in his method of training men and getting them into perfect condition. Skill and mental control, said Bill, were a far surer means of victory than mere brute strength. That was how as coach he had trained a championship olympic team two years ago.

Bill was likewise a successful track coach. Moreover, he could coach baseball teams, boxers and wrestlers. In fact, he was often referred to in the papers as the Silver Fox or the trainer of men from bicycle riders to marathon runners. The ironical part of the whole thing was that Bill didn't give a hoot whether he ever won a game or not, just so he developed each individual into a man of sound body and mind.

His theory was that high school boys were immature and still in the process of growth; therefore they could not be worked as hard as college boys. But people were not aware of this fact, and high school coaches all over the country in ignorance of it worked immature boys so hard that many of them were hurt irreparably, although not so evidently. Many of these boys would look and feel just as healthy and strong as ever and would go to college, but for some reason they never developed into great athletes.

Bill knew why these young boys failed to attain the greatness promised for them. During those years in high school when coaches had plunged them headlong into rigorous, merciless training periods in an effort to whip them into shape, something had been taken out of them, something which they never regained. Some vital spark had been burned up, some power to store up a large and limitless supply of energy. Their legs for some reason didn't seem to have the stamina or the driving power to carry them on. In high school their coaches had sent them into games with instructions to do or die, to fight to the finish, to stand on their feet when they felt like lying down, to keep driving even if they could hardly see where they were going, to fight until they dropped with exhaustion if necessary. That was heroic, and the fans would cheer them on. But that was the reason they never became great athletes in college.

But Bill's system was different. He didn't coach boys, he trained them. Never had he launched his boys into a



"But Bill, you can't possibly put the team on the bench!"

brief and intensive training period a short while before the first game. His training season always began a couple of weeks before school opened in September and continued on in a gradual process, the intensity of the work being increased slowly week by week. Bill did not believe in driving his men on to exhaustion, for he wanted them to feel fresh and vigorous in order that they might be willing and eager to work hard when the occasion arose. A tired, sluggish body, said Bill, has a bad effect on the mind, handicapping quick, clear thinking, and dampening the will to work.

Because of Bill's system of training, his boys all loved him. They realized that he was interesfed in them and that he was their friend. Every one of them would have worked his heart out if Bill had said so. They all knew that he meant business too. He allowed no playing or fooling on the field except what naturally was associated with training. While on the field every man had to keep his mind constantly on his training in an effort to develop as well as possible each individual skill. Every day Bill reminded the men to keep their minds on what they were doing. "Concentrate," he would say. "Think about everything you do. Don't do one thing and think about another. Control every action with your mind. No man can be a good athlete unless he has good mental control. And if you use your mind in this way your school studies will be much easier." And to bear out Bill's statement, rarely if ever was one of his men ineligible. They would have been ashamed of being ineligible, because they wanted to play ball for Bill.

But now, just two weeks before the first game, Bill was faced with a problem. He had learned in some way that several of his best players had attended a Saturday night dance at school. By attending the dance they had broken two training rules—dancing and losing sleep. What to do about it Bill didn't know yet, but he had to do something.

All day Monday he tried to come to some decision as to what he was going to do. The men had to be punished, but how? That afternoon when the men came out on the field for their regular training he called the whole squad together to talk to them as he often did. He had come to his decision, and he was going to put it into effect immediately.

"Boys," he began, "our first game is only two weeks away now, and those of you who are going to play have got to train hard to be ready for it. You know my rules for training, and you know the consequences of breaking them. Do you think they are unjust or too strict?" A general murmur of agreement and shaking of heads indicated that the squad thought Bill's rules were all right. "I don't think they're too strict either," continued Bill; "therefore because several of you went to the dance Saturday night the team is going to sit on the bench when we meet Beverly." A murmur of surprise ran through the squad, and the boys looked at each other in dumfounded silence. The captain strode up to Bill with an anxious look on his face.

"But, Bill, you can't put the team on the bench. We can't possibly win if you do."

"No, Bill," spoke up several other players, "we'll be whipped all to pieces if you put us on the bench. All of us didn't break training Saturday night anyway."

"I know its unfair to the ones who didn't go to the dance to put the whole team on the bench," answered Bill, "and I'm sorry about that, but you'll all have to take the consequences as best you can. For this you have the men to thank who broke training. We had a good chance to win the city championship this year, but the few who had to go to the dance have just about ruined that. Sorry, boys, but that's just the way things stand. I expect to have boys who train even if I don't have a championship team."

In his shrewd way Bill had turned the opinion of the squad against those who had broken training, and he knew that no boy could bear to be in the disfavor of his associates for very long at a time. Therefore to vindicate themselves in the eyes of their teammates the delinquents would in all probability train better than they ever had before.

The squad was just about thunderstruck. Bill gazed at them silently a moment and then continued. "If you show me that you are in earnest and will really train faithfully, then you can play our second game. But if you don't want to train, all right. In that case you won't play a game all season."

Pausing a moment, Bill looked over toward the track, where the thinclads were training for their indoor meets. Then turning back to the squad grouped around him, he smiled as he resumed talking. "I suppose you have wondered how we are going to play Beverly if the team is on the bench. Well, we are going to play them even if we get whitewashed. The track team is going to play in your places. Now get back to training and show me that you really want to play."

With that Bill walked over towards the track and left the football team huddled together in excited whispers of amazement. Raising his voice, he called to the captain of the track team, "O Autry, call the squad together, will you?" With the squad together, Bill explained the situation clearly and told the men what he expected them to do. They all were eager and willing in their surprise to do what they could.

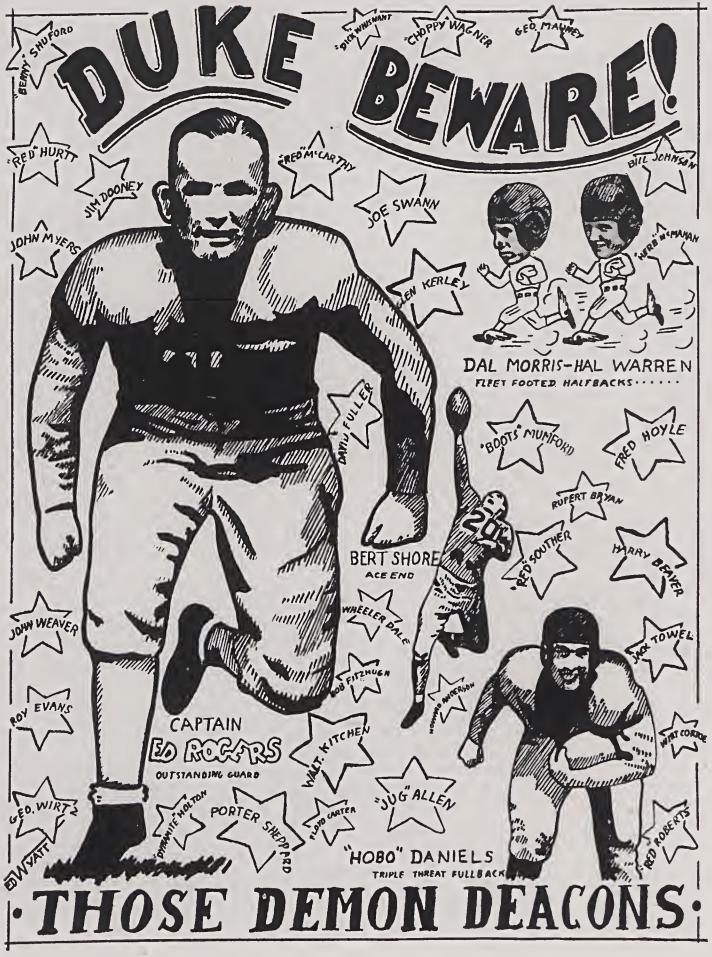
"Now, men," said Bill, "I am only going to show you how to run two or three plays, how to block and tackle, how to carry the ball, how to charge from the line, and how to kick. These things you have got to learn to do well in just two short weeks. You are all in good shape; so we will have to work only on the few matters of technique which I just mentioned. Autry, I am going to depend on you to help me all you can."

Into the backfield Bill put Autry, a good-sized distance man; Price, a fast, light sprinter; Hardy, a heavy compact sprinter; and Connell, a heavy, fairly fast man. At center he put his heaviest and most powerful weight man. At the six other positions on the line he placed where he thought they would play best the pick of the rest of the men on the squad.

The next day the men he had picked to play came out on the field in uniforms ready to put everything they had into the short period of training that remained before the game with Beverly. Bill showed Autry how to kick and kept him at it regularly until he could get off fairly good punts. For a half hour every day he kept the whole team rushing determinedly at the tackling dummy, tackling and blocking. Then he had the men tackle and block each other, running and standing still. Bill taught them only four plays, but these he drilled into them until every man knew what he was supposed to do.

The men worked unselfishly for Bill, and when the day came for the game he knew that no team had ever before worked as faithfully and with as much concentrated seriousness and attention as they had. After the team had got into their uniforms Bill called them into the training room to give them his last minute advice.

(*Continued on page twenty*)


DUKE BEWARE!
"BERRY" SHUFORD
"DICK" WINGHART
"CHOPPY" WAGNER
GEO. MAUNEY
"RED" HURT
JIM DOONEY
"FRED" McCARTHY
JOE SWANN
BITE JOHNSON
JOHN MYERS
KEN KERLEY
"HERB" McMANN
DAL MORRIS-HAL WARREN
FLEET FOOTED HALFBACKS.....
DAVID FULLER
"BOOTS" MUNFORD
FRED HOYLE
RUPERT BRYAN
"RED" SOUTHER
HARRY BEAVER
BERT SHORE
ACE END
WHEELER DALE
JOHN WEAVER
JOE TOWEL
BOB FITZHUGH
ROY EVANS
CAPTAIN
ED ROGERS
OUTSTANDING GUARD
WALT KITCHEN
WYATT CORDLE
GEO. WIRTZ
"JUG" ALLEN
JOHNNIE "HOLTON"
PORTER SHEPPARD
FLOYD CARTER
"HOBO" DANIELS
TRIPLE THREAT FULLBACK
RED ROBERTS
EWYATT
THOSE DEMON DEACONS



"Which one will be smiling tomorrow?"

BEAT DUKE

WAKE FOREST RECORD

Sept. 26	Wake Forest 7 vs. Carolina 14
Oct. 3	Wake Forest 9 vs. State 0
Oct. 10	Wake Forest 32 vs. Wofford 0
Oct. 17	Wake Forest 6 vs. Clemson 0
Oct. 24	Geo. Washington Uni. 13 vs. Wake Forest 12
Oct. 31	Wake Forest 19 vs. Presbyterian 0
Nov. 7	Wake Forest ? vs. Duke ?
Nov. 13	Wake Forest ? vs. Erskine ?
Nov. 26	Wake Forest ? vs. Davidson ?

DUKE RECORD

Sept. 19	Duke 13 vs. Davidson 0
Sept. 26	Duke 6 vs. Colgate 0
Oct. 3	South Carolina 0 vs. Duke 21
Oct. 10	Duke 25 vs. Clemson 0
Oct. 17	Duke 19 vs. Georgia Tech 6
Oct. 24	Duke 13 vs. Tennessee 15
Oct. 31	Washington Lee 0 vs. Duke 51
Nov. 7	Duke ? vs. Wake Forest ?
Nov. 14	Duke? vs. North Carolina Uni. ?
Nov. 26	Duke ? vs. North Carolina State ?

Try for Conversion

By FRED JOHNSON

A Coach's Problem and a Girl

Coach Jim Egan sat thinking. A slight smile crept over his face; to the very careful observer, it was a register of mixed feeling, both satisfaction and anticipation. Ordinarily, and this was an ordinary occasion, a casual observer could not read the depths of Jim's thoughts from the lines of his face. To be as young as he was, still not bothered with the prospect of including a "thirty" in his age, Jim was possessed of what some are given to call a "poker face." A struggle for existence during his youth had given him an appreciation of life in its fullest, had taught him the value of competition. That is why he had resorted to coaching as a profession. "Let them see while they are still moulding their character," he said, "that competition is not only the life of business, but is life itself."

Yes, Coach Jim smiled. It would have taken a very careful observer to note it as a smile. His seemingly hopeless struggle to amount to something had made its mark on Jim's rugged face. With coal black hair set over steel blue eyes, a square-set chin and a thin-lipped mouth, he was a person of commanding appearance. And Big Jim, as he was secretly called by his squad, because of his wiry, yet husky figure, usually gained what he demanded. His latest demand was a winning football team. For four years this had been his hope, and for four years State U. had trampled little Lakecrest College on Thanksgiving Day. His inward smiles hinted that his demands were about to be fulfilled.

Didn't he have a perfect backfield? Two shifty, fast halfbacks who were also good blockers? A blocking back who sought not glory but personal contact, and who, on occasion, despite his small, stocky build could do a good job as a plunging fullback. Besides, a two hundred pound triple threat back who could do everything with a football; plunging, passing, kicking, spinning, and skirting ends, and what is more, possessed a barbaric desire to "mix it up?"

Then there was his line. Jim had always been known for his lines. The year before his team had made eight successive stands within its five yard line without being backed across the last white stripe. Yes, there was the line. Jim had two ends from the year before. His guards and tackles, though somewhat small for guards and tackles, had developed into fighting, scrapping demons. And his center; yes, his center. That was the reason Jim was smiling to himself. Bob Hood, captain of the aggregation, was playing his last year of football for Lakecrest at center. Big Jim had often said that Bob was a "natural." He was the backbone of the line, the whole team for that matter. Although he was a lineman, he had been the leading scorer on his team the year before. From his place behind the line on defense, he seemed to sense every play, always figuring in the tackle, his specialty being intercepting passes and returning them for a touchdown. The way Bob would run up and down the line encouraging his men was a delight to see. With his high-pitched voice, unnatural for his one hundred and ninety pounds of sinew, he could mould the six men



before him into a seething unit, and from his keen perception and knowledge of the game tell them what to expect next. Big Jim also let Bob call plays on defense, and his accurate toe had never failed in the try for extra points the year before. Yes, Bob was indeed a "natural." Jim had reason to smile.

Lakecrest's first game was scheduled as a "warm-up" for Tech, but it turned out to be anything but a warm-up. Bob intercepted a pass for a touchdown, kicked a field goal climaxing their only other threat, and seemed to play the entire line as Lakecrest stopped every thrust of Tech's powerful array just short of a score to win 10-0. Following this were two breathers with small schools in which Bob seemed to improve with every play.

Then came the upset. Little Episcopal College held them to a scant 6-0. Bob seemed completely "off." His try for conversion had gone wide for the first time in two years. The stalwarts in the line seemed to lack something. His encouragement was forced and artificial. Yes, something was radically wrong. One Monday morning he called Bob before him.

"Bob," he opened, "something was wrong last Saturday. Is there any dissension on the team? You looked bad yourself. What's up, boy?"

"Nothing, Coach," countered Bob.

"Listen, son, I know I get hard sometimes, but I've known you for four years, and I think you know me by now. Something is wrong with you. What is it"

Jim's demanding tone and Bob's implicit faith in him were more than he could hold out against.

"Well, if you must know, Coach, it's a woman. Silly, isn't it? Peg and I have been running around together for over a year now. We had thought of—well, to get to the facts, a couple of Sundays ago we were out riding in the flivver, and the darned thing stopped. Then who should come along but Buzz Brown, the big shot over at State? He brought us back to town, and Peg fell for his Packard and his reputation as a fullback. She won't talk of a thing but him. I'm about disgusted with the whole set-up. I thought once of pulling out, but I guess that would be too yellow.

"So that's the way it lies, is it? I never believed in the saying that 'love and football don't mix,' but I guess you have me there. Look here, you are playing football right now. So get the woman off your mind, and—."

"Sorry, Coach, I tried, but I can't."

"Well, if you are going to let a sissy like Buzz Brown take your girl, I feel sorry for you. Going to let him run over you the same way on Thanksgiving?"

"Not if I can help it, Coach."

"Well, think it over. See you at practice, Bob."

Jim's face dropped as Bob closed the door behind him. As the minutes passed his brows seemed to knit themselves together into a chain of worries. Here he sat thinking until time for practice.

Several days later Bob again strode into Jim's little office, this time wearing a smile. Somewhat relieved, Jim asked him what was on his mind.

"Well, Coach, I think things will work out all right now. If that Buzz Brown is a better man than I am, well, let him prove it first. He's got money, and everything, but on Thanksgiving I'll lay one on him."

A twinkle came into Big Jim's eyes.

"Take it easy, kid. What's happened?"

"To begin with, last night I got something straight. Peg is still for me. That is, she says she likes me better than Buzz, but there's a lot more to it. She always said she wanted to marry a hero, and Buzz is just a bigger fish than I am, except she didn't say it like that. He's got the rocks, is good-looking, and is all-conference fullback. What more could she ask? But she says she still likes me, too. So she has decided to settle it this way: if we win on Thanksgiving, I get her and the job her father promised me for whipping State. If, we lose, well, it won't make much difference then. So if that good-for-nothing Buzz Brown thinks he can beat us, let him try."

Inwardly beaming, the coach received the news with only a nod at this display of determination. The following Saturday Bob was again in his old form against the husky crew from Fordmouth. Again smashing interference, bursting open holes for line drives, and intercepting passes, Bob pleaded in his tenor voice for the boys to upset the more highly touted rivals. This story continued for the next three weeks, each game ending in victory.

At last Thanksgiving Day arrived. As usual, the little town of Lakewood was covered with decorations. The "Lakewood Ledger" had issued an extra before the game. The crowds with their brilliantly colored lap-blankets and waving pennants were flocking to the Lakecrest Stadium, everyone anxious for the game to start and warm their chilled bodies with anticipated excitement. In one corner the State band was blaring forth. Opposite them the little crowd from Lakecrest was staunchly answering the confident threats of the resounding trumpets with defiant yells and whistles.

State had kicked off. The Lakecrest fullback returned the ball to the thirty yard line, but after two jabs at the line was forced to kick. On the next play Buzz Brown punted back to the waiting arms of the Lakecrest safety. This exchange of kicks continued for the first quarter. As the second period began Buzz threw a thirty yard pass which resulted in a touchdown. At the half the score was 7-0.

With a new resolve Bob and his teammates returned to the fray. Bursting into every play, Bob was clearly the star of the third quarter, but somehow was unable to take his team to the stripe that meant a score. But the last quarter opened with fireworks. Bob intercepted a pass and ran for a touchdown. A moment later he wiped out the last two men who stood between his own elusive quarterback and a second touchdown. The score was now 14-7.

However, with only a short time left in the game, Buzz threw another of his accurate passes into the stretching fingers of a waiting end, who fell over the goal line. After carefully brushing off a place for the ball and measuring his distance perfectly, Buzz lifted the ball squarely through the cross-bars for a tie, 14-14.

Somewhat worried, Bob trudged into the locker room, had he won his girl? As he wearily unlaced his shoes, a manager strode up with a note. He nervously opened it and read:

Dear Bob:

You will remember my promise to you about getting married. Well, after making the promise, I, as is a woman's privilege, again changed my mind. You see, the whole thing was a set-up, but I figured at the time it was the right thing to do, and really planned to go through with it.

Jim Egan came around and explained to me how everything was, and asked me to make the proposition with you. Since then I have seen quite a lot of Jim as we talked over the way our plan was working out.

Since neither you nor Buzz were on the winning team tonight, I still have not made the choice between you. It is a case of "if it stands on edge, we study," if you know what

(Continued on page nineteeen)

I Have a Business

By JACK SAWYER

The Brain Trust Offers You a New Game

I have a business.
What kind of business?
Astronomy.
How is business?
Looking up.

I have a business.
What kind of business?
Manufacturing pillows.
How is business?
Pretty soft.

I have a business.
What kind of business?
Selling eggs.
How is business?
Rotten.

I have a business.
What kind of business?
Cigarette manufacturing.
How is business?
Going up in smoke

I have a business.
What kind of business?
Fertilizer manufacturing.
How is business?
It smells.

I have a business.
What kind of business?
Tennis.
How is business?
It's all a racket.

I have a business.
What kind of business?
Baseball.
How is business?
I've been catching it.

I have a business.
What kind of business?
Teaching college.
How is business?
Failing.

I have a business.
What kind of business?
Lumber business.
How is business?
Oak.

I have a business.
What kind of business
Refrigeration.
How is business?
Not so hot.

I have a business.
What kind of business?
Oil business.
How is business?
Pretty slick.

I have a business.
What kind of business?
Aviation.
How is business?
Too much overhead.

I have a business.
What kind of business?
Brake relining.
How is business?
Slowing down.

I have a business.
What kind of business?
Bootlegging.
How is business?
It has its good pints.

I have a business.
What kind of business?
Elevator business.
How is business?
Full of ups and downs.

I have a business.
What kind of business?
Mountain climbing.
How is business?
On the upgrade.

Chesterfield Wins



Know the answer? So do I
These Chesterfields–

They Satisfy

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"TIME MARCHES ON-FOOTE"



"CREECH, GETTING AN AD"



"$60,000?"



"ALGERNON ALOYSIUS COLLEGE III"
(NO JOES AT DUKE)



"GET A HORSE!"



"HOMECOMING! OH YES?"



"FROSH, NO DOUBT"



"DUKE'S ROSE BOWL"



"TURN AROUND, BILL"



"SWING IT, HOBO, SWING IT"

Krajova Kavala

By DAVID MORGAN

A Novel Slant on the Sports Reporter

Heavy dark clouds hung so low about the Khoskow municipal athletic field that the Russian sky seemed almost to meet the tops of the wings of the huge stadium. Among the vast throng who sat wrapped in quaint fur caps and heavy topcoats there was one person whose light skin and blue eyes marked her as an American.

Nancy Vickers was seated on the fifty-yard line, apparently as near as possible to the press box. Indeed, being an American journalist, she might perhaps have told you that she existed only as she partook of her proximity to her fellow newsmen. But just at the moment she was speaking to a dark-eyed Russian girl of about her own age.

"But I should like to explain what I was saying about this Russian movement's being theoretical and arbitrary," said Nancy, speaking in Russian. "It seems to me that your eternal systematizing of everything leaves no place for the operation of intelligence."

"Spoken with the misinformed though biting satire of a true American," replied the other, with a smile. "You are forgetting, though, that even system does not grow out of itself."

From the other side of Nancy there came a voice which sided with her. "Pardon me for interrupting, but I agree that a centralized organization of everything may result in some evils, even, though, as a patriotic Russian, I believe that in general it is good."

Nancy looked inquiringly at the new speaker.

"Call me Sistova," she said. Then she added, "Today for the first time I am beginning to feel that absent executives do tend to theorize too much."

"And may I ask what changed your mind?" queried Nancy.

"Well, it's like this. I have two very good friends who are newspaper reporters. One is a man, Michael Pashkani; the other is a woman, Krajova Kavala. I have known them both for a number of years and have recently been convinced that they—" She hesitated.

"That they are too congenial not to meet each other," suggested Nancy.

"Exactly. And for several months I've been trying to get them together. But you know how it is with newspaper folks. Always on the run. No time off. I always said that if Michael ever got married he would have to take the priest to his own newspaper office! And then since they live in distant cities it's hard to arrange it. But I finally had things fixed. They were both to cover this championship soccer game for their respective papers. I saw to it that they would be given seats side by side. And now an arbitrary ruling has ruined it all."

"And what's the trouble?" asked the American.

"Well, you see, this is the biggest game of the season, and the national radio bureau is experimenting with its first broadcast of a soccer game. Headquarters decided that the press box would be the best place for the announcer to stay. He's a fussy, temperamental, eccentric old fellow, and insisted that he must not be bothered by noise. And headquarters, anxious above everything else to make this first broadcast a success, decreed that although the announcer and his assistant might talk together, the reporters must not talk among themselves."

"To be sure they won't prevent whispering," submitted Nancy.

"On the contrary. I asked the gate keeper specifically. 'Orders are orders, Madam,' he said, and doubtless when I had left he turned to some by-stander and stated very crisply that 'women never could understand practical matters'."

"And what about typing?" Will they allow that?"

"I think the announcer said something about not minding inanimate noises. And after all, even radio headquarters realizes that reporters must type."

The game started then, and for a few minutes Nancy thought of nothing else. When she did look toward the press box a dozen typewriters were clicking rapidly.

"Did you get a chance to introduce your friends?" she asked.

"Yes, more or less. Michael was busy giving instructions to the telegraph boy at the time, but he did take a moment to say that he had followed her articles with great interest, or something like that."

"Well, that's a good start," Nancy encouraged. "You know, speaking of that rule—it's quite a handicap to the reporter not to be able to discuss uncertain points with each other. I notice that some of them do seem to be exchanging statistics on sheets of paper. Perhaps they can get along with that. Great folks they are—you can't get around these reporters."

"Yes, they're all right."

"Isn't it wonderful?" Nancy continued, "that they can watch the game, and take a play by play account, and then have a graphic story on the wires a few minutes after the final whistle!"

Sistova had hoped that there would be time for her friends to talk between halves, but the intermission was cut short in an effort to finish the game before a light snow became too severe. The newsmen barely caught up on their feature stories before the third quarter commenced. Near the end of this quarter Michael gave the messenger two telegrams. Since the game was still tied at four scores apiece he could not be trying to jump the gun with a premature story.

"I wonder what he can be sending a telegram for now," said Sistova. As the messenger passed she touched his sleeve. "Do you know whom those telegrams are to, Djuma?"

"I'm not supposed to say, ma'am, except that you came up here with Pashkani. One's to the *Observer* in Botsachavy, and the other is to a fellow Valemi here in town." And Djuma went on with the messages.

"That's Michael's paper, all right," said Sistova. "I wonder what it is about."

A minute or so before the end of the game Michael received two telegrams, which appeared to be answers to the first. He broke the seal of one of them hurriedly—a little nervously, thought Sistova—and handed the note to Krajova Kavala.

The clatter of typing continued, and the reporters watched the field as intently as ever, but Sistova whispered that her two friends seemed to be having a bit of fun over something.

With but a few seconds of play remaining there was another score that broke the tie and put the game on ice. Amid the noise that followed, not the least was the clatter from the press box. Feverish typists jerked whole sheets of paper from their machines and began all over again: new leads, new features, a new angle of approach for every paragraph.

"My, how poor Michael is sweating away," shouted Sistova as she rose with Nancy. "It's these things that make reporting interesting." She nodded mischievously at the press box.

A few moments later a dignified gentleman in black came up rapidly. "I'm looking for Michael Pashkani. He wants me to accompany him and somebody else for a short distance on his return trip."

"He'll be out in just a moment," Sistova replied. "I suppose I am the third party. We shall be glad to have you."

One after another the typists ceased. Djuma stepped from one desk to another as each reporter, with a hurried shuffle of papers, gave up his copy and closed his machine with a bang.

"Hold up there—this is my story, but you can't have those," laughed Michael as Djuma started to take up a batch of half a ream of typewritten pages.

"Oh, no, I should say not—we're going to keep them always, aren't we, Michey?" Krajova Kavala smiled up at him.

"What in the world were those messages you sent?" asked Sistova.

"That? Let's see—that was such a long time ago—oh yes. I asked if Krajova might get a job on the *Observer*—the one I work for. They said she could. May I introduce you, Krajova, to my friend, Valemi? He is going to perform the ceremony. And don't forget the stack of love letters. Considering the way they were sandwiched in between pages of statistics on the game, I think do right well. Where's our taxi?"

Policeman (to tramp sitting on top of oak tree): Hey! What are you doing up there?

Tramp: I don't know; I must have sat on an acorn.

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JUST A FEW FACTS

Shirley Temple in "DIMPLES" played the State Theatre, Raleigh on November 4-5-6-7. The Castle played it on November 5-6.

"RAMONA" played the State Theatre, Raleigh, October 4-5-6-7. The Castle played the same picture October 8-9.

"PIGSKIN PARADE" playing the State Theatre soon has been played by the Castle Theatre on Bargain day, November 4.

"HIS BROTHER'S WIFE," "SING BABY, SING," "CHINA CLIPPER" and "LADIES IN LOVE" played the Castle Theatre from one to three weeks ahead of Raleigh.

"REMEMBER"

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"Here's to Wake Forest, a glass of the finest—"

Embarrassed, the suave gentleman on the davenport rubbed his hands and groped for words. "Sonny," he said casually to the kid who stood in front of him, "I—er—suppose you saw your sister and me on the davenport a few minutes ago?"

"Sure," said the kid, "I seen everything."

The gentleman failed in an attempt to wet his lips with a dry tongue. "Here, now, before your sister comes back, here's a dollar. For a dollar you ought to be able to forget all about what you—er—saw. You understand?"

"Sure, I forgot already." He pocketed the bribe with a professional gesture and waited for the gent to make the next move. "And now, my boy, what are you going to do with all that money?" asked the man with the air of one who seeks to work away from a tight predicament.

Momentarily chagrin filled the kid's eyes. "Aw, heck," he said, "I don't get all of this. Sis and I are partners and all I get is a percentage."

—*Widow.*

"Mother is the necessity of invention," said the young maiden as she crawled in the window at 3:00 a.m.

"You're an apt boy. Is your sister apt too?"
"If she gets a chance, she's apt to."

—*Widow.*

There should be no monotony
In studying your botany;
It helps to spur and train the brain
Unless you haven't gotany?

Foreman: Ya know ya ain't supposed to smoke while yer workin'.

Laborer: Who the heck says I'm workin'?

—*Sundial.*

"Where've ya been for the last two hours?"
"Talking to the girl at the cigar counter."
"What did she say?"
"No."

—*Ranger.*

Little grains of wisdom,
And little chunks of sense,
Make the wounds of Cupid's shaft
A little less intense.

Suitor: Honey, don't you think you could manage to live on $25.00 a week?

Girl Friend: Get the license, I'll try it a week.

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TRY FOR CONVERSION

(*Continued from page eleven*)

I mean. What I am getting around to is this. Even though Jim has been here for several years, I had never really known him until our little difficulty made it possible. He and I are to be married next week.

Please forgive me, if you can, for this dirty trick, but I think it will work out for the best all the way around.

As ever,

Peg.

The teacher of a Sunday school class explained the story of Elijah and the prophets of Baal—how Elijah built the altar, put wood upon it, and cut the bullock in pieces and laid them on the altar.

"And then," she said, "he commanded the people to fill four barrels with water and pour it over the altar, and they did this four times. Now, can anyone tell why this water was poured over the bullock on the altar?"

"To make the gravy!" came a prompt reply.

—*Pathfinder.*

Doolittle: Have you planted anything in your garden yet?

Bullfuss: Only my watch, fountain pen, lodge pin and seven lead pencils.

—*Pathfinder.*

Length of Life does not depend so much on the star under which one was born as it does on the color of traffic light on which one tries to cross the street.

Lady (in theater): Pardon me, sir. Does my hat bother you?

Gentleman behind: No, but it bothers my wife. She wants one like it.

—*Montreal Star.*

Vicar: I have never christened a child who has behaved so well as yours!

Mother (beaming): I have been getting him used to it with the watering can for the last week.

—*Muskete, Vienna.*

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"So I grabbed the ball and ran 90 yards for a touchdown."

"And how old are you, Peggy?"

"Six, and mother says if I eat all this porridge I shall be seven next year.

Girl (at baseball game): Oh, look, we have a man on every base!

Her Girl Friend: That's nothing! So has the other side.

A sleight of hand performer called to his assistance a bright looking chap from whom he borrowed a knife. He carefully wrapped it in a handkerchief and handed it back to the boy, who unwrapped it exposing a gold watch.

"Now," said the magician, "I shall change it back again."

"Oh, no," replied the youngster as he placed the watch proudly in his pocket. "I like it better as it is."

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TRACK MEN LEARN TO PLAY FOOTBALL

(*Continued from page seven*)

They filed in and seated themselves on benches and training table.

"Boys," Bill began, "you're going into a football game today never having played one before. When you get out there on the field I want you to remember everything I have tried to teach you. Rest as much as possible; stay relaxed when you are not in action, for if you remain fresh you will play better ball." Bill paused a moment and held up his finger before continuing. "Remember this above everything else—keep your eyes on that ball both on the defensive and the offensive. Don't let it get out of your sight for a moment. Remember that you can't score unless you have the ball, and that as long as you have possession of the ball the other team certainly can't score. When you see an offensive man with the ball, get him. Now another thing. I don't want you to be off sides. In track I've trained you to the sound of the gun, so that you never jump the gun when you are in a race. Well, I want you to do the same way out there on the field. Keep one eye on the ball, and don't move until it is snapped from center. Watch that ball as though it were precious. If the other team fumbles, you get the ball and run for the goal line as hard as you can. Now get out on the field and do the best you can.

Sitting on the bench on the far side of the field, Bill watched his football team of track men line up to receive the ball on the kick-off. Over on the other side of the field he saw the five thousand fans, mostly yelling high school boys and girls, stand up in the stadium for the kick-off. Probably the center pupils were cursing him for a fool and the Beverly pupils were congratulating themselves for an expected easy win. Perhaps so, but Bill was winning his fight with the boys who had broken training. Since he had benched them two weeks ago they had been working more faithfully than they ever had before. Bill was glad of what had happened now, for in

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the future his teams would not fail to remember this incident.

There was the whistle, followed a moment later by the quick thud of a toe striking the pigskin and sending it spinning end over end. It looked as though it were high over the heads of the yelling fans in the stands as it reached its zenith, pausing a moment to outline itself against the background of the school building behind the stadium and then dropping swiftly into the arms of one of the waiting Center boys. The boys returned the ball twenty yards before they were downed by the opposing team. At least the two fastest men in the game were in Bill's backfield.

On the first play Connell tried to carry the ball over right tackle, but he made only about a yard. Autry carried the ball on the second down, rushing between right guard and center. Just as he got through the line of scrimmage one of Beverly's backfield men hit him around the hips, but Autry twisted clear around and shook him loose. Now was Autry's chance to get in the open, and he started. But with a rush one of Beverly's wing backs caught him around the knees before he could get away. Center netted four yards on that play. It was third down and five to go for a first down. Price took the ball and sprinted wide around left end toward the stadium. He got around the end all right but was downed by the backs after he had made about three yards. Center lined up in punt formation. Every man had one eye cocked on the ball, and not one budged until the ball was snapped. Autry kicked to Beverly's twenty-three-yard line. So far the boys weren't doing so badly.

In the three plays Beverly made a first down, but in three more could make only four yards. The kick placed the ball on Center's thirty-six-yard line.

On the first play Center's linemen opened up a hole through which Hardy plunged for seven yards before he was stopped. Connell picked up two yards on the second play, and Autry added a yard and a half on the third for a first down. When three more plays failed to

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net more than six yards Autry was forced to kick. During the whole first quarter Center and Beverly seesawed back and forth, neither team gaining very much territory. At the end of the quarter none of Center's boys appeared even to be breathing very hard. That they were obeying his instructions Bill was glad to note, for they were all lying down resting until the whistle blew for the second quarter.

The second quarter was much like the first, both teams alternating back and forth pretty evenly across the fifty-yard line, neither gaining very much ground. Although Bill's track team was doing no brilliant work, it was playing a steady, dependable brand of football. Every man was wide awake and eager to do his utmost. Bill saw that and was satisfied.

At the half neither team had scored yet, but as they filed into the dugout beneath the stadium both were determined to strain every nerve in the next half of the game. In the training room Bill took his customary stand where he could see every man and waited for the boys to sit down and rest while he gave them their instructions for the final half. At that moment the whole squad of benched players came quietly in through the door at the end of the room. Acting as the spokesman for the group, the captain of the team approached Bill and began his speech while the squad gathered in a silent but anxious group behind him.

"Bill," he began, "we want you to put us in the game for the next half. We're ready to play, and we think we can win if you'll give us a chance."

Bill smiled a moment and said, "Boys, I'm glad you feel that way. I believe you are ready to play again, and you are going to get your chance; but you'll have to wait until our next game. The track team has been playing pretty good ball so far. At least they haven't lost the game yet, and I'm going to let them finish whether we win or lose. Now you boys go on out; go across the field and sit on our bench; you can see the game better from over there. A minute later after giving his instructions Bill sent the track team back out on the field to do its best.

The third quarter opened with a bang as Center received. Beverly's kick was bad, and Center got the ball almost on the fifty-yard line. Without losing a moment Bill's boys went into a huddle. The first play, a line buck by Hardy, picked up only about a yard. On the next play Autry took the ball and sent Hardy and Connell plunging into the line ahead of him for interference. Through the sheer force of driving momentum Hardy and Connell tore a large hole in the line, and Autry was right on their heels as they got into the clear beyond the line of scrimmage. Both of Beverly's wing backs came at Autry from either side, but he saw them bearing down upon him in an effort to catch him behind his interference. Since Hardy and Connell were running shoulder to shoulder Autry would be downed if he were to veer out to either side, and if he remained in the position he was in he would surely be caught by one of the two men rushing on him. There was only one thing to do. At the top of his voice he yelled at Hardy and Connell. "Slow down and let me through. Open up!" They slowed down and separated just in time for Autry to dart directly between them. But at that moment Beverly's safety man came rushing up and was on Autry before he knew it. Quickly trying to side-step, Autry tried to evade the man and almost succeeded. The man's shoulder struck Autry and knocked him off his balance. Several men were on him before he could get up. The yelling in the stadium subsided into disappointed silence as the two teams lined up for the next play. Autry netted fifteen yards on that play.

Price took the ball on the next play and made a dash for a left end run. Evidently that was just what Beverly was expecting him to do, for the end and wing back were in on him in a moment. Price had to swing wide to avoid them, cutting back into his own territory and streaking toward the sidelines in front of the stadium. If he could have got around those two men there wasn't

(*Continued on page twenty-four*)

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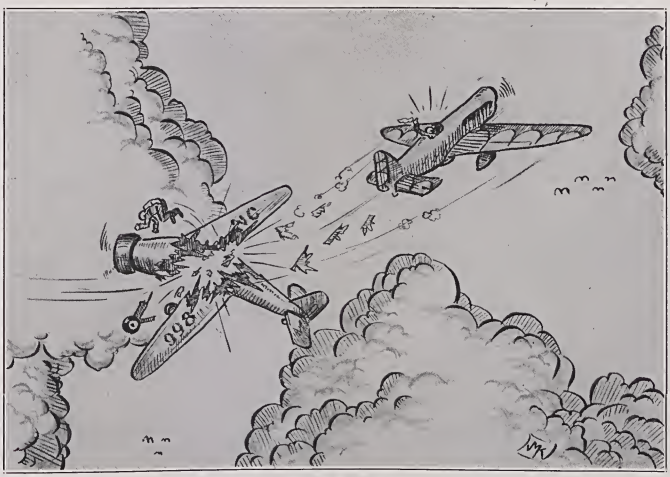
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Deacons Take the Blue Devils Into Camp

TRACK MEN LEARN TO PLAY FOOTBALL

(*Continued from page twenty-two*)

a man on the field who could have caught him. But he had too much ground to cover. When he got to the sideline the two Beverly men had him cut off, and there was nothing he could do but run outside or turn back. He chose to turn back; therefore he turned quickly on his heel and started back across the field, figuring to cut around the two men in that way. However, before he could gather sufficient speed after turning around, Beverly's end was on him and he was trapped. On that play Price lost ten yards. A moan of disappointment arose from the stadium as he got up and brushed himself off.

At the end of the third quarter the game still stood at a scoreless tie. Center hadn't been off sides a single time yet. Beverly had the ball in her own territory. On the third play Beverly hit the line with a smack and tore a wide hole in Center's defense. Just as the man with the ball emerged from the line of scrimmage Hardy drove in fast from behind his own line and struck him around the hips with all the force of his charge. The impetus of the impact lifted the Beverly back clear off his feet and slammed him over backwards flat on his back. With a loud grunt he struck the ground hard, every bit of breath knocked from his body. Wide open flew his arms, and the ball bounded backward over his head to the line of scrimmage, bounced once, and rolled right at the feet of Center's left guard, who was just picking himself up from the ground. Quick to take advantage of his rare opportunity, he scooped the ball up, turned and vaulted over the back of a man who was on his hands and knees, and raced as hard as he could go for the goal line, with no one between him and a touchdown. Beverly's men didn't remain petrified long but struck out in a pack after Center's fleeing guard. As luck would have it, the guard was one of the slowest men on Center's team. Rapidly Beverly's fastest men began to overhaul him. Across the thirty-yard line he went, the twenty-five, the twenty. Wave after wave of excited yells issued forth from the stadium as every person stood up excitedly and waved and jumped up and down frantically. Across the fifteen-yard line streaked the racing guard with a Beverly man now right on his heels. Suddenly to the left veered the guard in an effort to elude his fleeter foe, and right on his trail swerved his follower in hot chase like a pursuing hornet. The Beverly man extended his arms in front of him and at the same time dived headlong at the back of his quarry's knees. Down to the ground crashed the two men and slid about two yards on the brown grass as several other Beverly men piled up on top of them. When all the men had extricated themselves from the heap there lay the ball on the four-yard line.

In the huddle Autry patted the guard on the shoulder. "Good work, old man," he said, "you've done a good job, and now is our chance to score. What we need is a power play. Right guard and tackle open up the second the ball is snapped. Connell, Price, and I will crash through the hole to clear the way, and Hardy will follow right on our heels with the ball. Let's go!"

The two teams lined up, the ball was snapped, and Hardy drove hard right behind his interference. Into the line of scrimmage they crashed. Hardy shut his eyes, ducked low, and plowed as hard as he could. Into the pile of players he disappeared, legs driving like pistons, and cleated feet throwing up dirt behind him. When the mad scrambling and action ceased, all that could be seen of Hardy were his feet sticking out of the heap. One by one the players picked themselves up from the tangled pile. As the mass of men cleared away, there lay Hardy across the body of another man, the ball still in his hands, a foot across the goal line. A moment later a loud yell of exultation went up from the stadium as the fans went wild.

Back on the bench Bill smiled to himself. He hadn't made such a great mistake after all. When the final whistle blew, Bill's men gathered around him. "Well, men," he said as he looked around at them, we've won our first game, and I'm proud of every one of you. It seems that track men can play football as well as run. Monday the track team can come out with their track clothes on, and the regular football team can take up where it left off two weeks ago."

A man bought a new car, brought it back after trying it out a week and complained about it because he could not make the car stop so the letters on the hub cap were all right side up.

THE
WAKE FOREST STUDENT

NOVEMBER, 1936

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One full pound of mild, mellow Prince Albert—the "bite-less" tobacco—packed in the cheerful red tin and placed in an attractive Christmas gift package. (far left)

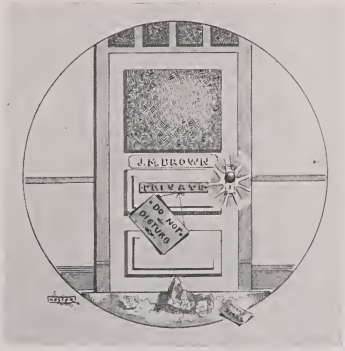
Here's a full pound of Prince Albert, packed in a real glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in perfect condition and becomes a welcome possession. Gift wrap. (near left)

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Our Gift to You

THE HOLIDAY ISSUE



"Oh, Mr. Brown! This is a surprise!"

"Papa, what is a feebly?"
"Why, how is it used?"
"It says here that the boy had a feebly growing down on his chin."

Perplexed Oriental: Our childlen velly white. Is velly stlange.
Spouse: Well . . . Occidents will happen.
—*Voo Doo.*

I shot a poem into air;
It was reprinted everywhere
From Bangor to the Rocky Range,
And always credited to exchange.
—*Exchange.*

The teacher put a small worm in a glass of kater. The worm swam aromnd and seemed to enjoy it. She took it from the glass of water and put it in a glass of whiskey. The worm wiggled a few times and died.
She asked the pupils what the demonstration proved. Johnnie, who was popping his fingers loudest, was given permission to render his verdict.
"If you always drink whiskey, you'll never have worms," said he, the little devil.

He: Why do you make that gurgling noise?
She: I'm trying to swallow that line you're throwing.
—*Tiger Rag.*

Fred Williams: You dope, you've got on one red sock and one white sock.
C. J. McInnis: Well, I'll be darned; I've got another pair at home just like 'em.

My old grandfather, who had gotten it from his grandfather, used to tell the story of the two Eskimos that were bitter enemies. They owned clothing stores on opposite sides of the street, and considering the circumstances, you could hardly expect them to be friends. Anyway, it came Thanksgiving and after a most satisfying dinner of Gefulta fish Moe fell asleep. Lo! An angel appeared to him and said, "Moe, you have been a good man, and I have been sent to tell you that you may ask anything you desire and you shall have it."
And Moe answered in his native tongue, "Dot's fine."
But the angel continued, "There is, however, one condition to this. It is that whatever you get, Ishclops, your rival across the street, gets just twice as much. If you choose a million dollars he gets two million. Now let the spirit of Thanksgiving fill your heart and choose well for you and Ishelops."
For many minutes Moe was lost in thought, but finally his face lit up with a happy smile. At last he had decided.
"I vish," he said, "dot I might lose vun eye."
—*Tiger Rag.*

Carl Dul: Doc, can you tell me what to do for a continual buzzing in the ears?
Dr. Mackie: Sure; cut class once in a while.

John Ezell: But Officer, you can't arrest me. I come from one of the best families in Alabama.
Cop: That's all right, buddy. I'm not arresting you for breeding purposes.

"We have a fire department in our town that has only one hose cart and two dogs."
"What are the dogs for?"
"To find the hydrants."
—*Texas Battalion.*



"I'll bring that up later!"

NEW TWIST

Who was that lady I seen you outwit last night?

"Why is a corset like an ash cart?"
"Because it goes around gathering in the waist."
—*Lyre.*

He took her gently in his arms
And pressed her to his breast.
The lovely color left her face
And lodged on his full dress.
—*Exchange.*

"Waiter! There's a piece of steel in this soup!"
"Sure! That's from the spring chickens we use."
—*Texas Ranger.*

I once did use m'bwain.
I was a car conductaw.
But now I need no bwain,
I am a young instructaw.
—*Covered Wagon.*

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
When the lights are dim and low,
That your face is powder-painted,
How am I, sweetheart, to know?

Twice this month I've had to bundle
Every coat that I possess
To the cleaners—won't you darling
Love me more and powder less.
—*Widow.*



"Dere it is, Bill, Ain't it a beaut?"

"What brand is that cigarette?"
"Baseball special."
"There ain't no such brand."
"Sure there is. It was a grounder and I picked it up."
—*Texas Battalion.*

Frosh: Are there any crooks in Raleigh?
Soph: Slick crooks! Man—one evening at a dance they stole my pants and hung weights on my suspenders so I wouldn't miss them until they had gone.

"Please, just one."
"Nay, nay."
"Please may I—"
"Nay, nay."
"Say, was your mother scared by a horse?"
—*Yellow Jacket.*

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the Faculty and Students of Wake Forest College

SHORTY'S

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DRINKS
TOBACCOS

FIVE BILLIARD TABLES
TWO BOWLING ALLEYS

Nineteen years service to Students at Wake Forest College

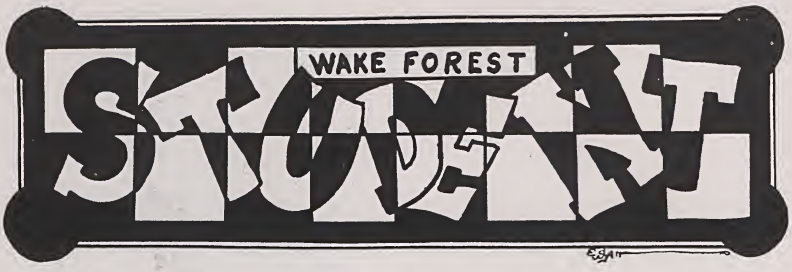
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Half-soles and Heels
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THE YULETIDE SEASON AND CHRISTMAS SPORTS

As Christmas time rolls around again collegians turn their attention to winter sports, both outdoor and indoor. Husky sportsmen don heavy boots and oil their guns; sheiks slip on their patent leather shoes and slick their locks down with fragrant grease.

Bill Bully, the outdoor man, whoops to his dogs as he rushes up to the house for Christmas holidays. His first thought is to bring home squirrels, cottontail rabbits, 'coons or 'possums. Through briers and broomsedge he tramps until he hits the swamp, and then his blood begins to boil as his feet sink in the moist, black floor of the marsh, for the game trail is getting hot. The smell of a fat lightwood pine torch is in his nostrils, while to his ears come the barks and frenzied howls of his canine pack as they run down their quarry or scent the furry beast up in a tree. Bill comes back home at dawn, with game bag full and stomach empty. His heart is merry, but his tired fibres long for the delicious comfort of quiet rest.

If he visited further north, Bill would probably sail headlong into snowdrifts when his skiis misbehaved. On frozen ponds he would swoop with the grace of an ice hockey star or the ungainly awkwardness of an amateur, either on his skates or his posterior. With a merry group of apple-cheeked lads and lassies, Bill would whiz down a hillside in a big bob-sled.

Women chase outdoor men; indoor men chase women. Chester Sheek, after gathering a full head of steam during two long months of study, celebrates by filling seventeen holidays with frivolity, flitting from femme to femme and from one party to another. His technique is smooth; blondes, brunettes and redheads melt when he huskily murmurs to them his usual patter of sweet nothings. Warm, velvety hands creep into his, and he gets drunk on the wine of ripe cherry lips. Like Mussolini in Italy, Chester is the fascist man in town. With girls he is direct and to the point, while cars under his guidance scream around corners at appalling speeds. He thoroughly understands and completely masters both the synchronized steel that makes up an automobile and the flesh and spirit which comprise the throbbing being that men call a woman. For other indoor sports, Chester sometimes plays cards or tries to catch pink elephants hazily seen floating among the stars on the ceiling.

Bill Bully's fields of activity are the woods, the hills and the skating rink. Chester Sheek operates on plush sofas in cozy living rooms, on dance hall floors, in rumble seats.

Most Wake Foresters take part in indoor sports and outdoor ones also. Tuxedoes and hunting garb are used interchangeably. Their cheeks are tinted pink both by wintry breezes and the pleading look of an upturned girlish face. Collegians begin a new year with pleasant memories, not of rabbit hunts alone, but also of rapturous romances.

ONE OF THOSE THINGS

By PHIL LATTA

The hitch-hiker stood on the freezing road whence all but
him had fled.
The winds that whistled from the north blew briskly o'er
his head.
He cried aloud, "Say, Mister, say, please let me ride with
you.
For I am going up the way, and now I'm overdue."
The motorist took a swig from his jug, and a scornful
laugh laughed he.
"D'ya think I'd pick you up, you mug, when I've got a
gal with me?"
. . . . . .
Still stands the thumber by the road, a windblown, icy
sinner.
Poor boy! Each driver had a load, so he missed his
Christmas dinner.

THE RIDICULOUS AND THE SUBLIME

WINTER WINDS

By BEN FISHER

East Wind, West Wind,
South Wind, all
Dash Around the corner
Claw against the wall.

Hurrying, scurrying, breezes
Dancing a devils' ball
Through each and every cranny
Through each and every hall.

Swirling, swishing, ghosts
Of a winter's night
Like mad imps of Charon
Howling in delight.

Moaning, groaning, Aeolus,
Ancient Grecian God,
Drives and whips them onward
With a master's rod.

SEAMSTRESS OF THE HUDSON

A news reel becomes the feature attraction for Millie—

By DAVID MORGAN

Millie Pollard was seamstress for Machels and Son, Women's Ready to Wear. She wasn't old, in spite of her stooped shoulders and the tired, worn expression of her face, but through relative seniority she seemed to the girls up front like a respected and stable institution. And though she wasn't pretty now, past beauty showed in her eyes like soft light on a tall pine after sunset.

To most of the girls up front it was a mystery why Millie still spent all of her time making dresses and not part of it darning socks. But there was one of the young clerks who understood.

Cynthia Presley had for two years lived in the same dingy little apartment flat as Millie. The secrets that either had from the other would have looked insignificant beside even one of their poor little dinner parties. Frequently in slack hours at the store, Cynthia would have long talks with Millie in her little back room; and night always found them seated on their rickety straw settee, wrapped in coats and blankets as they watched hurried life rush on, four stories below them.

On one of these evenings, far back near the beginning of their friendship, Millie had told her simple story. About four years before, she had been engaged to an actor in one of the smaller New York theaters. They were about to be married when war broke out. He had gone away to France, had written a time or two, and then stopped. That's all she knew.

"And don't you even know whether he was killed or not?" Cynthia had asked.

"Not for sure. I wrote headquarters several times before I received any answer at all. Then they said they didn't have a record of either his death or his discharge, so there wasn't much I could prove by that. I asked around among the members of his company when they got back." Millie paused, and began again slowly. "Some of them remembered him. No—they didn't think he had been killed. Maybe he was the one that had decided all at once to go around by the South Sea islands before going home. Maybe he was the one that thought he would take a ship for San Francisco instead of New York. Nobody knew anything for sure. . . . It seems strange now, that I couldn't find out something more definite."

On one of these long, cold evenings Cynthia had worked up courage to pry even a little deeper into the little seamstress' state of affections. "And don't you ever look up from your sewing when a handsome man comes into the shop?"

Millie smiled. "No," she said. "That is—yes, sometimes when I think he walks or has a voice like Martin's." And she took a locket from about her neck, showing it to Cynthia in the dim light. "You're the first person I've let see it since the armistice," she said.

"Then you must be very lonely, and it must seem to you like a long, long time between stew and bread and bread and stew, doesn't it, Millie?"

"A very long time, indeed, Cynthie," sighed the bent little seamstress, looking far across tiers of lights to the dark waters of the Hudson. "Sometimes I wonder if the hope of waiting for him is worth pushing a needle through two pieces of cloth all day long. If only I knew for sure whether he's still living!"

There was one bright spot in the dull routine of their week. Each Friday night they bought one hamburgher instead of two and went to the movies at the corner theater next to the little Salvation mission.

But a time came when Cynthia began to go down the steps along on those Friday evenings, and wait down stairs for a new companion. "You come along with us," she had said to Millie. But Millie only smiled and said that anyhow she wasn't so anxious to see tonight's show.

And so, with the one link that had connected her with the rest of the world broken, Millie folded back into herself and her past like a morning glory when the last friendly shadow is gone.

On one of these nights she was seated alone, looking out toward the huge towers of a bridge across the Hudson. "If only I knew—if only I knew," she murmured to herself.

Then she heard hurried footsteps, and the door was thrown open. Cynthia rushed in.

"Quick, we've found him! Come down to the theater, Let me see your locket." And she took the picture from around Millie's neck. "Yes," she said, breathless, opening it. "That's him all right. Come on."

The new friend joined them at the foot of the steps, and then Cynthia began to answer the succession of nervous questions that had been pouring from Millie's agitated little frame.

"It's in the news reel. He was one of the folks that boarded this new steamer that left Yokohama last week for San Francisco. It was him, all right, but I want you to come down and make sure."

Millie sat through an hour of thrilling wild west scenarios with as much impatience as if the screen had only shown one still picture of the sphinx. "Cynthia," she whispered, "I can't tell whether I want it to be him or not." And then a little later, "But isn't there some way that we could make them hurry up and get to it?"

Then the news reel came on. First a huge liner showed in the distance, with the words, "Largest ship ever launched in the East takes on first passengers." Then followed a close-up of the ship and of jovial men and women as they walked up the gang plank toward the camera. Most of them were Japanese, but in the crowd there stood out an American of middle age.

Millie snatched Cynthia's arm and sat far forward, as the man, talking and laughing gaily, approached the gang plank. Then he walked up, straight into the face of the camera. For a full moment his suave, preoccupied, smiling face filled the whole screen.

Millie turned to Cynthia, her face colorless.

"Are you sure?" asked Cynthia.

(*Continued on page sixteen*)

Sacrifice

Who killed Mrs. Roger Lacey?

By W. S. HUMPHRIES

"I killed the woman."

Leigh Roberts tried to imagine himself making the confession of murder. But he couldn't imagine it. He could not even force himself to whisper the words, although he was alone in the room. And neither, thought he, could the people of Lincolnton imagine his making such a startling confession.

For Leigh Roberts was a man held in high esteem by his fellow citizens. The friendly bachelor of forty had been a Sunday school superintendent for eight years. He had built up the greatest insurance agency in Caldwell County. And thrice in succession in the State legislature, he had made a name for himself as a champion of the cause of the masses.

That was why the news that Leigh Roberts was facing death as the result of an automobile accident came as a shock to all of his acquaintances.

And why, thought Roberts, should he shock them further by confessing to this crime of killing Mrs. Roger Lacey? Why not let things alone? He knew that he would never be suspected. He was Roger's closest friend.

Less than an hour ago an energetic newsboy's loud sales talk had floated through his open window and informed him that the jury had found Roger guilty and that Roger must die. And the news had excited Leigh Roberts, the man who knew that he himself was going to die soon.

The sick man lay staring at the ceiling. He thought of his and Roger's days in college, of their many happy hours together. He thought of Roger's murdered wife, and his mind drifted back into the past—to days when a brown-haired, brown-eyed creature lay in a coma hour after hour and day after day, while he, Leigh Roberts, the girl's fiance, paced the floor in his anguish. Why had death robbed him of the only girl he ever loved? If she had lived he would now probably be the father of kids like Roger's.

Kids? Roger's kids? A pang shot across Roberts' heart. What would become of Roger's kids, now that Roger had been convicted? They would be orphans—children of a mother who had been murdered and of a father who had been executed for the crime. For those two kids to go through life bearing such a stigma—the thought was more than the weak, sick man could stand.

A small inner voice persisted in tormenting him. "Why don't you tell that you committed the murder? If you're Roger's friend, why don't you make a confession? You will lose nothing; you are dying anyway. And you have no relatives to disgrace. But Roger—you owe it to him to do justice to his children and save them from disgrace. You can save his life. Why don't you—you coward?"

Leigh Roberts tapped the bell on the table by his bed. Miss Mabry, his nurse, came in.

"I—I want you—to—call the district attorney's office and ask Brown to come over right away."

The incredulous nurse went to do his bidding. In less than thirty minutes District Attorney Brown was in the room.

"Well, how are you, Roberts?" asked Brown, neither over-enthusiastically nor coldly.

"Brown," replied the bachelor, nervously, "I—have—something to tell you."

"Yes?"

"Have you—have you anyone with you?" Roberts was fast losing control of himself.

"Yes, Attorney Winthrop is waiting. Shall I call him?"

"Yes, please."

Brown went out and a moment later returned with the lawyer.

"Now, what is it, Roberts?"

"I—killed—Mrs. Roger Lacey."

The professional murderer-hunter began some quick work. Soon he had a written, signed confession, witnessed by Winthrop.

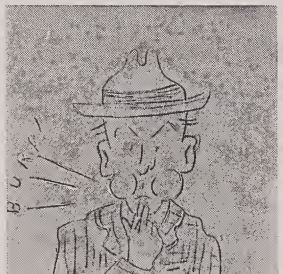
During the night Leigh Roberts died, and in due course Lacey was set free.

. . . . . .

One morning a few weeks later Lacey failed to come down for breakfast. The maid called, but received no response. Going upstairs and entering his room, she found a note on the dresser:

"Leigh's fabricated confession couldn't save me from the tormenting of my own conscience. I couldn't stand it any longer. I killed my wife—Roger Lacey."

His body was found in Crystal Lake.



"I'll bring that up later!"

Wilbur Wins a Wife

Wilbur Learns by Correspondence Course.

By RUFUS CRATER

Wilbur was an exceedingly bashful boy. All the town girls said that Wilbur was the bashfulest boy they had ever seen. That is, all the girls who knew him said that. But not many town girls knew him very well. And none of the country girls knew him at all. Wilbur was afraid of girls.

He had always been thus, ever since he was but a mere tiny character in Little Lord Fauntleroy breeches. When he was just a small youngster a little girl named Jane became quite infuriated and beat him up for not playing with her. He wouldn't have anything to do with her because she had a tremendous temper and he was afraid she would wallop him. He knew that just because they were going to play husband-and-wife she would think she had sufficient license to beat the stuffing out of him, so to speak. But she licked the light of day out of him just the same.

He decided later that he might as well have played with her anyway.

After that he was always afraid of getting brained by the ladies. He resolved thenceforth and forevermore to have as little to do with them as possible. And no more of that than was absolutely necessary.

Nevertheless, lots of times girls invited Wilbur to parties. Wilbur's countenance was easy to gaze upon. But he always read books or went elsewhere. He like to read books but he didn't care for parties to the extent of one fig. Girls were always there.

However, when he was seventeen years of age, Wilbur acquired a new neighbor. Her name was Marguerite, only they called her Marge for short. She had pretty blonde hair and it was all curly and she talked like she was from some other part of the country.

She was very pretty, Wilbur thought, especially her hair. The first time Wilbur saw her his heart did all kinds of crazy things it had never done before, like stopping and jumping and going pitty-pat. Wilbur didn't know what was the matter. He went home and read two sections in the *Standard Dictionary of Fact* and his heart got all right. He decided that he was troubled with indigestion.

But the next time he saw Marge it happened all over again, only more so. This time he began gasping and panting, like Juliet in the third act. He felt as though he had carelessly swallowed a whirligig or a vast family of venemous vipers. His eyes assumed enormous proportions, like Eddie Cantor imitating a windmill.

He concluded that it must be Marge. He was in love with her.

He thereby set about to find an antidote. He read Rabelais and Havelock Ellis, but he didn't learn a thing. He picked up a magazine of the pulp variety, and on page xiv he saw something that caught his eye right off the bat.

LEARN TO MAKE LOVE AT HOME

How do you know you can't make love? Have you

(*Continued on page ten*)



His eyes assumed enormous proportions



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PRINCE ALBERT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF—

Prince Albert is as tasty and mellow as Nature and man, both working together, can make it. The tobaccos in P. A. are among the choicest grown—expertly cured, carefully matured. As the crowning touch, every leaf is processed to take out "bite." Then, cut the scientific way—"crimp cut." It's bound to be mellow, tasty, slow-burning tobacco that suits steady pipe smokers to a T. Prince Albert is great tobacco for roll-your-own cigarettes too.



50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT MUST PLEASE YOU

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

WILBUR WINS A WIFE

(*Continued from page eight*)

ever tried? There is no reason for your being a wallflower. Give us only a few minutes of your time each day and we'll transform you into a social lion. Under our experienced tutelage you will learn to make love as is should be done, thereby winning your heart's desire. Just send one dollar to our home office and we will send you, in a plain envelope, our specially prepared booklet entitled "Love and Let Love."

(For twenty-five cents extra we will include a pamphlet on "How to Croon." Satisfaction is guaranteed or your money will be returned.)

Wilbur did not send the two bits additional. His neighbors should have been thankful for this.

When "Love and Let Love" arrived Wilbur went home posthaste, locked the door, opened the book, and delved into the profound wisdom contained therein. The first chapter was called "The Prerequisites of Good Love-Making."

Before one can become a successful lover he must have the utmost confidence in himself and his abilities. He must have himself completely in hand before attempting to place any member of the opposite sex in like position.

Therefore the first thing to do is convince yourself that no matter what situation may confront you, you will be able to handle that situation with ease and satisfaction. There would be no mention today of Don Juan, Casanova, or John Barrymore if there had been the slightest trace of fear in their make-ups.

Chapter II got down to business forthwith.

"Types of Women and How to Treat Them"

The type most prevalent among the women today is the blonde. Blondes may be subdivided into groups which for convenience we shall term types Bl a, Bl b, Bl c, etc. We shall deal with the types in their order.

After considerable pondering Wilbur concluded that Marge's type was Bl o.

Bl o. Girls of this type are much lighter blondes than those of any other type. Usually their hair is wavy, but this detail is unimportant. Wavy or not, they are treated the same. Besides being exceptionally tall and willowy, they tend to lean toward the exotic, the glamorous, and the sophisticated. Good results may be obtained by catering to this tendency.

Girls of this type are easy to handle satisfactorily. Once you get started on the right track, nothing can keep you from attaining your goal. All you must do is suavely ignore them, doing nothing to let them think that you have once given them a serious thought. Of course, you must not ignore them too completely, else they will give up hope completely and you will never get a chance to use the remainder of our plan. But it is essential that your relations with them remain purely impersonal until you see that they have fallen completely. It will be easy to realize when they have gone totally overboard for you. A blind cripple can recognize the symptoms. That is the time when you must right-about-face and explain your feelings for them. Do it in any way you wish, and if you seem to stutter, so much the better. It sounds more sincere when stuttered rather than recited.

REMEMBER: NEVER LOSE FAITH IN YOURSELF.

Wilbur didn't even read the next chapter, which was labeled "Further Instructions and Complete Explanations." He was busy devising ways and means of ignoring Marge.

In the succeeding fortnights Wilbur managed to ignore her pretty thoroughly. If "Love and Let Love" had been a correspondence course he would have got an A. But it was hard. For Marge liked Wilbur and she did everything but draw a diagram. However, as Wilbur had never loved anyone but his Mother before and was not a blind cripple, he did not recognize the symptoms. But even if he had plumbed the depths of her feelings he could not have had a heart-to-heart tete a tete with her yet. Wilbur was still a very bashful boy.

Yes, for a period Marge seemed to take quite a tumble for Wilbur. Twice she requested him to take her to the movies on Saturday afternoon. They would go dutch, she said. Thrice she wanted him to escort her to parties.

But Wilbur always conveniently had something else to occupy his attention.

However, when she asked him to go with her to Minnie Slocum's get-together, he said yes. He noticed that she was hesitant more than quite a bit about asking him. Also, he had noticed that Bad Boy Mike Weatherbey was hanging around Marge's house more than was convenient.

Bad Boy Mike was not to be trusted. They called him Bad Boy because of the harsh look on his pan.

At Minnie's Wilbur proceeded to have a good time. He didn't dance with Marge very much. He danced a lot with Minnie, and Minnie was Bad Boy's girl. Minnie was a blonde, too. He wanted to make Marge jealous.

Bad Boy was also at the party. He seemed to have a good time, too, but he danced with Marge all the time. He gave her quite a rush. He didn't seem to mind when Wilbur danced so much more than his quota with Minnie. Wilbur thought that was very nice of Bad Boy.

When Wilbur did get around to dancing with Marge he talked about Minnie. He wanted to make Marge more jealous. But she didn't seem to mind anything except his talking so much. She wanted to speak concerning Bad Boy. Wilbur took it that she liked Bad Boy a lot.

At intermission Wilbur realized that the plan was not working so well. He feared that he was a deceased duck as far as Marge was concerned. "Love and Let Love" was bunk in its very essence. He concluded that the best thing he could do was have it out with Marge. So when he pulled her away from Bad Boy they went strolling in the garden.

What he found out didn't please him enormously. Marge said that when she first moved to town she fell topsy-turvy in love with him forthwith. She thought he could be had. But he didn't reciprocate, she said. He seemed to like somebody else better.

She stated that she wouldn't play second fiddle in anybody's string band. So after Bad Boy had been around a time or so and seemed to take a hankering to her she decided to fall in love with him. Bad Boy was Minnie's beau, but he didn't seem to care so much about her. She related that as soon as she found that Bad Boy was in love with her she started making him jealous by asking Wilbur to take her places and do things. But she still loved Bad Boy nevertheless.

That hurt Wilbur no end.

He remarked, to wit, viz.: "Phooey and toothpicks! I have been robbed to the extent of one dollar." It seemed that the two-bits was all that mattered.

His remark mystified Marge more than quite a bit and she requested an explanation. Wilbur acquiesced. When he had ceased she told him that it was no great wonder that he had failed. She was not by nature a blonde, having once heard that gentlemen prefer blondes.

Wilbur agreed that it was no wonder and went and danced with Minnie. Minnie told him that she had just that night arrived at the conclusion that she liked him better than Bad Boy, and would he be her beau.

(*Continued on page sixteen*)

The Concert

In which Hans searches for a lost hope.

By BILL WILLIS

The old man was gaunt and pale in the reflected light of the corner arc-lamp. He shivered a bit as he adjusted his worn top-coat closer about himself and dipped his hand into his pocket to feel the one remaining coin that was there. Yes, it would be better—far better than going back to his room in the shabby tenement. But tomorrow—well, tomorrow was another day. Tomorrow he could stand again on the corners and play his violin and make enough to provide food and shelter for a while longer. But tonight, yes, tonight he would go to the concert. The coin would be just enough to give him a seat far back in the balcony. And who knows? Perhaps the concert would ease the gnawing pain in his heart. Perhaps it would give him courage to carry on, for a time at least.

It had not always been like this, Hans Gebber reflected. No, the years had been cruel to him since he came to America, but it had not always been like this. There were those days in Munich before—before it happened. Those had been happy days with Elva and the boy. Elva and—*the boy!* What memories those words suggested. Carefree, pleasant hours. The beginning of a new world. They had been married, and a few years later he was acclaimed a master violinist. True, he had worked for that day when the world would applaud his music. Hours of tedious practise, working over difficult passages—but through it all he had had the love and devotion of Elva and the boy to spur him on.

He smiled as he recalled the night when he had seen for the first time his name in large letters before the concert-hall. *Hans Gebber!* How proud he had been that night! How proud Elva and the boy had seemed—though the boy was too young to understand it. That was the night, too, that he had come home, elated after his triumph, and written the little love song for Elva. It had become her song immediately. She had sung it as he played, and he had thought then that there was nothing in the world more beautiful than the bloom on Elva's fair young face. She was so like a child, impetuous, enthusiastic, playful—little aware of her responsibilities as wife and mother. Even after all these years he didn't blame her for running away and taking the child with her. He knew that it was an impulse growing out of an infatuation that so completely overwhelmed her that she was unable to resist it. He had seen the man—a handsome, dashing actor. Elva had introduced him at a party they had given at the conclusion of one of Han's concert tours. He should have known then, but he didn't. And then he had returned one night to find that she had gone, and taken the boy with her. A note explained her action. She said they would go to America. He had been given the lead in a play there. After that it was a long time before Hans had touched his violin again. He couldn't play—and when he finally did, his music had lost that something that made it so wonderful before. This was why he, too, had later come to America. Perhaps over there it wouldn't be so bad. Perhaps he wouldn't be so lonely, and then perhaps too he might see her and—and the boy. He felt no spite against her. There was no hatred for the man who had taken her away. He just felt that perhaps if he could see Elva and his son for a little while, it might. . . .

But he hadn't been able to find them when he arrived in New York. He had searched everywhere—the booking agencies, the theatres. And then had come the war, and he had gone back to his native country to fight. It wasn't that he was such a patriot, but to fight meant escape for a while at least, for his troubled soul. But the escape was not there. In the trenches, with the roar of guns, the bursting of shells about him, he could think of nothing but Elva and the boy. And when the war was over—for he needed work now to keep himself alive, he returned to America and took a job in a department store—the first thing that he was offered. But he couldn't keep it long. Inattention to duty, lack of interest, soon caused him to lose his place. From then on the time was spent in going from one job to another, until he finally took up his violin to roam the city and play on street-corners for a living.

But tonight he was going to the concert. He was tired. Deprivation and the physical vicissitudes of the past years had aged him before his time. But concerts always left him feeling better, and relieved for a time the pain. He always managed to go whenever he could. Music was the only thing he had left now. It had to fill, as best it could, the emptiness.

Hans Gebber walked slowly down the street to the Academy of Music. It was brilliantly lighted with large electric signs, and the words "Alexander Krandl" were emblazoned on the marquee. Hans had read of him. A brilliant young virtuoso, who had only recently come into his own. But Hans had never heard him.

Livried chauffeurs were opening the doors of long, sleek automobiles, and from them stepped men and women in evening finery as Hans approached the box office to purchase his ticket. Some of the concert-goers eyed him curiously as he walked slowly through the foyer and turned to ascend the stairs to the balcony. Finding his seat with the aid of an usher, he sighed with fatigue and then scanned the program which had been given him.

A Mozart number, two numbers of Schubert, and one of Grieg were included on the program. Ah, he would enjoy this. He loved the melodies of Schubert and the old masters. Hans sat in anticipation.

The audience applauded as the curtains parted and a young man of twenty-two or twenty-three came upon the stage, holding a violin in his hand. An attractive lad he was, thought Hans, as the boy bowed and then began playing.

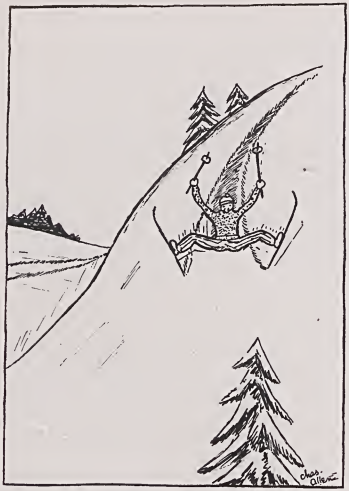
Hans set enthralled as the young violinist played. The strains of "Ave Maria" and the lovely Schubert Serenade transported him to a dream world filled with memories of past joys, of past triumphs of his own. There were tears in the eyes of Gebber as the last number was finished and the house rocked with applause.

"Encore, encore!" shouted the audience, and then the young man spoke.

"I thank you, my friends." He slowly smiled and continued. "I shall play as an encore a song that my mother taught me when I was a child. My father composed it especially for her, and it has never been published."

Hans recognized it as soon as the first bar was completed. It was his music! It was the song he had written for Elva on the night of his first great triumph! Then this must be—yes, it was! Why hadn't he noticed it before? The same clean-cut features that had marked his boy even as a small

(*Continued on page sixteen*)



"I never did think I'd like skiing!"

"Why do people have more fun than anyone else."
"Because there are more people than anyone else."

Three girls approached the Pearly Gates seeking entrance to Heaven. St. Peter began questioning them as to their qualifications, where they were from, etc.
"I'm from St. Mary's," replied the first.
"Sorry, but you will have to go to the other place," the saint answered.
"And you?" he asked the second.
"Peace," she said.
"I'm afraid you will have to follow the first. And where are you from, my pretty maid?" he turned to the last of the trio.
"Meredith," came the somewhat tremulus reply.
"Come on in," St. Peter invited. "You have been in Hell long enough."

"What is 2 and 1?"
"Shoe polish," the freshman answered.
"Well, what is 3 and 1?"
"That must be oil."
"Hm, what is 6 and 2?"
"You have me there."
"Two cans of oil, you dumb freshman," was the seniors sardonic reply.

"You say Latin 16 is an easy course? How many cuts are you allowed?"
"Never calls the roll."
"Any outside reading or reports to make?"
"Nope."
"Any quizzes?"
"None but the final exam."
"I knew there was a catch to it somewhere."

"How's Smith in the high jump? Any good?"
"Naw, he can hardly clear his throat."
—*Epitome.*

I hold her in my arms . . . a feeling of warmth creeps over me . . . I pull her closer . . . her soft rosiness pressed tightly against my cheek . . . soothing . . . satisfying . . . perfect bliss . . . I could lie here forever with Emma—my trusty hot-water bottle!
—*Widow.*

"Where've ya been for the last two hours?"
"Talking to the girl at the cigar counter."
"What did she say?"
"No."
—*Frivol.*

Prof.: Take this sentence. "Let the cow be taken out of the lot." What Mood?
Frosh: The cow.
—*Old Line.*

Biology Professor: Where do all the bugs go in the winter?
Absent-minded Student: Search me!
—*Awgwan.*

SENIORS

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JIM MASON PERCIVAL PERRY

REPRESENTATIVES FOR

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"Wot's the matter with old Jack there?"
"'E's got a bloomin' splinter in his 'and."
"Why don't 'e pull it out?"
"Wot! In the lunch hour? Not much!"
—*Tiger.*

Freshman: Why do the janitors at this college wear uniforms?
Lou Weinstein: So we can tell them from the English professors.
—*Analyst.*

Husband: Dear, you can't go to the theater in your old coat can you?
Wife (hopefully): Certainly not, dearest.
Husband: Just what I thought so I only bought one ticket.
—*Punch Bowl.*

First Seasick Youngster (leaning over the rail): What's the matter, Joe, have you got a weak stomach?
His Partner: Weak nothing. I'm gettin' as much distance as you are.
—*The Log.*

1/c—"What's the menus?"
4/c—"We have a thousand things to eat, sir."
1/c—"What are they."
4/c—"Beans."
—*The Log.*

Upon a hill there is a house
And in that house lives she;
And in that girl beats a heart—
For my room-mate—not for me.
—*Analyst.*

"He's the luckiest man in the world. He has a wife and a cigarette lighter, and both of them work."
—*Log.*

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR

College Soda Shop

For Your
CANDY CIGARS
CIGARETTES
STUDENT SUPPLIES

WE APPRECIATE YOUR BUSINESS

Trade With Students

BEN ELLIOTT FRED WILLIAMS



"I'll bring that up later!"

Captain: Quartermaster, is that our true position?
Quartermaster: Yes, sir.
Captain: Are you positive?
QM: Yes, sir.
Captain: Then take off your hat. We're in Westminster Abbey.
—*Log.*

DISILLUSION

I put my trust and faith in you,
I thought I could rely.
But now I'm disillusioned—
I wish that I might die.

I made you my ideal, you see,
And so I copied you.
I should have copied someone else—
Now I am flunking, too.
—*Tiger Rag.*

THE
WAKE FOREST STUDENT

DECEMBER, 1936

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FRED JOHNSON
Editor-in-Chief
JAMES W. MASON
Business Manager



"I'll bring that up later!"



"I'll bring that up later!"

As we were riding atop the Fifth Avenue bus we noticed that every few minutes the conductor would come from the back and dangle a piece of string down before the driver beneath. Whereupon the driver would utter profanity that shocked even our ears. Finally we could stand it no longer, and so, asked the conductor why he dangled the string and why the driver swore so. The conductor answered naively: "Oh, his father is to be hung tomorrow, and I'm just kidding him a little about it."

—*Jester.*



. . . TO . . .

THE STUDENTS AND FACULTY

. . . OF . . .

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

Seasons Greetings

1936 - 37

CASTLE THEATRE

Shucks! We thought this was going to be good.

A man of six feet eight inches applied for a job as lifeguard.

"Can you swim? asked the official.

"No, but I can wade to beat hell.

—Gargoyle.

"Why do you want to be a geologist?"

"Well, I was weaned on White Rock."

—Tiger Rag.

A girl's best asset is man's imagination.

—Bowdoin Browler.

"Who the heck are you?"

"Just a little dandruff trying to get a head."

Coed: I'd like to see the captain of this ship.

Sailor: He's forward, Miss.

Coed: That's all right. This is a pleasure trip.

—Wampus.

Many a show girl gets rich when her shape comes in.

—Yellow Jacket.

She: What do you mean telling me that the dates you had with me were like pearls?

He: Neckless, dearie, neckless.

—Columbia Jester.

The man in the moon isn't half as interesting as a lady in the sun.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

TOM'S

Complete Fountain Service
Better Buttered Sandwiches

BILLIARDS SMOKES

Students: Our staff wishes to express our appreciation for your patronage. You are always welcome at TOM'S.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

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completely
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AND STYLED RIGHT



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cannot pull, pinch, strain or skid-off-the shoulders. Hickok designers got rid of all that by inventing the sure, simple *ActionBAK* — patented. You'll see that it's strong, too, without needless weight . . . the modern idea! And Hickok stylists have outdone themselves with newest weaves and colors. You're in smartest style—*with ease*—wearing exclusive *ActionBAK* braces.

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(Illustrated)

$1.00

B. & S. Department Store
Incorporated
THE MAN'S STORE
"Buy With Confidence—Wear With Pride"
WAKE FOREST, N. C.

SEAMSTRESS OF THE HUDSON

(*Continued from page six*)

Millie merely nodded, her lips compressed, and rose hastily.

"What are you going to do?" Cynthia asked.

"Going to San Francisco," replied Millie. "Tomorrow. Now you two run along. I'm going and pack up. I'll be all right," she added, as the other hesitated.

A great deal can happen in an hour. Cynthia paused beside the familiar door before entering. She had enjoyed her evening so much that she felt that she must erase its memory before entering to help Millie pack. Faintly she heard the cry of newsboys four stories below, "Extra, Extra! All about the big wreck!" She remembered now that she had heard the cry intermittently for the last half hour.

Then she realized that there was no light coming from her room. She pushed the door quickly and turned the switch. Yes, Millie was gone. On her table lay a copy of the extra, and a scrap of note paper.

Among other things, the note said, "I'm sure it was he on the boat. And there is not a chance that he survived. The boilers burst, and six rescue vessels searched all day. I would have done it long ago, except that I hoped I might find him, and I didn't want to leave you alone. Now, you are soon to be well provided for. The reason why I am in such a hurry is that I am afraid you might persuade me not to; and I am so tired of those hems and seams!"

Cynthia pushed back the curtains and looked out far across at the black frame of the bridge across the Hudson.

. . . . . .

That is all, except that the next day at the store Cynthia overheard one of the handsome men speaking with the head clerk about a law suit out at Hollywood.

"Yes, they sued the company for millions. Charged with sale of goods under false pretense. You saw this news film of the launching of the Japanese ship that went down yesterday? They claimed, of course, that the film was a picture of the real sailing in Japan, when all the time they had taken it right there in San Francisco Bay, with a little made-up scenery."

The head clerk laughed. "And a whole crew of professional actors, I suppose!"

THE CONCERT

(*Continued from page eleven*)

child. His own son, playing the serenade he had written to Elva! And how beautiful it was! The boy was a genius, there was no doubt of that. But Elva, where was Elva? The boy would know. Hans wanted to get up out of his seat, to rush to his son's side and ask where she was. But something stopped him. It must have been the music. Well, he could wait a few minutes. He had spent years searching for them—he could afford to wait a few minutes until the concert was over. It wouldn't be long, and meanwhile he could sit here and revel in the beauty of the golden notes of the violin. Beautiful music made more beautiful by the knowledge that it was his son—*his son playing!* He would rush backstage immediately after the performance and together he and his son would go to meet Elva—to meet Elva.

Suddenly he felt weak, so weak that he was unable to move. It is natural, he thought, perfectly natural. But I am happy, he said to himself. I am happier than I have ever been in my life, for in a little while I shall be with Elva and the boy. In the meantime I can sit here and listen to his wonderful music . . . his wonderful music.

. . . . . .

Later that night as the stage attendants were about to turn off the lights and close the concert hall, they saw an old man slouched over in a balcony seat high up in the auditorium.

"There's an old bird who's fallen asleep, Joe," called one of them to the other. "Go up and wake him. That's the trouble with these concerts, there's always someone going to sleep. Hurry, we've got to get out of here."

The other ran up the steps and then bounded up the aisle. He shook the form in the seat roughly, then shouted in a voice of terror down to the other.

"Asleep, hell, Bill. This man is—dead."

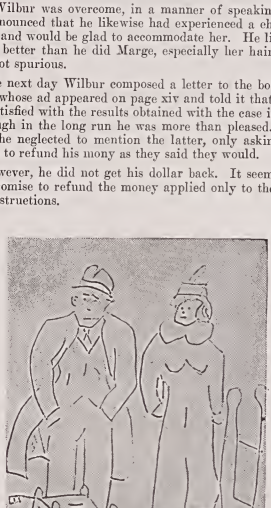
WILBUR WINS A WIFE

(*Continued from page ten*)

Wilbur was overcome, in a manner of speaking. But he announced that he likewise had experienced a change of heart and would be glad to accommodate her. He liked her much better than he did Marge, especially her hair, which was not spurious.

The next day Wilbur composed a letter to the book company whose ad appeared on page xiv and told it that he was not satisfied with the results obtained with the case in point, although in the long run he was more than pleased. However, he neglected to mention the latter, only asking them please to refund his mony as they said they would.

However, he did not get his dollar back. It seemed that the promise to refund the money applied only to the crooning instruetions.



"I'll bring that up later!"

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WAKE FOREST

STUDENT

March 1957



FACULTY EDITION



For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels

"I'll back that to the limit," says Miss Dorothy Kilgallen, spunky globe-circling girl reporter

AROUND THE WORLD IN 24 DAYS. "It was a breathless dash," said Miss Dorothy Kilgallen, famous girl reporter, back at work (*above*) after finishing her assignment to circle the world by air in record-breaking time. (*Right*) Her exciting arrival at the Newark Airport. "I snatched meals anywhere," she says, "ate all kinds of food. But Camels helped me keep my digestion tuned up. I'll bet on them any time—for mildness, for their delicate flavor, and for their cheery 'lift.' Camels set me right!"



HEALTHY nerves and good digestion enable you to glide over trying incidents and get the full enjoyment out of working, eating, and playing. No wonder that so many who make their mark in the world today are steady Camel smokers!

At mealtimes—enjoy Camels for the aid they give digestion. By speeding up the flow of digestive fluids and increasing alkalinity, Camels contribute to your sense of well-being. Between meals—get a "lift" with a Camel. Camels don't get on the nerves, or irritate the throat. Join the vast army of smokers who say: "Camels set you right!"



"MY BUSINESS MAKES me careful about my digestion," says B. C. Simpson, oil-well shooter. "I find Camels put a heap more joy into eating."



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PROFESSORS

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We wish to show our admiration
For the time that you have spent
In giving us an education



"I'm a college man myself."

Fond Father (to son): My boy, drinking has many ill effects. For instance, if you were drunk those two flagpoles over there would look like four. You can see how harmful it is to your eyes.

College Lad: But, Pop, there is only one pole.

—*Exchange.*

The Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gentlemen:

Why is it that your switch engine has to ding and dong and fizz and spit and pant and grate and grind and puff and bump and toot and whistle and wheeze and howl and clang and growl and thump and clash and boom and jolt and screech and snarl and snort and slam and throb and roar and rattle and hiss and yell and smoke and smell and shriek all night long when I come home from a hard day at the boiler works and have to keep the dog quiet and the baby quiet so my wife can squawk at me for snoring in my sleep?

Yours,

—*Jester.*

Boss: You should have been here at nine o'clock!
New Employee: Why? What happened?

—*Punch Bowl.*

Outside the toy animal factory the storm raged furiously. Inside the machines were silent. The enraged owner dashed up to the night foreman. "Why aren't you turning out our usual quota of toy animals?"

The foreman drew himself up to his full height as he replied, "I would not turn out a dog on a night like this."

—*Green Goat.*

The Man: I want a loaf of Mumsie's Bread, a package of Krunchies, some Goody Sanny Spread, Ole Mammy's Lasses, Orange Pully, a pound of Aunt Annie's Sugar Candy, Bitsey-Bite size."

The Clerk: Sorry. No Krunchies. How about Krinkly Krisps, Oatsie-Tonsties, Malty Wheaties, Ricelets, or Eatum Wheetums?

The Man: Wheetums, then.

The Clerk: Anything else? Tootsies, Tatery Chips, Cheesie Weesies, Gingie Bits, Itsey Cakes, Sweetsie Toofums, or Dramma's Doughies?

The Man (toddling toward the meat department): Tan't det' anysin' else. Dot to det some meat.

—*Reserve Red Cat.*

Dear Mr. Palmolive:

I bought a tube of your shaving cream. It says no mug required. What shall I shave?

Yours truly,

J. S. Perrow.

A big buck Indian had just ordered a ham sandwich at a drug counter, and was peering between the slices of bread when he turned and said to the waiter, "Ugh, you slice 'em ham?"

The waiter looked up and replied, "Yes, I sliced the ham."

"Ugh," grunted the Indian indignantly, "you damn near miss 'em."

—*Awgwan.*

A stude celebrated his own birthday by lunching in one of the swankier restaurants. After the meal, the waiter, angling for an additional dime, politely inquired, "How did you find your steak, sir?"

"Sheer luck," answered the stude. "I happened to move a small piece of potato, and there it was!"

—*Exchange.*

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REPRESENTATIVES FOR

STAR ENGRAVING COMPANY

HIT DON'T DIFFER

"How do you do?"

"Howdy, stranger."

"Could I wait on you?"

"I speck so, stranger. That's what yer here for, ain't hit?"

"Ha! Ha! Why certainly."

"Well, yer can wait on me then."

"Why, I'd be delighted. What could I interest you in?"

"You couldn't interest me in nothing. I want ter buy some duds."

"Ah! A suit of clothes!"

"Them's duds, ain't they?"

"Ha! Ha! Why certainly! Now, what size will it be?"

"Hit don't differ."

"Ha! But you want it to fit, don't you?"

"Hit don't differ about hit fittin'."

"Well! You are a very unusual customer. You should be quite easy to fit. Ha! Ha! Now what color did you have in mind?"

"Hit don't differ."

"Ha! You're quite easy to please, aren't you? Did you want some particular material? Hard finish—soft finish?"

"Hit don't differ what material."

"Well—er, how much did you want to pay?"

"Hit don't differ how much."

"Well, then, let me take this one down. How will this do? All wool and only $19.75, not including the tax. Will this be all right?"

"Hit don't differ. Hit's fer a corpse anyhow."

—*Lou Lou.*

"And does your nice little cow give milk?"

"Well, not exactly; you gotta sorta take it away from her."

—*Log.*

"THE FRIENDLY PLACE"

We Appreciate Your Business

THE COLLEGE SODA SHOP

Candy : Sandwiches : Cigarettes
Student Supplies

Meet Me at the Soda Shop After the Show

BEN ELLIOTT——
PATRONIZE STUDENTS
——FRED WILLIAMS

"THE FRIENDLY PLACE"



"Spit out yer snuff, Effie, I'm a aimin' ter mug ye."

They stood on the steps. A gentle breeze was blowing through the trees and the sky was bright with twinkling stars. It was the end of a perfect evening, a very perfect evening. She turned to go, then suddenly faced him and raised her lovely face to his. He looked deep into her dark eyes and his heart was beating madly. Her lips moved; his heart hung on her words. Then she spoke; "Have I any mustard on my chin?"

—*Lou Lou.*

Absent-minded professor: Lady, what are you doing in my bed?

Lady: Well, I like this bed. I like this neighborhood. I like this house, and I like this room. And, anyway, I'm your wife.

—*Froth.*

Nothing relieves the tedium of the pages of a humor magazine like a good joke.

—*Orange Peeler.*

"Lesh go home now, Joe."

"Naw, I'm afraid t'go home. Wife'll shmell m'breath."

"Hol y'r breath.'

"Cant. Sh'too strong."

—*Yellow Jacket.*



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FACULTY PHRASING

Some critics raise a doleful wail and call our native tongue the language nobody knows. The ability of some Wake Forest professors to throw out cute statements proves this to be false. These expert phrasers know all about the English language and can so manipulate it that certain sentences are etched forever in the minds of students. The *Reader's Digest* ought to use a few of these bright sayings which are phrased so well that they are hard to forget.

For instance, second-rate teachers might waste a lot of time telling how worthless some historical character was. Instead of itemizing the man's vices in drab ways that are soon forgotten, a local pedagogue declared that "it would take all the dynamite in the world, plus heaven's grace, to blow that fellow up to the level of total depravity."

Professors of legal lore have spent many words protesting against free interpretations of the United States Constitution and against smart shysters who can twist justice to their selfish ends. However, one Wake Forest teacher presented a warning so strikingly exaggerated that it is well worth recording here: "Before long we will be studying law for historical purposes only."

Many feel that basic courses of study are never interesting, but that on such foundations are built fascinating superstructures. To express this general opinion one professor said, "The lighthouse of knowledge is illuminated only at the top."

And what shall we say about the old white-haired fellow who wanders around looking for his specs when they are perched on his nose all the time! Sometimes old folks forget their own birthdays—perhaps on purpose—although as bright children they could name all the states in America together with their capitals. All these general truisms have been summed up by another faculty member who declared that "memory's bag is good at the bottom but full of holes at the top."

One of the greatest paradoxes in life is that he who would save his life must lose it, just as a plant grows only after it has been buried in the ground. A venerable Wake Forester has said, "The height of distinction is directly proportional to the base of service."

Men in public office have been the butt of witticisms since time began; it is always open season for gunning at politicians. Most of the kicks are well-founded; public men should try to remain irreproachable. Many a guffaw was heard as one Wake Forest professor recently exclaimed with a short, "Imagine a United States Senator kissing the slightly used lips of an underslung Hollywood hussy on the capitol steps."

When you can sling the President's American like some of our faculty members, you'll be quite a man, my son!

A. M.

POETRY

TO MOTHER: AS I LEFT FOR COLLEGE

By DAVID MORGAN

There, tense, upon the bottom step she stood:
A tiny soul—in light blue gingham dressed—
But in whose precious nature God compressed
The sweetest heart He ever made—or could!
The time had come (as she had known it would);
I kissed her with a bravely merry jest.
I took with me a soul by goodness blessed;
She kept with her my promise to be good.
And still within the vivid eye of mind
She stands and stands and, waving, seems to call:
"Oh, absent from me do not long remain."
And may, within my soul, there be enshrined
The image of her soul; and over all
Life's shapeless mass may it serenely reign.

LINES

Written to two recently married friends

By JAMES PERROW

TO HIM

You were a blasted moron
To quit your happy life
To make yourself a husband
And betake yourself a wife.

You thought you saw an angel
Beneath the grease and paint,
But when the paint has vanished,
You'll see your angel ain't.

TO HER

You did some fancy fishing
And think you caught a whale,
You used your dime-store beauty
To snare a luckless male.

You now find life a heaven,
A love nest just for two.
But all too soon 'twill vanish
When first your bills come due.

VALLEYS

By D. L. STEWART

I

I love valleys.
I know a quiet valley,
A little mossy valley
Sprinkled with wild flowers,
Dashes of gold and purity white
On a carpet of soft green.
This is my valley of meditation.

II

There are deep valleys
That roar with rolling cataracts,
Where mighty rushing torrents
Shatter themselves in thunder
On the heads of beaten boulders,
Dashing headlong down crevices,
Leaping, flying, bursting, dancing,
Tearing at the rocks in fury,
Awful power that spends itself
Unbridled in the wilderness—
Till it reach the precipice
And downward plunges in one colossal wave
To burst and thunder into foam
In the deep pool's lap below,
Whence rises a deafening dull roar
That rumbles and surges in a monotone
Through the wilderness,
Whose thunder awakes the slumbering solitudes
In the dark, deep valley.
This is my valley of power.

BUT DO NOT SPEAK

By D. L. STEWART

Come, if you can, and, hand in hand, we'll rise
And hie us up to Little Mountain's crest,
While Dawn's first light is creeping up the skies,
And earth still lulls the night upon her breast.

We're here. Come, if you can, and, soul in soul—
If yours will blend with mine—here from this peak
We'll watch the morning mists like incense roll
From yonder towering shrine.—
But do not speak.

CHANGES

By "NIX"

Day meets night,
And the blending of their colors
Causes a fantastic hue,
That mixes gold and blue, with white,
Into the fading shades, awakening night.

Night meets morn,
And with the colors grey and blue
Blending with the coming white,
With hopes and fears—
That shapes the black of night
Into a blazing light, awakening day.

I met you.
And my throbbing heart
Mixed thoughts and desires, divine
With hopes and fears—
Into an insatiable surge, awakening love.

We meet with time,
And with our love, time toys,
Picking at the roots,
Seeking to destroy, but fails,
Creating though a tie, insuring love.

YOU CAME SO QUIETLY

By D. L. STEWART

You came so quietly and kissed me
I did not hear you:
You came so stealthily and kissed me
I did not see you.
You came up the hillside from the twilight west,
You whispered softly as you passed the corn-stack;
Then I felt your breath across my face,
And reverence bowed my head; I was speechless
In the sublimity of your kiss
And the presence of something divine.

And they tell me
It is the wind that comes
Up the hillside from the twilight west.
That comes with the stars, and as softly,
And whispers with the corn leaves.

They tell me . . . it is but the wind,
But I do not believe what they tell me—
I have more faith than that.

Say It With

Two Freshmen with their first

By RUFUS

The moment Pete opened his box and saw those two spotless white envelopes he knew what they were. And he was astounded, no less. Bids they were, he realized quickly, to the Co-Eds' Ball, all expenses paid by the Co-Eds of Ocean City University—but then if he ever found himself at a loss for words he would at the same time find himself at a loss for breath and heartbeats and the other necessities of life. Peter Peterson, hearty exponent of words sesquipidalian and otherwise, was born some nineteen years ago and, after a slight pause, he began to talk. It had been going on for well-nigh two decades.

Now he turned to Hal Brady, his roommate, a quiet fellow who at the moment was seriously occupied with the business of gaping awkwardly.

"My good friend, my bosom companion," he said, "I am taken aback no end. We have something here that will make us the envy of every other first-year man in the noble institution known to one and all, far and near, as Ocean City University. We have something here that will be had by no other freshmen in the entire school. We have something here that very few of the ridiculously ignorant species that piously calls itself sophomore will manage to get either by hook or by crook or otherwise. There is positively no doubt about it, my fine fellow, we have something here!"

Hal opened his mouth, but his words strangled him. He remained silent.

"To look at your enthralled physiognomy, my noble boudoir companion," Pete continued to orate, "one would think that you had just become a father for the first time. Come, is there need for further dillying here? Let us be on our collective ways. We have things to do."

But when they turned to go they looked up to see the haughty face of an upperclassman, a sophomore, sneering down at them. Seeing their happiness, the face parted in the middle and uttered words at them.

"You two rats think you're king-pins now, don't you? Well, I wouldn't get too happy about it. Those bids will cost you more than they're worth!"

The yearlings were somewhat taken aback. As usual, Hal let Pete do the talking.

"Listen, ignominious rascal. You can not make a fool of me. I see readily that your uncalled-for mouthings are prompted solely by jealousy. But you may as well keep your lip-bile to yourself. I shall not permit myself to become disturbed by anything which you may have to say."

"All right—all right. But just the same, it'll cost you at least six bucks per each to take in that hop!"

"Aw, you can't kid us!" Hal had finally found his voice. "We know all about that dance, and it won't cost us a cent. The dames take care of *all* expenses."

The upperclassman creased his face a little more. "Let me tell you something: you'll have to take your girl to dinner and you'll have to buy her flowers. Expensive flowers, too—none of these cheap johnny-jump-ups! Try to get out of that for less than six per!"

"Opinionated person, will you kindly go fry yourself an hen-fruit? I have work to do. To one side, please. There is no time for further dawdling." Pete's words indicated that he had uttered what he had said.

On the way to their rooms the two had little to say, for each was deeply engrossed in his own thoughts. Of course, it was possible that the sophomore was telling something tectotally untruthful. But deep down inside them—deep down, Pete said, where the gastric juices run—they had a feeling that for once the soph knew what he was talking about.

But was it possible that they could ever raise so much money, especially since it was so near the middle of the month? They doubted it. Tin cans and screw-drivers, they thought, if it were only the first of the month! Then they would have a little money coming in from home. But as it was, things looked pretty hopeless.

But it can never be said that Mrs. Peterson's little boy Pete ever went down thrice without casting about for some kind of straw to lay hold on.

"Come, come, my boon companion," he said to Hal, "let us think. By some curious connivings we shall be able to extricate ourselves from the well-nigh inexorable difficulties which have so disparagingly beset us. May I exhort you to think with all your cranial capacity! There is undoubtedly some way out of this labyrinth in which we suddenly find ourselves."

This speech must have served as inspiration to Hal, for he was suddenly struck amidships by an idea he thought was a corker. In two words he explained to Pete.

"The pawnshop."

Peter was quick to take the cue. "Ah, of course. I wonder that I didn't think of it sooner. The pawnshop—a veritable Juggernaut of the college world. A positive panacea of all financial ills. The sign of the three-balls, to which all persons—young and old alike—bend their steps when they find themselves the least whit financially abashed—when they are bewitched to even the slightest degree by the disreputable houris of poverty. Oh," he moaned, "why didn't I think of it before?"

However, it was not so simple as that. A little thought reminded them that most of Pete's possessions had long ago been traded for pawn tickets which he had never bothered to take up. That, however, did not faze Pete in the least.

"Just a moment, please. I have it. It has come to me with the lightning speed of a rapier thrust. Your radio will be the means of our salvation. Certainly we can get sufficient sons from that to enable us to treat to a sumptuous dinner those two young ladies who have so honored us by requesting us to escort them to the terpsichorean frolic. And I, Peter Peterson, shall take care of the flowers personally if you will but condescend to put your radio in hock for the short space of a week or so."

Hal agreed, reluctuantly, and Pete went into the second act of the proposal which he admitted was gigantic.

"My very dear roommate," he said, "there is, toying at the outskirts of my brain, an idea that is colossal. To be strictly precise, it is more than colossal: it is unparalleled in magnitude. Could you let me have, for the duration of five or six minutes, the sum of one penny? Not a nickel, not a dime—but a mere penny. It will be of inestimable value to the well-being of the scheme which I have just mentioned briefly."

Flowers

Invitation to a Big Dance

CRATER

Hal was dubiously doubtful. "Sure I've got a penny. Furthermore, I intend to keep it. It's Wahoo."

"Wahoo—your symbol of favorable fortune. Then so much the better. By all means, let me have it. A lucky penny will be of infinitely more value than an ordinary one. But come, my good fellow, it is time to be up and doing: don't quibble when so much is at stake. Let me have the penny like a good child, else I fear that I shall find it necessary to batter your skull. Do not keep me waiting; I merely desire the use of your coin in order that I may telephone with a minimum of expense—or, to put it crudely, without incurring the loss of a nickel."

That, to Hal's way of thinking, changed the appearance of things more than a little. It was, indeed, a horse with another collar. Hal understood completely the system of penny-in-the-nickel-slot. Just as a matter of fact, he thought, was it not he who had introduced the aforementioned system into Swinson Dormitory? So it was with gladness and not a little pride in his heart that he fetched old Wahoo out of his pocket and tossed it to Pete.

Pete scrambled down the steps and into the telephone booth, at one and the same time slamming the door and jerking the directory from the wall. Rapidly turning the pages until he found the number he wanted, he made ready to cheat the telephone company out of the twentieth part of a dollar.

Taking his handkerchief and folding it carefully, he placed it in the cup attached to the telephone box. Then, with that air of confidence for which all freshmen—and especially Freshman Peterson—are noted, he lifted the receiver and prepared to give the operator the numbr he wanted.

He dug Hal's Wahoo from his pocket and dropped it into the nickel slot, at the same time giving the side of the box a decidedly resonant whack. In response the penny jumped over and rang the bell before dropping noiselessly into the folds of the handkerchief. As one who has done a good job well, Pete picked up the penny and returned it to his pocket.

Suddenly there was a sharp click at the other end of the line and a gruff voice announced itself to be the spokesman for Poste and Mortimer Funeral Parlor. Pete was confidently ready for action.

"I say, my good man, would you be so kind as to inform me whether or not there is within the walls of your establishment the body of Mr. Jones?"

"Who?" The voice, Pete thought, sounded as though it had been partaking of green apples in quantities, not so rare.

"Mr. Jones—Mr. *Wilson* Jones."

"They ain't no body here by that name." The green-appled voice was getting suspicious. "What business would it be of yours if there were?"

Happily, Peter had an answer for this. His voice took on a mournful quality.

"It's this way: years ago I went to school with a fellow named Jones—Wilson Jones. In time we became good friends—quite good friends. Then he moved away. Years passed, and I heard no more of my chum. But today the sad news that he had died reached my ears. I—I thought perhaps I could check up on it through you. Well, thank you."

The whole thing didn't make sense, Pete thought, but apparently he had got by with it that time, just the same he felt a little crestfallen. Strangely like, it occurred to him, the horse that came in fourth at the Kentucky Derby. Or any other Derby, he told himself. But he didn't give up. Rather, he called another funeral home, and this time he had better luck. There was not, to be sure, a Mr. Jones there, but there was a Mr. Conway. And for Pete a dead Mr. Conway was just as good any day as a dead Mr. Jones—even a dead Mr. *Wilson* Jones. And much to Pete's joy, this particular Mr. Conway, rest his soul, was to have his obsequies said that self-same afternoon at a little church some three miles in the hinterland.

This time Pete's horse had come from behind to win by a nose of appreciable magnitude. No doubt of it. Pete threw down the receiver and yelled in a most ungentlemanly manner. A passer-by would have thought someone had turned the wolves loose on him. In scarcely more than nothing flat Pete had negotiated his way up the stairs and was barging into his room. But it was some minutes before he had quieted down sufficiently to explain to Hal what he had done. Even then his explanation was rather hazy. Hal didn't seem to get the drift of things, and he said so.

"Stupid, witless dolt that you are," Pete said disgustedly, "do you mean to sit there with your teeth in your mouth and say that you lack the grey matter necessary for even a slight understanding of what I have done and of what I intend to do?"

The light broke slowly, and Pete watched as a look of admiration slid over Hal's face the way ham gravy slides over grits.

The dance next night was a great success. Everything was just as it should be. Joan, Pete thought proudly, was the queen of the ball. And her flowers, a vast corsage of red and white roses, were not to be laughed at. Certainly no other girl—except Sue, Hal's current heart-throb—had any like them.

After the dance Pete walked with Joan to her sorority house, where the girls were having open-house. Most of their friends had already gathered when Joan and Pete arrived. Some were dancing to the soft music of a tiny radio, others were standing before the great open fireplace, chatting lightly and watching the fire blaze cheerfully. A few, just arriving, were speaking politely with Mrs. Brander, the house mother, who was flittting here and there, taking great pains to see that everything was going off just so. She nodded to Pete and took Joan's flowers, saying that she would put them in water before they began to wilt.

While Joan was powdering her nose and repairing the ravages of the dance, Pete joined the other boys wanting to make a good impression on "Ma" Brander. Taking off his topcoat, he asked her how she did. She did very well, thank you. And from just such a mild beginning as that there started a conversation which bade fair, Pete thought, to last all night.

(*Continued on page fourteen*)

FACULTY

By BEN FISHER



For hours and hours he'd practice away
Without ever watching the clock.
In a thundering bass
He sings, and he plays
Melodies of Shubert and Bach.



A master of pantomime is he—
Even greater than Gable and Taylor.
With his tie a large bow
And his face all aglow,
He had more loves than a sailor.



This jolly, care-free fishing line
Now teaches our "pedication."
There was a time
When a pole and line
Alone heard his eloquent orations.

FUN

AND ED WYATT



As a boy he declaimed of German Kings
'Til the very rafters did shake.
He can clear his throat
With a clarion note,
That the sleepiest freshman will 'wake.



To think of him now as he was then
Would certainly be quite unheardly;
Tho' rounder than tall
He is loved by all
For his firstly, and secondly, and thirdly.



Who would have thought this toot'n lad
Would be a great scientist some day;
And with faraway gaze
Tell of the days
When he once played along side of Vallee.

I Have a Class

Another Game of Puns by the Puny Punster

By JACK SAWYER

I have a class.
What class?
Law.
How do you like the professor?
He Stansbury high in my estimation.

I have a class.
What class?
Chemistry.
How are you getting along?
Not so good—too many Black marks.

I have a class.
What class?
English.
Is it hard?
No, you breeze through like a Sledd on frozen snow.

I have a class.
What class?
Mathematics.
Is the professor absent very often?
No, he's there Raynor shine.

I have a class.
What class?
German.
How do you like the professor?
Oh, he's a Berry good teacher.

I have a class.
What class?
Law.
How do you like it?
It's a good course, by Gulley.

I have a class.
What class?
Mathematics.
Do you have a good time on class?
Yes, it's a very Gay occasion.

I have a class.
What class?
Anatomy.
How do you like the professor?
I'll tell you Vann I know him better.

I have a class.
What class?
Education.
Do you enjoy it?
Well, I have a fond Memory of the last course I had.

I have a class.
What class?
Economics-government.
How is the professor out of the classroom?
Oh, he's an entirely different Pearson.

I have a class.
What class?
Medicine.
Is it hard?
Well, either you Dewar you don't—it's up to you.

I have a class.
What class?
English.
How do you like the professor?
Oh, he's Hagood fellow.

I have a class.
What class?
Law.
How is the professor?
He'll treat you White.

I have a class.
What class?
Chapel.
We have a good preacher, don't we!
Yes, it's Easley understood why he's so popular.

I have a class.
What class?
French.
I enjoyed it a lot.
Yes, Archie glad you took the course?

I have a class.
What class?
Mathematics.
Do you have a good time on class?
Yes, it's a very Gay occasion.


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
THE DISCOVERY OF TOBACCO
PHOOEY ON THIS WEATHER. I'D GIVE UP ANYTHING, EVEN MY PIPE, IF I COULD BE WARM AND CLOTHES-FREE LIKE THOSE SAVAGES COLUMBUS DISCOVERED
SURE — BUT WHY GIVE UP YOUR PIPE?
BECAUSE MY PIPE IS IMPORTANT TO ME — AND THOSE WEST INDIAN NATIVES DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT TOBACCO
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG THEY WERE SMOKING WHEN COLUMBUS DISCOVERED THEM
THAT OCTOBER MORN IN 1492, COLUMBUS WAS DUE FOR SOME SURPRISES.
ONE OF THE MOST CHERISHED OFFERINGS OF THE NATIVES WAS LEAF-TOBACCO, WELL DRIED AND READY FOR SMOKING
MOST OF THE NATIVES SMOKED BY MERELY INHALING THE FUMES, BUT SOME OF THEM HAD A LONG, HOLLOW TUBE WITH THE FORKED ENDS INSERTED IN THE NOSTRILS
WELL, COLUMBUS MAY HAVE DISCOVERED THIS INDIAN CUSTOM BUT PRINCE ALBERT BRINGS IT TO PERFECTION
YOU BET! IN ALL THE YEARS I'VE BEEN SMOKING P.A. IT HAS YET TO BITE MY TONGUE OR BURN TOO HOT FOR COOL ENJOYMENT
Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
DON'T MISS THIS FAIR AND SQUARE OFFER!
PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.
(SIGNED) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
PRINCE ALBERT IS MILDER... THE BITE IS REMOVED
TRUST 'CRIMP CUT' P.A. TO GIVE COOLER SMOKING
I ROLL 'EM QUICKER AND EASIER USING PRINCE ALBERT
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

Fifty-five Years With The Wake Forest Student

A Staff Cartoonist Turns Historian

By ED WYATT

In the early days of Wake Forest College a meeting of the students was held every Saturday morning at the south end of the college building. From these meetings sprang the first publications of the school. When the students were gathered, one would suddenly take a conspicuous position on the steps and begin to read aloud from a roll of manuscript that had been obtained from parts unknown. These rolls usually contained information on the short-comings of the professors and unsuspecting citizens and the vanities of some self-sufficient student, written in a peculiar burlesque or satirical manner.

The crowds roared with delight at these readings and from this noisy crowd sprang the first Wake Forest publication, *The Saturday Review*, which was first published in 1849. This was primarily a scandal sheet and for this reason the editor's name was known by only a few of his closest colleagues. This paper was discontinued in 1851 because it "wounded the vanity of several who were subjects of the satires."

A short time after the discontinuation of *The Saturday Review*, another paper was published called *The Spectator*. This paper was also short-lived because its editors feared trouble. A publication was still in demand. So *The Critic* and *The College Enterprise* followed, only to be discontinued after a short existence.

In January 1882, a literary monthly, published by the Euzelian Literary Society, made its appearance. This literary magazine was called THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, a monthly literary periodical. No other Wake Forest publication has been so long-lived as THE STUDENT, which, since its origin more than half a century ago, has been in continuous circulation with the exception of a short period when it was discontinued, chiefly because of financial difficulties.

The original STUDENT, which had about fifty pages in each issue was in book form, measuring about nine by six inches. The first publications were free from adverttisements and were strictly literary editions. The material was made up of editorials, poetry, addresscs, discussions, and to some extent, articles copied from nationally known publications. The articles were often centered around the Civil War, educational problems, the slave question or journalistic experience.

The original purpose of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT was stated in an editorial which appeared in the first issue in January 1882:

"THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is designed to advance the educational interest of the State, to encourage and develop the taste for literature efforts in the students and alumni of the college, and to be a means of instruction and pleasure to all who may read it. These are worthy objects, and it is believed that the present attempt to secure them will meet the approval, not only of the friends of the college, but of all who appreciate the educational and a refining power of a wholesome literature. The baleful effects of trashy and depraved literature are everywhere apparent. Our only effectual resistance is to supplant the taste for it by the taste for that which is valuable and pure. From what source is the needed current literature to come, if not from those who enjoy, or have enjoyed, the advantages of a course at college? The youth of our colleges, having such a publication open for the expression of their best thought and thus naturally becoming interested in it and its work, will not only save themselves from the enervation and blight of worthless and pernicious reading, but will also be the means of saving others."

Many writers who were trained at Wake Forest College served their literary apprenticeship on the staff of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT. The first staff was composed of W. H. Osborne, senior editor; Charles A. Smith, junior editor; Thomas Dixon, corresponding editor, and W. L. Poteat, alumni editor. Since his college days Thomas Dixon has gained national acclaim as a writer and orator. Dr. Poteat, who served as president of Wake Forest College for twenty-one years, is still serving his college as professor of biology. Many other well-known men received valuable training from the experience offered them by THE STUDENT.

In its early days THE STUDENT was one of the most widely circulated publications in North Carolina. It was printed in Raleigh by Edwards & Broughton Company, and was for sale in Raleigh, at Alfred Williams and Company's Book Storc for twenty cents a copy. It was sold in Asheville by J. M. Williams' Book Store and in Wake Forest at the magazine office. The subscription price was two dollars a year.

The Euzelian Society made a distinct success of publishing THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT in its first year. Beginning with the fall semester of 1882, the magazine was published through the combined efforts of the Euzelian and the Philomathesian societies, each society having its set of editors.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT remained popular for many years with a wide circulation stimulated by its literary contributions of high quality. After the first year of publication an advertising staff was added to increase the income of the magazine and to insure a continuance of its publication. Other than this addition, the make-up of the pamphlet remained the same for a span of fifty years.

When THE STUDENT was in its early stages the two literary societies were very popular on the Wake Forest campus. As time passed on, however, the popularity of the societies dcereased to a certain extent, and the publication of THE STUDENT fell into the hands of the student body.

In the last few years before publication was suspended temporarily in 1930, THE STUDENT contained a large amount of poetry and occasionally plays. The last issue of 1930, which appeared in May, was one of the banner issues, containing more than seventy-five pages, crammed with verses and superior essays.

(*Continued on page fourteen*)

The Forgotten Man

A Plea for Sympathy for the Wrong-Armed Men.

By W. S. HUMPHREYS

Yesterday the Professor gave a quiz—a typical slick quiz. Sitting in an armchair made for a right-handed man, I wrote page after page. And when I had finished, my left arm, the arm I write with, was ready to stop from sheer exhaustion.

Why, I ask you, are we left-handers treated with such unconcern by the whole world? Why couldn't the college purchase a small percentage of chairs with left arms, to be used in each classroom? Are we unworthy of this little bit of help? Are we not as good as other people?

I have mentioned only one of the handicaps in the way of an honest, ambitious left-hander who wants to be successful in life; but there are numerous other ways in which my class is maltreated. For one thing, the left-hander is given no freedom in the dining room; he is held to the strict rules of etiquette which govern the rest of the world. If the fork is supposed to be held in a certain way and in a certain hand, the diner who is so unfortunate as to be left-handed is forced to hold the fork in just that way.

Perhaps someone will say, "But you have given only two instances in which you and your class are treated badly. I don't believe you will find many such examples."

Whoever would make such a statement is either ignorant or else maliciously prejudiced. There are a thousand and one ways in which my class suffer unjustly. I shall here name a few more.

Examine the buttons on your shirt. Aren't they put on so that the right-handed man can button and unbutton them with greater ease than a left-hander can? How about your shirt pocket? If you'll examine it, you'll see that it is put on the left side—so that it can be reached more easily with the right hand. Also the current method of tying a necktie is devised for right handers. That's why left-handers seldom wear ties.

So much, then, for clothing. Now examine your automobile. Isn't it made for the right-hander? The steering wheel is put on the left side so that the gear-shift and the dashboard implements may be manipulated with the right hand. If you have to get out to use the crank, you will discover that it is made to be used by a right handed man. And if you have to pump up a tire, look at the metal trick for the foot to rest on, and you will see that my class is given no consideration in the making of an automobile pump.

When you wind your watch again, note the direction in which the stem is turned. Then try winding with the left hand. Rather awkward, to say the least, isn't it? Examine your typewriter, and I believe you will agree that the left-hander is somewhat handicapped in the use of this machine. Stop to get a drink of water at the fountain in front of Waite Hall, and attempt to use your left hand in turning the water on! If you're a baseball player, try to borrow a glove which will fit your hand. If you're a cook, imagine trying to use a can opener with the left hand. If you're a farmer, try to find a grindstone or a meat chopper or a corn sheller which a left-hander can use with ease. If you're a surveyor, how far would you have to go to get a tape-line which is made for a left-handed man? If you're a boy, look at the position of the fingernail notches on the blades of your pocket knife, and consider the handicaps of a southpaw in opening a knife blade. If you're a mechanic, try to find a nut and bolt which are devised for a left-handed man. No matter who you are, notice the position of the coin-slot on any set of scales in a drug store, and answer me—does my class get justice?

Franklin Roosevelt became quite popular with the people of the United States four years ago when he became the champion of the "forgotten man." I don't know who the forgotten man is or was, but I hereby officially nominate for that position the man who is left-handed.

Some day Justice shall rise in wrath and destroy those who have so maliciously treated me and my class. Some day upon the political horizon shall loom a mighty silhoutte, the silhouette of a man who has come, after the silence of the centuries, to demand justice for the left-handers. On that momentous day there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth for the multitude, but for those God-appointed princes of the earth, the southpaws, there shall be exceeding joy and happiness. In that great hour artists shall forget their Madonnas and turn to a more glorious personage, the left-hander. In the skies they shall paint his face, and on the canvas of the wide earth they shall draw his figure. The Edwin Markhams of that day shall not sing of the man with the hoe; their songs shall be of the man who is left-handed. And the vagueness and uncertainty of Roosevelt's phrase, "the forgotten man," shall give way to the exactitude of one mightier than Roosevelt who shall, from the stern, rock-bound coast of Maine to the sun-kissed fields of versatile California, declare to the world that the day of a true new deal has come, and that from that time forth the southpaw shall be given an equal chance in the world.

THE
WAKE FOREST STUDENT

MARCH 1937

Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice at Wake Forest, N. C., 11 January, 1922, under Act of Congress of 3 March, 1879. Published six times during the college year by the students of Wake Forest College and sponsored by the English Department.

Twenty-five cents the copy or one dollar per year.

FRED JOHNSON
Editor-in-Chief
JAMES W. MASON
Business Manager

FIFTY-FIVE YEARS WITH THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

(*Continued from page twelve*)

The principal reason that the publication of THE STUDENT ceased was financial. The college allotted to each of the three publications, *The Howler*, the college annual; *The Old Gold and Black*, the newspaper; and THE STUDENT, a certain amount to be used during the year for publication. THE STUDENT and *The Old Gold and Black* kept well within their limits, but *The Howler* overdrew its allowance to such an extent that one of the publications had to be dispensed with for the coming year. THE STUDENT was temporarily suspended to give the publications a chance to get financially straight again. Another cause for discontinuing THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT was that the students desired a humorous publication rather than a strictly literary one, the commercial publications having flooded the markets with this type of literature and many of the boys having cultivated a taste for it.

In the last edition of the 1930 STUDENT, Editor Thurman D. Kitchin, Jr., son of the president of Wake Forest College, in his farewell editorial said of commercial writing and its effect on literature:

"Of course there are those who continue to write, unaffected by commercialism. These should be commended, however few they may be.

"This is not the only reason for a decline in reading. People do not read now as in former days. Modern facilities have increased the diversions to the extent that there is little time left to read Shakespeare, Browning, or any other great master."

The editor was right in his view; so when the publication of the magazine was resumed it was in its present form, quite different from its former literary periodical. THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT today is run in the same manner as a commercial magazine, in that it gives the readers what they want. The "old" STUDENT also did this, but as the times change so do the tastes of the readers. The magazine still runs essays, short stories, and occasionally verses, all of which remain features of the publication, but along with these are numerous jokes and cartoons which add appeal to the magazine when held within reasonable bounds.

The history of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is rich and engrossing, emblematic of the history of the college itself.

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

(*Continued from page seven*)

Finally it settled on Joan's flowers, which Mrs. Brander was still holding. Pete was pleased, for he was proud of the flowers he had got for Joan. But just the same he wished that Mrs. Brander would run along and leave him alone with Joan. Unfortunately, though, his wishing was to do no good, as he realized when Ma continued:

"I honestly believe these flowers are the prettiest I've seen all night."

She was beginning to unwind the ribbon, and Pete had visions of her going away, and himself, Peter Peterson, sitting in the porch swing, dodging the moonlight, when Joan cuddled beside him. But then Joan took up the conversation, while Pete gnashed his teeth in silence. Yes, she agreed, they were perfectly gorgeous, and they must have cost oodles more than Pete should have spent for just little her. This time it was Mrs. Brander's turn to agree, which she did, adding that she was sure that Mr. Peterson was a very fine young gentleman. Pete expanded his chest the full thirty-seven inches and decided that maybe Mrs. Brander was a pretty good egg after all.

By that time the pretty good egg had the ribbon almost unwound and was actually, Pete noted, about to go in search of a glass of water. Then she stopped, turned, looked thoughtfully at the ribbon.

"Now what could this be . . . ?" She was speaking more to herself than to anyone in particular.

Pete feared that he knew the answer. But he said nothing, and Mrs. Brander continued reading the lettering on the ribbon very thoughtfully, yet very, very loudly. Or so it seemed to Pete, and he noticed that the room somehow had become as silent as an old, deserted, country cemetery.

At the very end of the ribbon there was a little card which in some way Pete had overlooked. It bore a simple message, and Mrs. Brander now read it aloud.

"To Mrs. Conway, with all the sympathy of. . . ." Here the ink was smeared, but that made no difference now. For just at that time Mrs. Peterson's little boy Pete was making what he would have called a most unsurreptitious and ungentlemanly dive for the door.

A skeleton is just a pile of bone with the people scraped off.

The man in the moon isn't half as interesting as a lady in the sun.

Indignant Mama: Are you kissing that young man, Kay?

Kay: No, mother, I'm only brushing my teeth on his moustache.

—*Sundial.*

Mrs. Jones was dead. She was placed in state in the front room for her neighbors to pay their last respects before she was taken to the cemetery.

"How wonderful she looks!" one of them said sympathetically.

"And why shouldn't she?" demanded Mr. Jones. "She spent all of last winter in Miami."

—*Punch Bowl.*

"Who gave the bride away?"

"Winchell. Last Thursday."

Proud Oceanic Traveler: I am an author! I contribute to the *Atlantic Monthly.*

Green-faced Friend: Phooey! I contribute to the Atlantic daily.

—*Lou Lou.*



" ON THE CAMPUS "

COLLEGE BOOK STORE

AND

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SEE OUR LINE OF SPRING SUITS NOW

TENNIS RACKETS
REGAL SHOES
UNDERWEAR
SOCKS
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Gym Supplies

Complete Fountain
Service
CIGARETTES
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CANDIES
SODAS and SUNDAES

STATIONERY
PENS and PENCILS
Typewriters and
Supplies
Ribbons
Carbon, etc.

" ON THE CAMPUS "

A danca
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—*Bison.*

rson who stole the alcohol out of my cellar in a ill return grandma's appendix no questions will

—*Sour Owl.*

of a professor: One who talks in someone

: Give me a steak, and make it thick and rare.
ver: Give me a steak, and make it thicker and

agner: Chase the bull through here, and I'll e run.

wo men had just made their exit from a theater—and evidently it had been a very poor picture by the expression on their faces—when one turned to the other and said, "You know, it certainly is wonderful how pictures have advanced these last few years."

"How so?"

"Well, first there were the silent pictures, then there were talkies, and now this one smells."

—*Lou Lou.*

Father: Remember, my boy, beauty is only skin deep.
Son: Deep enough for me. I ain't no cannibal.

—*Southwestern Magazine.*

Sign on sheriff's desk: Out for lynch—be back at one o'clock.

—*Rammer Jammer.*

One of these Dear Old-Fashioned Gentlemen: May I kiss your hand?
She: Whatsa matter, is my mouth dirty?

—*Rammer Jammer.*

TOM'S

Complete Fountain Service

Better Buttered Sandwiches

Billiards Smokes

STUDENTS! MAKE TOM'S YOUR HANGOUT!

"Puss" Shanks: Why do you make that gurgling noise?

She: I'm trying to swallow that line you are throwing.

WHO EATS HAY ANYWAY

You made hay
While the sun was bright,
I sowed wild oats
By the moon at night.
Your hay is stacked
In bundles neat,
But the lingering taste
Of oats is sweet.

—*Texas Ranger.*

Teacher: Johnny, parse the word "kiss."

Johnny: It is a noun, but it is generally used as a conjunction. It is never declined, and is more common than proper. It is not very singular, and in the strictest sense is always plural. It agrees with almost anyone.

—*Georgia Arch.*

Smith Young: I passed your house last night.

M. M. Thanks.

Realtor: Now here's a beautiful home overlooking the lake.

Buyer: Where's the lake.

Realtor: That's what is overlooked.

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

An explanation of the "hereafter" as heard in a parked coupe conversation: "If you're not here after what I'm here after, you're going to be here after I'm gone."

—*Exchange.*

"Do you neck with the lights on, or off?"

"Yes."

—*The Old Line.*

"Do you play golf with knickers?"

"No, with white people."

—*Syracuse Orange Peel.*

"Let's get a couple of dates tonight."

"Can't; have to get to bed early and get some sleep."

"Why?"

"Tomorrow's my tough day; gotta shave."

—*Yellow Jacket.*

Before the invention of firearms, many weddings were the result of beau 'n 'error.

—*Exchange.*

A tourist going through the Northwest suffered a slight accident. Unable to find his monkey wrench, he inquired of the Swede owner of a nearby farmhouse:

"Have you a monkey-wrench here?"

"Naw," replied the Swede. "My brother bane got a cattle rench over there; my cousin got a sheep rench down there; but too cold for monkey rench here."

—*Exchange.*

METERS AND LETTERS

There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone,
But the best way to meter
Is to meter alone.

There are letters of accent,
There are letters of tone,
But the best way to letter
Is to letter alone.

—*Georgia Arch.*

Sharkey Pittman: Is this ice cream pure?

Ben Elliott: As pure as the girl of your dreams.

Sharkey: Gimme a package of cigarettes.

English instructor: Are you smoking back there, Mr. Mills?

Mills: No sir. That's just the fog I'm in.

Toast: "Here's to the land we love, and vice-versa."

"Oh, dear, I've missed you so much!" —and she raised her revolver and tried again.

—*Log.*

I think that I shall never see
A "D" as lovely as a "B";
A "B" whose rounded form is pressed
Upon the record of the blessed.
"D's" are easily made and yet
They are not easy to forget.
"D's" are made by fools like me,
But only a prof can make a "B."

PIPE "BUSTS UP" HOME!



A GURGLY pipe stuffed with wife-strangling tobacco can wreck a love-nest. So keep your briar clean and tidy, reader; fill it only with Sir Walter Raleigh's fragrant, sweet-smelling mixture. Sir Walter is Burley, all Burley, Kentucky Burley. A supreme combination of leaf, easier on your tongue and the other half's nose. Well-aged, slow-burning, cool. And *quite* a bit milder: we've blended it for the man who wants to save his throat (as well as his sweetheart). Try it.



FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-72.

HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUENCHAUSEN) NBC BLUE NETWORK, MONDAYS 9:30 P. M., E.S.T.

Patient: My wife objects to my sleeping with my mouth open. What can I do about it?

Examing Doctor: Nothing, I'm sorry to say. Your skin is too tight; when you close your eyes it pulls your mouth open.

"Who shall I say is asking for him?" inquired the telephone operator.

"Mr. O'Cohen."

"Mr. Who?"

"Mr. O'Cohen."

"Wait a minute—the wires are crossed."

"Look at that little midget across the street!"

"Yes. His father was a Scotchman."

—*Typo-Graphic.*

"Edith, what is it you want to know now?"

"When the first man started to write the word 'psalm' with a 'p' why didn't he scratch it out and start over again?"

"Does that Mrs. Gabber talk much?"

"Does she? You ought to have seen how sunburned her tongue was when she came back from her vacation!"

"Melvin! . . . MelVIN!"

"What?"

"Are you spitting in the fish bowl?"

"No, but I been coming pretty close."

An habitual celebrant crept stealthily into his house one night, but despite his caution, fell and broke the empty he was carrying in his hip pocket. He was sufficiently lucid to realize that first aid should be applied to the cuts which resulted, and accordingly backed up to a mirror and applied a generous dressing of adhesive tape.

As his wife showed no signs of having been awakened, he was no little astonished when she roused him next morning with, "So you came home drunk again last night!"

"Why, my dear, what in the world gave you that idea?"

"If you were sober, will you please explain how the adhesive tape got all over the mirror?"

Pat and Mike were detailed for scout duty overseas. The commanding officer ordered them to conceal themselves in a cow's hide and pretend to graze over toward the German trenches. Pat was given the front legs and Mike the hind legs.

All went well until Pat received a prod from his buddy. "Come on, let's get out of here," hissed Mike.

"What's the matter?" queried Pat.

"Matter?" snorted Mike. "Here comes a German with a milk pail."

—*Typo-Graphic.*

Customer: These eggs are a bit stale, aren't they, Miss?

Waitress: Don't ask me. I only laid the table!

Tramp at back door: Madam, I don't know where my next meal is coming from.

Lady of the house: Well, this is no information bureau.



De public don't appreciate experience no more. All dey care about is youth! youth!

—Froth

In a small town in Mississippi on a hot dusty day, two Negro baseball teams, surrounded by their dusky devotees, were engaged in a very important baseball game.

The colored preacher of the community had been approved by both teams for the position of umpire in this contest—because, as the home team pointed out, a parson couldn't go wrong.

The visiting team's clean-up man stood in the batter's box. The bases were loaded.

"Ball one, high!" the voice of authority boomed.

"Ball two, low!"

"Ball three, inside!"

"Ball fo', low and wide—you is out!"

"How does yo' talk, Mister Ump? Ah gets a base fo' dat!" screamed the mutinous batsman.

"Brother, you is right—but de bases am loaded, an' ah ain't got no place to put you. You is out!"

Man blames Fate for other accidents but feels personally responsible when he makes a hole in one.

If you are one of these birds who think America's trouble is due to lack of law enforcement, we suggest that you try parking your car beside a fire hydrant.

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WE ALWAYS SHOW
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and NEWEST PATTERNS
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TUXEDOS - $17.50
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THORN'S
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

Recently a new book was published by a well-known author. How long do you suppose it took the writer to produce the book?

"Oh, I suppose, six months."

Not six months, friend reader. TEN YEARS!

"Ten years to write one book!"

Yes, but it is a book that is being talked about. It is a success!

What is success, anyway? Isn't it Hidden Strength to finish the jobs we set out to do—Hidden Strength to complete the effort, in spite of sneers, sentiment, poverty, persecution, misfortune, handicaps?

"Where did you get your lovely figure?"

"It's very simple; I just eat dried apples and drink water."

"So what?"

"So they make my body swell, silly!"

—*Rotary Reminder.*

They grinned when the waiter spoke to me in Greek, but their laughter changed to astonishment at my ready reply: "I wanna roasta bif san-wich, str-r-romberry pie, two cup skawfee."

"How did you find your husband when you returned from your vacation?"

"O, I just happened to stumble over him while I was cleaning up the cellar."

Voice over wire: Madame, your husband has been run over by a truck!

Madame: Good heavens! On the afternoon of my bridge party!

WHY TEACHERS GET MARRIED

Question: What are glaciers?
Answer: Guys that fix windows when they are broken.
Question: What is a peninsula?
Answer: A bird that lives on icebergs.
Question: What is a volcano?
Answer: A mountain with a hole in the top. If you look down you can see the creator smoking.
Question: Why does a dog hang out its tongue when running?
Answer: To balance its tail.
Question: What is steel wool?
Answer: The fleece of a hydraulic ram.

He was very fat, and stood behind an irritable old woman in a line waiting to get in a show.

She: Stop your pushing, can't you?

He: Excuse me, madame. I did not push, I only sighed.

—*Tit-Bits.*

CAMEL VERSE

What a funny little insect a camel do be,
Him neck are long and like a tree,
He back are a saddle, him tummy a tank;
Him feets are a cushion, he mind are a blank,
It do got me muddled—I cannot see why,
If him are an insect—why him can't fly?

Y. Jacket.

"Yeath, we're pretty tough in these parts, stranger. Hangin' on thet tree outside is Leatherneck Joe, we got sore at him last week and hung him."

"Why don't you cut him down and bury him."

"Gosh no! D'ya think we want to bury him alive?"

—Log.

"But, Mama, I'm not hungry. I ate all the raisins off the flypaper."

AFTER CHAUCER

Whan Aprile with his liquid drenche,
Hath driven couples from the parke benche—
Then longen men to goon to straunge strondes
Whan pretzels are in beer again gedunked
And one hath almoste halfe his cours y-flunked,
Then specially from every campus ende
To mile limite they wende
The holy, blissful gargle for to seke,
Which them hath olpen whan they want to neke.

PERETRY

My lover him have gone away
My lover him have went to stay
Him won't come to I
Me won't went to he
Don't it awful?

Soph: How much is 5 q and 5 q?
Frosh: Ten q.
Soph: You're welcome.

—Gold Brick.

The theatre was crowded and a devoted couple had been forced to accept single seats. The young lady didn't care at all for the arrangement and tried to remedy matters. It occurred to her that her neighbor might be willing to exchange seats with her fiance.

Accordingly, she leaned over and whispered: "Pardon me, are you alone?"

The meek little man gave no sign of having heard, so she repeated her question a little louder. Still no answer, and she tried again.

At that, the little man turned toward her, keeping his eyes upon the stage.

"Cut it out," he whispered savagely, "my whole darn family's here."

—Growler.



When do I get the proofs?

—Wataugan.

Since the motion picture "Mutiny on the Bounty," the population of Tahiti has increased to 1,000 natives and 50,000 college boys.

Ike: What did the cute little French girl say when you asked her if she kissed and petted?

Mike: Adieu.

Ike: You lucky stiff.

—Log.

Say it with flowers,
Say it with sweets,
Say it with kisses,
Say it with eats,
Say it with jewelry,
Say it with drink,
But never, no never
Say it with ink.

"Yeah," said the sophomore, "when I first came here I was pretty conceited, but they knocked all that out of me, and now I'm one of the best fellows in college."

—Tiger.

"There goes another pupil," sighed the professor, as his glass eye fell out."

He: Have you decided what to do this evening?

She: No, but let's think hard.

He: Aw, let's do something you can do, too.

"Professor, would you come down to my fraternity house for dinner tonight?"

"Now, now, don't worry. I'll pass you in the course without your poisoning me."

—Yale Record.

Freshman (surprised): Oh, it's raining! When did it start?

Senior: I don't know. I've only been here four years.

And there is the Scotchman who killed both his parents so he could go to the orphans' picnic.

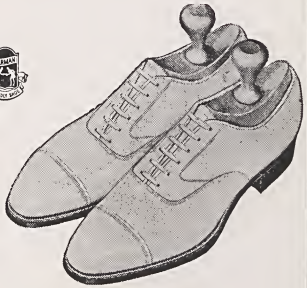
The car was silhouetted against the moon-kissed heights of the sky line. The night was warm and balmy. Far below, the friendly lights of the Peninsula towns winked in cheery welcome. His arm was around her. Her head rested on his shoulder. Almost as if afraid to break the sweet silence, he whispered a cautious suggestion in her ear. Her features suddenly became taut, as she raised her head with the injured dignity of a princess, and broke the silence with her stern reply: "You know I can't eat hamburger on Friday night."

—Chaparral.

GONE

I bought my girl some garters
From Woolworth's five-and-ten;
She gave them to her mother—
That's the last I'll see of them!

—Show Me.



Easy to Clean

That means something in a pair of sport shoes. Especially when you can get them in these smart new Jarman Friendly styles. . . . White Washette is hard to soil—and easy to clean with a little soap and water. . . . Come in and see our Washette styles and look over our complete showing of Jarman Friendly sports. . . . $5.

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LET'S
WIN A BASEBALL
CHAMPIONSHIP



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1932
WAKE FOREST COLLEGE
LIBRARY

WAKE FOREST

STUDENT



SPRING FEVER NUMBER

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE . . . SMOKE CAMELS

"That's what I do — and my digestion goes along O.K.," says Glenn Hardin, world's champion hurdler





"I'M A GREAT BELIEVER in the way Camels help to ease strain and tension," says Glenn, one of America's great athletes. "It's no wonder Camels are the favorite cigarette of athletes. Take my own case. It wouldn't do me much good to eat and not digest properly. So I smoke Camels with my meals and after. Camels give me an invigorating 'lift.' And you'll notice, the same as I do, that Camels don't get on your nerves." Camels set you right! Choose Camels for steady smoking.

A feeling of well-being comes after a good meal...and plenty of Camels

FOR that luxurious feeling of ease so worth-while at mealtime—light up a Camel. Fatigue and irritability begin to fade away. The flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids—speeds up. You get in the right mood to *enjoy* eating. Camels at mealtime and afterwards help to keep digestion on its proper course. You'll welcome Camels between meals too! They are milder—better for steady smoking.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

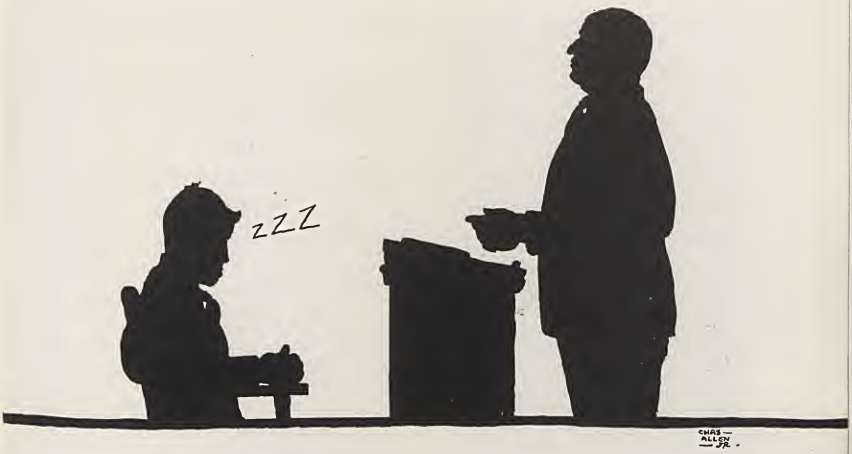
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand





MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, of the famous Philadelphia family, has won international recognition for her charm and grace as a hostess. "Camels are a bright spot in my entertaining," she says. "I think a meal is not complete without them. And Camels are so mild—so gentle on my throat that I smoke as many as I like. They never get on my nerves."

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Between Yawns We Have

Compiled This

SPRING FEVER NUMBER



"Portrait of boy reading collegiate magazine."

Once in a while Dr. Cardwell breaks down and entertains his English 4c class. The other day he told this one:

It seems that a gentleman from New York travelling through this part of the country stopped at a small filling station not far from Wake Forest to buy some gas. While his car was being serviced he alighted to talk to the farmers who were loitering around the station. Wanting some amusement he said to them, "Gentlemen, I can tell you what is wrong with the South. You farmers don't use your heads. Now take cotton-picking, for instance You pay about a dollar a day for some one to pick your cotton. Now, if you would use your heads you could save that expense. You could send down to South America and for a very low cost you could procure about two hundred monkeys; you could train them in two weeks' time to pick every boll of cotton in the county; within a few months you would have enough monkeys to pick all the cotton in the state. Your upkeep would be very small, and you could save a lot of money that way. Now, you see, you just don't use your heads. That is the reason the South is so far behind the rest of the country."

One of the old rebels looked up and drawled, "Well, suh, we had thought of that, but you know, if we did that you damn Yankees would be down here and set them monkeys free inside of a year."

You should have seen Al Baner's face. It was *red.*

Making love is like making pie. All you need is crust and a lot of apple sauce.

Reserve Red Cat.

You can lead a fraternity man to water, but why disappoint him?

—Old Line.

Indignant Farmer: Say, look here, yer ain't getting as much milk from them cows as y'uster.

Hired Man: Nope, sorter lost my pull.

A half-breed is a fellow with a cold in one nostril.

An important shot in billiards is like a young man being introduced to a modern girl at a party—either it misses and loses a golden opportunity, or it clicks and goes off into the right corner.

—Pup.

Phil Latta (reading death statistics): Say, Jack, do you know that every time I breathe a man dies?

Jack Roberts: Then why don't you use a mouth wash?

If one half of Spain doesn't know how the other half lives, it blows the roof off of the house and looks.

—Jester.

Always Something New

HABERDASHERY AND HATS

The Vogue Shop for Men

213 Fayetteville Street : Raleigh, N. C.

SPRING SUITS $17.50 to $35

TUX SPECIAL Complete Outfit $24.75

TAILS Complete Outfit $34.75

An elderly Hebrew went to a rejuvenating wizard and asked, "Can you make me eighteen years old vunce more?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but it will cost you $10,000."

"Nefer mind vot it costs—I'll take the operation."

Six months later the rejuvenating wizard called for his money.

"You can't collect," said the patient, "I'm under age; and if you say I ain't I'll sue you for fraud."

—*Exchange.*

Jones: How is your son getting along in college?

Smith: He must be doing pretty well in languages. I just paid for three courses—$10 for Latin, $10 for Greek, and $100 for Scotch.

—*Exchange.*

"Boy, I had a greasy time at the prom; my date was plenty smooth, the floor was slippery, and I was well oiled."

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

It so happened one day that a crazy man stole a Ford. He rode all over creation with it and was so pleased that he decided to share his pleasure with some of his friends, and so he asked two Chinese laundrymen to go for a little ride. They met a very sad fate while racing a locomotive to a crossing. When the wrecking crew was questioned as to the remains, they said that all they could find was a nut and two washers.

—*Exchange.*

"What does the bride think of when she walks into the church?"

"Aisle, Altar, Hymn."

"THE FRIENDLY PLACE"

We Appreciate Your Business

THE COLLEGE SODA SHOP

Candy : Sandwiches : Cigarettes
Student Supplies

MEET ME AT THE SODA SHOP

BEN ELLIOTT——
PATRONIZE STUDENTS
——FRED WILLIAMS

"THE FRIENDLY PLACE"



"I've got ants in my plants."
(This was good.)

Frosh Ringgold: Gotny mailfa me?
Postmaster: What's your name?
Frosh Ringgold: Itzon the envelope.

My girl is so cross-eyed that every time she puts a nickel in a gum machine peanuts come out.

—*Awgwan.*

When asked if she had a mama and papa, a little girl in Hollywood answered, "I should say so. I have three papas by my first mama and two mamas by my second papa."

—*Exchange.*

Jack Hutchins: I understand your roommate is a finished cornetist.

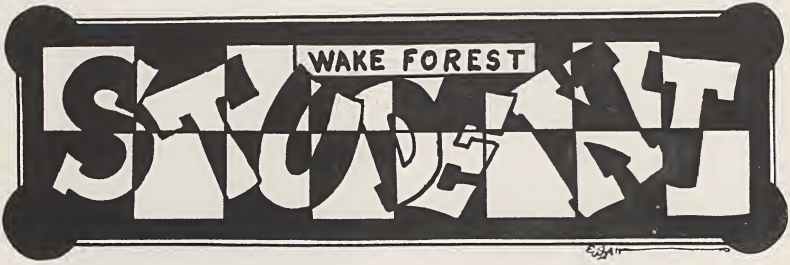
George Starr: Fine! Who did it?

"I don't like your boy friend at all."

"Why?"

"He whistles dirty songs."

—*Exchange.*



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CHANGES

During the past school year there have been made a number of helpful changes on the College campus. These changes, most of them long-needed ones, have come at a time when they will fit smoothly into the school's general advance toward a system of learning which will contribute its bit toward making North Carolina one of the prominent educational centers in the United States.

The most tangible improvement, and consequently the one most likely to attract attention, is the building of a fraternity dormitory, new and modern to the nth degree. Other than improving the looks of the campus and affording more convenient rooming places, the new dorm also has served as a medium for bringing the various groups into closer harmony.

As most worthwhile improvements do, the construction of this dormitory has led directly into another—a well-defined intramural program. Under the guidance of Coach Utley and the sponsorship of the Pan Hellenic Council, various campus groups have been organized into athletic teams, and regularly scheduled contests have been played almost daily. The fraternities led in the organization of these teams, but the non-fraternity men followed close upon the heels of the Greek men.

Although it was decreed by the fates that be that there should be not one light fantastic stepped off on college property, nevertheless the BSU and the Pan Hel Council did their part in getting more social activities on the campus. Stunt Night was inaugurated and bids fair to become a permanent thing. Fun Frolic likewise sprang into being, and likewise it, too, is well on the way toward being an annual affair. The Pan Hellenic Council, not seriously hawked by the dance decision handed down early in the year, staged a noteworthy comeback later in the season when it adopted a new constitution which provided, among other things, that Wake Forest can and shall have week-ends à la other schools—no matter if those week-ends must be spent out of town.

By way of beautifying the campus, brick walks were paid for and laid over many of the muddiest places. Although the plan as formulated has not yet been fulfilled in its entirety (the walk most needed—that across the campus—is yet to come), it is sincerely hoped that there'll come a day. And for both beauty and safety a new, concrete underpass was built opposite the east entrance to the campus.

To cope with the improvements in Wake Forest's athletic teams, the entire athletic field has been renovated. One of the best gridiron lighting systems in the state and a fairly dependable amplifying system were installed. Further, a new baseball diamond was unearthed, complete with shaded bleachers.

These are perhaps the most eye-catching changes. There are many others, the outstanding of which is a constant striving for higher scholastic standards and for a better campus spirit. The school is to be complimented for its work.

A New Goliath

A bandana changes the prospects for the pennant

By EDWIN WOOLBERT

When Pat Walsh walked into the Yankee ball park during morning practice, he created a mild uproar. Primo Carnera and "Man Mountain" Dean are big men, but, if cigarettes hadn't stunted their growth when they were boys, they might possibly have grown to be as big as Pat. Pat was big. Muscles bulged out all over him. Pat was the biggest man that I have seen outside of a circus.

Walking over to Joe Chapman, manager of the Yankees, I said, "Joe, this is Pat Walsh. I brought him along with me from Texas. He's just what the Yankees need to win the pennant this year."

"Glad to know you, Pat," said Joe as he thrust his hand forward. His hand was promptly lost in a great blanket of flesh, which was Pat's hand.

"Pleased to meet yuh," whispered Pat. His whisper sounded like Mount Vesuvius in the middle of an eruption. Two outfielders in centerfield jumped and put their hands over their ears.

"Don't say another word," said Joe hurriedly, "go into the clubhouse and see if you can find a tent which will do for a suit until we can have one made for you."

As Pat walked towards the clubhouse Joe turned to me. "What do you mean bringing this freak here? Don't I have enough worries trying to make a winning ball club out of a team that has ended in the second division for the last three years?"

"Your worries are over, Joe; Pat's your answer. He can hit. He can throw a baseball from Philadelphia to New York without bouncing it. True, he may be a little slow in the outfield, but what he lacks in speed he makes up in hitting the ball out of the park. Here he comes now. Send him out in the field and see what he can do."

Joe picked up a bat and walked to the plate after telling Pat to catch a few flies. Joe hit a long, high fly near the centerfield fence. Pat took two steps and was under it. The ball dropped into his glove like a golf ball into a dishpan. He drew back his arm and I said, "Watch yourselves, boys."

The ball left Pat's hand, and the next thing we heard was a whistling sound near home plate. This was followed by a crash back in the grandstand. Hank Green walked up and told us that the ball came in all the way six feet high, went right over home plate, tore through the heavy wire netting, and broke three seats in the grandstand.

After making several perfect throws to home plate, Pat ran in and picked up the heaviest bat on the pile, saying, "Is this the heaviest bat you've got?" Even an umpire could see that the bat was just a toothpick in Pat's hands.

Lefty Gompers was throwing them in at batting practice. Being still warm, he threw some fast ones up to Pat. As Pat swung the bat Joe cried out, "This freak wasn't bad enough; you had to bring one who bats cross-handed. That's too much for me to stand." The argument would have continued, but a loud noise in left sounded and Joe saw a board fly off the fence. The next ball went over the fence in dead center. Joe muttered, "Cross-handed!"

Gompers was a smart pitcher. He figured that a low one inside would tie Walsh in knots. He threw. The third base bag flew nineteen feet in the air and landed half-way out in left field. Gompers threw all he had for half an hour, but just couldn't fool Pat. Everyone was forced to acknowledge that Pat was due to stay with the Yankees.

In the first three games the new rookie hit six home runs, drove in fifteen runs, and had a batting average of .763. Opposing pitchers took one look at Pat's crossed hands and threw the ball low inside. The grins on their faces died as they saw Pat drive the ball to the far corners of the park. Pat was famous after the first tour of the circuit. He was known as "T.N.T.," and every pitcher in the league feared him. The Yankees had screened in the stands with extra-heavy wire netting in order to protect the spectators from Pat's drives and foul tips. Opposing outfielders played away from the fence so that they would not be pinned to it by one of T. N. T.'s line drives. The Yankees lost only ten games up to July.

Pat was enjoying himself. He kept quiet most of the time when he was in hotels. The managers made him keep quiet. Whenever Pat would forget, the guests would look for the nearest exit. One time the elevators stopped running. His voice was a little loud.

The Yankees were playing Cleveland one afternoon when the bottom fell out of the bag for the Yankees. Pat was at bat when one of his foul tips split Shanty Moore's finger. Pat took one look at the bloody finger and keeled over. After that he was never the same. Knowing that Pat couldn't stand the sight of blood, opposing players would show Pat red hankerchiefs. They only had red ink on them, but Pat never knew. He just promptly fainted on the spot.

The Yankees were slowly slipping from first place; Walsh had been gone two weeks. Missing his great bat, the Yankees were lost ten straight, won two, and started to lose more. The Yankees were playing Detroit one afternoon and were losing three to nothing at the end of the seventh. Looking down the path to the clubhouse, Joe Chapman saw, of all people, Pat Walsh in Yankee uniform. Looking at Joe, I saw his face break into a smile. As Pat came up, Joe nodded to him and then centered all his interest on the game. As the Yankees came in for their last turn at bat, Joe pleaded with them to get on base. "I don't care how you get on, but get on."

The first batter got a walk. The next singled to right, putting runners on first and second. The following batter managed to get hit with a pitched ball, thus filling the bases. Then Joe turned to Walsh. "Bat for Selton," he said. The announcement of the pinch-hitter was made, and Pat took his place at the plate. The fans were booing him; they still remembered how he had fizzled out two weeks ago. But Pat did not morry. He swung at the first pitch and fouled it into the stands. The next was a ball. The third pitch was fouled. After taking the next pitch for a called ball, Pat set himself for the next pitch. "Crack!" Away sailed the ball over the fence. The fans followed its flight and saw it knock a chimney off a house near the park. Four runs scored and the game was won. Pat Walsh had in some way come back into his own. As he crossed the plate, the fans gave him an ovation which was greater than Ruth ever received in his prime.

(*Continued on page sixteen*)



"What! Again?"

We always called a spade a spade until we hit our foot with one the other day.

She (coyly): You bad boy. Don't you kiss me again.

He: I won't. I'm only trying to find out who has the gin in this party.

—*Whirlwind.*

"Didja shee me come in that door?"
"Yes."
"Never shaw me before in your life, didja?"
"Nope."
"Nobody tolshed you my name, diday?"
"Nope."
"Then howdja know it was me?"

—*Widow.*

Dear Miss Dix:

Is it a sign that a Wake Forest boy loves you if he kisses you?

Answer:

Goodness, no! Wake Forest boys will kiss anything. It's only a sign that the girl isn't very particular.

"My end draws near," said the wrestler as his opponent bent him double.

—*Gargoyle.*

Alone in the moonlight is more fun if you aren't.

The other day reporter Philips dashed into the office of ye *Old Gold and Dusty,* whereupon, Editor Dave let out a yell.

"Shut the door. Were you raised in a barn?"

At this Philips returned to close the door, then remorsefully sat down and began to cry.

"I'm sorry," said Dave. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

"Oh, you didn't," replied Philips. "But, you see, I *was* raised in a barn, and every time I hear a jackass bray, it makes me homesick."

Never turn your back on a mule, he'll get you in the end.

—*Widow.*

Frank Little: Waitress, this soup tastes funny.
Waitress: Then why don't you laugh?

"Now," said the Prof., "pass all your papers to the end of the row. Have a sheet of carbon paper under each one so I can correct all the mistakes at once."

—*Awgwan.*

"Hello, Stupid."

"If you think I'm stupid, you oughta see my gramma. She's bent double."

—*Widow.*

When I asked her to wed, "Go to father," she said.
She knew that I knew that her father was dead.
She know that I knew what a life he had led.
She knew that I knew what she meant, when she said,
"Go to father."

—*Widow.*

Traveler (at small-town railroad station): What time is it?

Agent: Tuesday.

Traveler: I mean what hour. I have to catch a train.

Agent: Tuesday's near 'nuff. Ain't no train 'til Saturday anyhow.

—*Duke 'n' Duchess.*

Overheard in the Kentucky mountains: Pour me out the interest on that mortgage, Hank.

In the event of another war, we wish to fight side by side with those who start it. You don't get shrapnel wounds over the radio.

—*Exchange.*

"You aren't sick, are you?"
"Not exactly, but I would hate to yawn."

—*The Bear Skin.*

Freshman (finishing a letter): I'd send you that five I owe you, but I've already sealed the letter.

—*Widow.*

It has been said that Eve suspected Adam of infidelity, and every night she used to count his ribs to see if he was true to her.

—*Exchange.*

An ashtray is something to put cigarette butts in when the room hasn't a floor.

Judge (after giving 99-year sentence): Have you anything to say?
Prisoner: All I know is you are damn liberal with other people's time.

—*Exchange.*

"Waiter, I think there's a fly in my soup."
"Well make sure. I can't be bothered by rumors."

—*Owl.*

Little Lucy had just returned from the children's party and had been called into the dining room to be exhibited before the dinner guests.
"Tell the ladies what mama's little darling did at the party," urged the proud mother.
"I frowed up," said little Lucy.

—*Oil Weekly.*

THE
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Editor-in-Chief
JAMES W. MASON
Business Manager

CASTLE HIGHLIGHTS

•

May 10—
BOBBY BREEN
"Rainbow On the River"

•

May 13-14—
"GREEN LIGHT"

•

May 17-18—
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
"Night Must Fall"

•

May 27-28—
JEAN ARTHUR
"History is Made at Night"

Romeo's Lookingglass

Even a child has his problems

By JIM PERROW

Buddy dug hard into the jar of vaseline on his dresser. "That blasted cowlick," he muttered as he began to brush his hair for the second time. He said nothing else in his ten minute heroic effort to eradicate the one feature which marred his otherwise attractive appearance. The dimple in his chin became more plainly visible with the look of determination that came over his pleasant, boyish face.

Buddy had not despaired of getting rid of the cowlick for a very good reason—he had not been trying long enough. His effort to do so was only part of the change, one might almost say metamorphosis, that he had undergone in the last two weeks. For the first time he wore shoes in the hottest month of summer. Moreover, those shoes were the victims twice a day of a vigorous polishing. His carefree look, so characteristic of the typical American boy, had vanished. In its place he had assumed a pensive melancholy that would do credit to a philosopher or a saint.

All of this could mean but one thing. Buddy was fourteen, an age which, for many of the less fortunate of us marks the transition from the happy days of childhood. Although this transition had been going on for several months, he had been unaware of it before blond-blue-eyed-and-thirteen Florence Nolen moved into the neighborhood. Since then his mind had been the scene of a bitter battle which had ended in the almost complete triumph of his new over his old ideals.

Nevertheless, the old ideal had not yet surrendered. Common sense aided it in a gallant but losing fight. It warned him that he was making a fool of himself. Then, too, was he a man to break his word? Had he not sworn that he would always hate g-u-r-l-s, as he called them? What would the gang think if it should learn what had happened to him? Above all, what would Ira think? What would he do!

For three years Buddy had been president of the Athletic Batchelors' Club, an organization of boys whose chief pastimes were baseball and hating all kinds of women, sisters included. Every member had sworn never to marry and always to hate women. Everyone in the club had noticed the change in Buddy. He knew that, should the cause of that change become known, he would become an outcast from the boys who had honored and admired him.

Ira—big, ugly, clumsy Ira—was vice president of the club, shortstop on the ball team, and a rival of Buddy in many ways. Ira's natural dislike for girls was doubtless increased by a belief that they would never like him. It was he, not Buddy, who had secured the vow of perpetual bachelorhood from the members of the club. He had often charged his rival with being lukewarm in his misogyny. Once he had hinted it so strongly that Buddy had started to fight, but was restrained by the others who did not relish seeing their plucky but weaker president beaten.

Ira had been sick for a week. He was therefore ignorant of the plight into which Buddy had fallen. Buddy realized and shuddered at the thought that it was Saturday, the day on which schoolboys invariably recover from any illness. This meant that soon, probably that very day, his secret would become known to the one person who he least desired should know it. He could fool the other boys in the gang, but not Ira.

Despite his fear of Ira, and despite the stubborn loyalty of a certain part of his mind to the old way of thinking, his new passion had apparently conquered, since it dominated his actions. He had succumbed to its influence to such an extent that he was then taking first step toward transforming into reality his dreams of the past two weeks: he was preparing, half against his will, to keep an afternoon date with Florence.

In his haste to arrive before he should change his mind he had started two hours early. Nevertheless, there was danger, if danger it might be called, that he would be late. Try as he might, he could not bring himself to hurry. A thousand thoughts urged, pleaded, almost demanded that he turn back. Again and again, he heard the gang tormenting him, teasing him, calling him a sissy. Again and again, he recalled the violent manner in which Ira—and what was worse he, himself—had expressed his opinion of boys who like girls. Again and again, he decided to turn back, but somehow could never make himself do it. His mind seemed to have lost control over his legs. They had started and seemed determined to go on.

At last he reached his goal—only six blocks from his own home. Here his body became even less obedient to his will. Although he no longer had any thought of turning back, he now found it still harder to go on. For fully a minute he waited in the yard. Then on a sudden impulse he dashed up to the door.

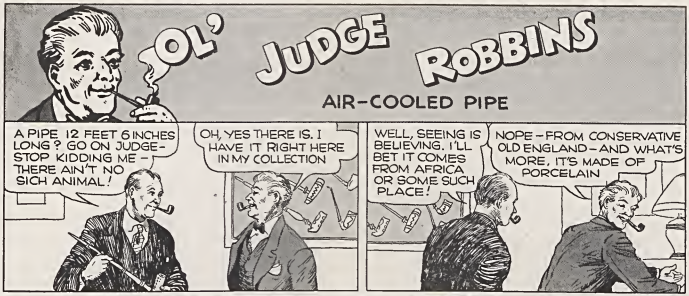
There was another pause before he found courage to knock. When he did, it was not loud enough to be heard by anyone except himself. After this supreme effort, he waited for an answer. When none came he strolled timidly inside the open door.

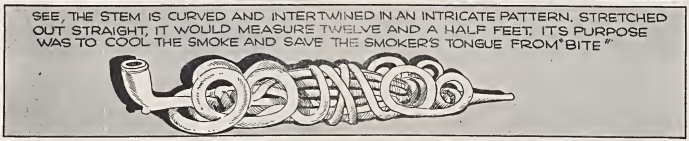
Ten feet from the door the hall opened into a parlor, the inside of which was concealed by curtains. After finding no one in the other adjoining rooms, Buddy ventured to peep behind the curtains. He then had good reason to be thankful for his silence. Otherwise his present courtship would never have been pictured to him in so striking and real a manner.

Behind the curtain he beheld a scene of a sort which is often witnessed, but whose true humor is not always fully appreciated by the beholder. Florence sat at the end of a lounge, dressed in her mother's best dress and with her hair displaying a new permanent wave. Stretched across the lounge, gazing up into her face with an expression of indescribable sweetness, lay Ira. While Buddy watched, Ira at regular intervals muttered some crude attempts at humor which always brought forth a peel of hysterical giggling.

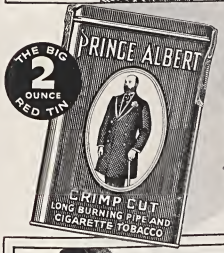
* * * *

Next day there was another change in Buddy, much to the joy of everybody except his mother. All traces of hair tonic had left his hair. The high water mark resumed its former place at the edge of his face. His shoes went into hiding. What was more important, he lost the solemn, pensive look and assumed the happy, carefree manner which he was to wear for at least another year of contented boyhood. And his loss of a friend during this time was more than compensated by his triumph over a rival.









PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

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PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Man-Trap

It doesn't pay to cheat

By ODELL TOWNSEND

Bob Dale had never felt so greatly wronged in all of his eighteen years. Defiance and resentment, usually the first reactions of an innocent person unjustly accused, found no room in his emotions. He was completely overwhelmed with a feeling of helplessness now that the first shock invoked by the unjust charge preferred against him had subsided. The circumstantial evidence was so convincing that there seemed to be no possible means of refuting it. Under the circumstances, he could not blame his professor for believing that he really had by some means got access to the examination questions, duplicated them, and prepared the answers before the quiz hour. He pictured his college career careening to a disastrous crash. He saw himself disgraced and expelled, a bad memory in the minds of all his fellow students. He would be forced to live his life in dishonor, shorn of friends, and a rotting, eating cancer of grief and disappointment in the hearts of his parents, especially his mother.

It had all first begun yesterday when he had gone to the postoffice after English class to get his mail. He had received a postal card from his Latin professor summoning him to a conference at one-thirty on the afternoon of the following day. He had been mildly surprised then, and wondered what the professor wished to see him about. He knew it could not be for failing. In fact, he believed that he had made a pretty good grade on the quiz of the day before. Time had passed. He knew now, and it was that knowledge that caused him to huddle in his chair and grip its arms so hard that the knuckles of his hands became white.

His Latin professor was again peering at him through his spectacles and was saying in his deep base voice between puffs from his great black pipe, "Mr. Dale, this charge against you is very serious, and there is no doubt in my mind but that the evidence is sufficient to cause the student council to expel you when it convenes on next Thursday. Do not imagine, however, that I suspected you of dishonesty or was snooping when I found the paper. You know my sentiments about staying in the classroom and spying to keep the students from cheating. I repeat what I have often told the class. I don't think that my presence is necessary in the classroom of a college in which there is student government. The truth of the matter is," he continued, "that it was not until half an hour after the class period was over that I returned to get the quiz papers. Everyone had finished and gone. As I entered the room the paper could be quite easily seen lying on the seat of the front desk nearest the door just as if it had fallen from someone's hip-pocket. The typewritten sentence attracted my attention and caused me to examine it."

The words of that sentence were burned into Dale's memory. Never would he forget them. They swam before his eyes now: "Latin IV Examination Questions and Answers." The professor continued. "It was very evident that someone had entered my office and sought out the file of examinations which I had recently completed for all of my classes. That person had copied my Latin IV examination questions and had prepared the answers before the quiz hour. Since it was on your desk, Mr. Dale, suspicion falls upon you until you are able to prove yourself innocent."

As Dale listened to this rather heavy built, bass voiced, Latin scholar narrating the crime, he could, without any effort, picture himself as some chained prisoner of twelve hundred years ago, who had been dragged before a Roman tribunal to be prosecuted by some great orator such as Cicero who thundered forth a continuous flow of "second perephrastics," "ablative absolutes," "subjunctives with myriad explanations," and many other prerequisites of good Latin construction. The creeping rays of the sun had climbed up his pants' legs and were shining on his face and glistening on the tears standing in the corners of his eyes. "But sir, I didn't do it," he denied. "Have you ever had cause to doubt my honesty?"

"Before this incident, I had not," assured the tolerant professor. "But in view of my discovery and the fact that you averaged a 'C' last semester, it seems like a rather remarkable improvement that you should have a perfect examination paper this quarter. To be sure," he hastened to add, "Cicero was a little bit more difficult than the Aenead is, and your translations have, as a general rule, been good this quarter. Indeed, but for this damaging piece of evidence to the contrary, I would vouch for your integrity."

Dale resigned himself to his fate and rose to go. "Professor," he managed to say by straining to control his voice, "I can't blame you for your suspicions in view of appearances, but I assure you that I am innocent."

The professor seemed to be disposed to give Dale the benefit of every doubt. "Have you any enemies in the class who might have placed it there?" he suggested.

"I don't think so," answered Dale after reflecting a short while.

"Think hard," advised the professor. "To prove that someone else left it there is your only chance of establishing your innocence." To aid Dale, the professor produced his roll book and placed before him the names of all the class members. The Latin class was small; most of them usually are. Dale had soon fruitlessly examined the fifteen names and had hopelessly started over them again. "Enemies may be personal, fraternal, or political," suggested his professor.

Just as the professor said "political," the name of Roy Cheatem caught Dale's eyes and startled him with its suggestion. Roy Cheatem was a freshman also. Cheatem was a member of the Kappa Alpha fraternity, but Dale's limited finances denied him the privilege, or misfortune, as the case may be. About two weeks before, they had been rivals for the office of sophomore class president for the following school year. The race had been close throughout the campaign and had become bitter near the end. Cheatem had had fraternity support, but Dale had had only the support of friends. Fortunately, his winning personality had made him one of the most popular freshmen on the campus. Much to Cheatem's chagrin, Dale had been elected by a small majority. Dale now recalled that some of his friends had reported to him that Cheatem had been heard to mutter that he would "put that outsider in his proper place before long." Bob had at the time regarded the threat

lightly and had put it out of his mind as an idle bluff. For, in such a clean body of young men and under such a democratic school system, how could one seeking revenge accomplish his evil designs. Now, he wondered. Could this stolen examination paper which he had never seen before have any connection with that threat?

The professor saw him pause and ponder, and interrupted his racing thoughts. "Well?" Bob hesitated. Had he any right to cast suspicion upon Cheatem, who might be as innocent as he himself? What good would such an accusation do him? he asked himself. He could not offer any substantial evidence against Cheatem, he reasoned. The facts that Cheatem would not speak to him, and that he held, without doubt, a grudge against him would mean nothing. However he ventured a wary statement.

"Understand, sir, that I am not charging him with this act, but Roy Cheatem and I were opposing candidates for the sophomore class presidency. I have every reason to believe that because I defeated him he bears me plenty of ill will."

"Uh-u-n-m-m-huh," mumbled the professor nodding his head up and down without opening his mouth. "Well," said he rising, "Mr. Dale, I must place the matter before the student council, and you must accept their decree, quite certain to be severe pending no further developments. You have five days, or until the next council meeting, to redeem yourself. Good afternoon."

Bob left the office and despondently shuffled the two blocks to his room. At first he told no one of his dilemma, and, shunning everybody and everything, pulled within himself in much the same fashion as a turtle when disturbed while sunning on some warm, muddy creek bank. Rack his brain as he would, he could think of no way of proving his innocence. After two days of bearing the burden alone, he confided his secret to his roommate, Walter Safrit. Walter knew that he was innocent, but even the two together could formulate no plausible plan to reveal the treachery. Worrying prevented him from studying. His class grade-averages began to lower in every subject, and he thought of packing up and going home.

Then, after four days, he received a second summons to a conference in the office of the Latin department. Prepared as he was for anything, he was surprised to find Roy Cheatem seated in the office as he entered. The professor greeted him with a pleasant, "Come in, Mr. Dale." Roy met his glance with a sneer. While Dale was seating himself, the professor lit his pipe.

"I can't see any reason for dragging me into this dirty business," complained Cheatem. It was evident that the professor had already informed him of the nature of the conference.

"I'll try to enlighten you on that subject in a very short time, Mr. Cheatem," rejoined the professor rather dryly.

"Please do so," he requested somewhat irritably. "I have important matters to occupy all of the time I can spare, I assure you." Bob Dale noted mentally that he must be more ill at ease than he was trying to appear. Indeed, he must be quite distracted to talk so rudely to a professor, and especially to one under whom he had a class.

"Gentlemen," began the professor, "you are both aware that someone cheated on my last Latin quiz. You know that I have the evidence and that the suspicion rests, at present, upon Mr. Dale." Bob Dale cringed inwardly at the painful reminder, and Roy Cheatem chuckled. "Gentlemen," continued the professor intoning his words ominously, "some more evidence has come to light." Both Bob and Roy appeared startled. "While putting the quiz on the board last week, I made a slight change in content from that of my original copy of questions. At the time, I put the matter quite out of my mind. While correcting my quiz paper, Mr. Cheatem, I was quite unexpectedly reminded of that little peculiarity. Naturally, when I had reason to believe that you could quite easily bear malice against Mr. Dale, I was particularly interested in your quiz paper. Yours was the paper that recalled that negligible difference of my original quiz to me!"

Roy Cheathom paled perceptibly and wet his dry lips with his tongue. He lacked any of his former composure and his position in his chair became strained and tense. "You're not accusing me of cheating on that quiz, are you?" he almost snarled. "You haven't got any evidence on. . . ."

"Mr. Cheatem," interrupted the professor, "can you explain why you gave the syntax for 'Neptūno' and 'sorte' on my quiz?"

"I felt that the fact that you asked for them on the quiz was reason enough for me," smartly retorted Mr. Cheatem with returning confidence.

"I did not ask for them," snapped the professor. "However, it is true that they were on my original quiz. As you know," he explained, "I followed my regular custom and gave you some representative passages from the Aenead to translate into English. From these same passages, I chose a few lines and indicated that you were to scan them. Also, in these same passages, I underlined five words for which you were supposed to give the syntax. The quiz, though quite easy, was well planned except for one little phase of it. I noticed as I put the quiz on the board that the third and fourth syntax words were very similar in explanation to the first and second words. To add variety to the syntax questions, I changed 'Neptūnō' and 'sorte' to two entirely different words, namely, 'turbat' and 'tremendum.' As I have said, while correcting the quiz papers, I was impressed by the fact that, though the syntax explanations were not always correct, every single member of the class except Mr. Cheatem had copied down the correct words. Strangely enough, Mr. Cheatem's paper contained the two words just as they had been on my original quiz paper. Upon further investigation, I found that Mr. Cheatem had finished his examination and left quite early. With this evidence before me, I began to reconstruct the plot. Mr. Cheatem had by some criminal means got access to my office and duplicated the quiz. He planned to prepare for the quiz and plant some damaging evidence against you, Mr. Dale, at the same time. He had his quiz already prepared when he entered my classroom, and, after a few supercilious glances at the board to see for sure that it was the same quiz, and after a few pretentions at writing the quiz, he left the classroom. He failed to notice the change in the syntax part of the quiz. He must have returned after everyone else had departed and placed the paper so that I would be certain to see it." Fixing him with his hard eyes, he demanded, "Am I not right, Mr. Cheatem?"

Mr. Cheatem, who had become speechless with fear, at last found his voice after wetting his lips, trying to swallow, and clasping and unclasping his knees. "It's all a lie!" he jerkily denied. "I had nothing to do with what you say! I didn't do it!" he shrieked.

"All right, all right, Mr. Cheatem. I expected your denial," stated the professor, "so I devised a means whereby we may definitely prove the innocence of one of you and the guilt of the other." Reaching in his desk, he took out two mimeographed sheets of paper and handed one to Dale and the other to Cheatem. Both the young men took the papers mechanically. Cheatem was paralyzed with fear.

(*Continued on page sixteen*)

On Being a Soda-Jerker

Oh for a dog's life

By ODELL TOWNSEND

It is a mystery to me why everyone does not know it. However, I must not expect one to know everything; the number of things a person doesn't know would tip the balance on the number of things a thousand persons do know. By this time you probably do not know that what is worrying me just now is the fact that no one seems to know that the life of a soda-jerker is not the easy, untroubled picnic that almost everyone seems to think it is.

One would never think, when he sauntered over to the fountain to get his morning dope, that I, the obliging young man behind the bar, had anything to do except the simple task of pushing a few pump handles located here and there and handing him the bubbling drink, which I—there is no doubt in his mind—enjoyed serving him as much as he relished drinking.

Should the patron put on the glasses of observation he could peer through the deceptive outer appearances and see the eclipse, the dark side of the soda-jerker's life. The fountain, whose tidy aspect the customer took for granted, had been vigorously scrubbed before the soda fountain opened for business that morning. I had also filled the Coca-Cola, cherry wine, strawberry, Dr. Pepper, chocolate, plain syrup, and rootbeer pumps and had placed an ample supply of the syrups within easy access for refills during the day. I had checked and restocked the ice cream containers; ordered sandwiches; scraped and started the toaster to heating; and arranged the displays of candy, nuts, and varied sweet-crackers. I had polished the tables, booths, and counter; checked the milk and ice supply; and inspected the carbonated water.

"Lucky for you that your work is not so difficult after you open your fountain," observes a sympathetic individual. With the typical self-control necessary in any good soda-jerker I refrain from wishing aloud upon him the misfortune of taking my place for even one hour. It would indeed be interesting to hear his comment after such an experience.

The thirsty mob comes and goes. I endeavor to receive each individual pleasantly and fill his order well. "May I wait on you, please?" I take his order and begin to fill it. Someone blows an automobile horn for curb service. I give my order to an assistant to fill while I catch the curb order. With an order long enough, it seems to me, to have been given by Washington's hungry Valley Forge soldiers I return to fill it. But while I am gone two tables are occupied and the assistant has become rushed with customers' orders at the fountain. People waiting at tables are apt to become very impatient if their orders are not taken at once, I remember; so I rush back and take their orders. Why, oh why, is it that people, regardless of your hurry, wait until you reach their table to think about what they want and then have each of the others suggesting something that he or she would like to order before ever making a choice? After finally extracting the orders I rush back and fill my curb order. "O dear," moans some woman from within the automobile. "Don't you remember that I changed my mind just as you were leaving with the order and decided that I wanted lime in my Coca-Cola instead of orange?"

"O, I'm so sorry," I say, when I really do not remember any such change. "Just toss that drink out, lady, and I'll bring you another with lime." I reënter the soda shop fully convinced that my table customers have become so impatient that they will leave before I can serve them. After filling their orders and carrying them to the wrong tables, I make the corrections and get them served. I then humor the woman at the curb with a lime-soda and return to relieve my assistant at the fountain. "Will you please remove some of this ice, please?" pleads a timid little old man. "I just can't drink cold lemonades." While obligingly in the process of removing part of the ice, I am handed a telephone order for some ice cream. I immediately begin upon the ice cream order. A horn blows, and I leave my order half finished and hurry to catch the curb.

On my return I locate with difficulty the delivery boy and send him off with the ice cream. "Sir? O, I'm sorry I forgot it, sir. Here's your ticket. Call again!" I mutter under my breath, "I wouldn't cry if you failed to return; I would have one less to serve." After jerking several sodas for the fountain patrons, I again catch a table order and clear off two tables that have just been vacated. After the table and another curb order, the fountain customers

(*Continued on page sixteen*)



"This is to Take Up Space."

To Dance or Not to Dance?

"For Pete's sake" was Father's reply

By W. POWELL BLAND

Francis Spurgeon Cooke had been christened some eighteen years now. But Woodland College had been graced with his presence for only seven and a half long months. Francis was not a sissy, scholarly, selfish, sanguine soul. In fact he had adopted the name of Pete in his very early years and had made a regular guy of himself while developing a big brown body which towered an even six feet into the air, topped itself with a wealth of light brown curly hair, and tipped the scales at one hundred seventy-five and a half pounds. Most of his friends wondered why he had chosen Woodland College, a very strict denominational school, as his seat of higher learning, but those friends weren't aware of all the circumstances. In reality Pete had had no voice in the matter. His father had chosen the school for two reasons: first of all, it ranked very highly and favorably throughout the South as an accredited preparatory school; secondly, it did not encourage or even allow dancing on the premises.

Pete was all his father had, being the only child at his mother's death twelve years ago. He and his father had been great buddies during those long years, and he had vowed in his heart that he would become a great man some day, a man of whom his father could well be proud. Always Pete had had all the advantages offered to boys of his age, and his father had been very lenient in rearing him. Mr. Cooke had attended all the football and baseball games in which Pete had starred, and his car was always available for out-of-town trips. Mr. Cooke had only one eccentricity—in teaching Pete the Ten Commandments he had added an eleventh—thou shalt not dance.

Pete had never questioned this rule of his father, for he would have preferred to do anything in the whole wide world rather than hurt his father in any way. In high school he had been quite popular, getting along unusually well with members of both sexes. Dancing hadn't made so much difference then, but now things were different. At least that's the way Pete looked at things. Why, come to think of it, he was in a *spot!* Sammy Goodman, his easily likable roommate, looked at it the same way. Pete *was* in a spot!

It had all begun at a social sponsored by the Young People's League in the early fall. About 150 girls from Saint Catherine's school, only twenty miles away, had been asked to attend, as was the custom. Among them was Charlotte Cooper, a blonde of five feet five inches, who had beautiful blue eyes, a fine clear face and a slim, but well-rounded, figure. Pete had taken only one look when he punched Sammy.

"Did you see her?" quizzed Pete.

"See her? I know her!" was Sammy's reply.

"Well?"

"Well what?"

"Who is she?"

With that Sammy explained that Charlotte was from his home town of Rocky Mount and quite a nice girl, too. Accordingly he had introduced the two, waited till they had said their how-do-you-dos, and then departed after mumbling some feeble excuse.

"Sammy was telling me you were from Rocky Mount," began Pete.

"Right! And you?"

"Oh, I hail from Greenville, which isn't so far from there."

"Yes, I know."

This little beginning had led into a number of "do-you-know's," thence to the punch bowl and on into a few games of bingo. Eleven o'clock came entirely too quickly that night, but Charlotte did not board her bus before she had accepted a date for the following Sunday afternoon.

That date was the first of a series of five which Pete had before Easter and spring holidays. Each date made Pete more sure that Charlotte was the finest girl he had ever known.

"Well, I'll tell you, Pete. Why not spend the holidays with me?" suggested Sammy.

Pete was determined that he was going to tell Charlotte of his feelings before he left her that Easter night in Rocky Mount. He finally blurted, "Charlotte, there's something I want to tell you."

She smiled and said, "Yes, Pete, what is it?"

"Well," he muttered, "it's nothing much. ———Oh, hang it all ———it's simply this ———I love you, Charlotte."

"Thank's Pete. And I think you are about the nicest boy I've ever known. Won't you come over in the corner of the porch? There's something I want to ask you."

Pete strolled along beside her down the long southern porch and leaned against the railing in the corner.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"It's really something I have to give you. So close your eyes and put your hands behind you."

Dick hastily adjusted himself to the desired position. Then Charlotte placed her hands on either side of his face, and standing on her tip-toes she planted a kiss firmly on his lips.

The next day Pete returned to school with Sammy. During the following days concentration was very difficult, and Pete often caught himself dreaming, just dreaming. His soul seemed lighter than air. The whole world seemed happy and free. But three days after his return he received a card from Charlotte which read:

Your presence is requested
at the
Junior-Senior Dance
Saint Catherine's
Saturday evening, May 1
Formal 9 'til 12

"My God," muttered Pete. "What am I going to do now?"

Sammy was consulted, of course. Between the two there was considerable discussion as to which course he should follow. First of all, he could make some excuse for not going. Secondly, he could tell Charlotte the truth about his not dancing. Thirdly, he could write his father,

(*Continued on page sixteen*)



"More Space."

"Is your baby a boy or a girl?"
"Of course, what else could it be?"

—*Exchange.*

An agitator was addressing a band of strikers.
"Only $12 a week!" he yelled. "How can a man be a Christian on $12 a week?"
"How," yelled a voice, "can he afford to be anything else?"

Barber: How do you like this soap?
Customer: It tasted fine. You must have lunch with me some day.

Psi: This match won't light.
Up: Thash funny. It lit all right a few minutes ago.

"Say, Josh. How can you tell the ganders from the geese?"
"Oh, we never worry about that. We just turn them all out together and let them figure that out for themselves.

—*Duke 'n' Duchess.*

"Porter, get me another glass of ice water."
"Sorry, sir, but if I takes any mo' ice, dat co'pse in de baggage car ain't goin' to keep."

He: I'm in favor of the English way of spelling.
She: Yes?
He: Yeh, take "parlour" for instance. A parlor's no good without "u" in it.

A little boy sat disconsolately on the curb and sobbed as though his heart were breaking. The kind old lady stopped and asked sweetly.
"Is a itta boy cryin'? tum, tella nice lady wassa matter."
"If you are inquiring as to the cause of my lachrymose condition," he answered, looking up at her pityingly, "it is because I have been unable to find any suitable intelligent playmate whose eugenic constitutions are in harmony with my pathological tendencies and whose hereditary affiliations meet with the approval of my parental relations since we moved to this darn place from Boston."

Roses are blue,
Violets are pink
After you've had
The thirteenth drink.

"What's on your lip, honey?"
"That isn't honey. My nose is running."

—*Cavalier.*

He: A nice girl shouldn't hold a young man's hand.
She: A niee girl has to.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

Everyone was surprised when I addressed the waiter in French. So was the waiter. He was a Greek.

—*Voo Doo.*

"You give such crazy kisses."
"That's because my lips are cracked."

—*Widow.*

I've never been dated,
I've never been kissed.
They said if I waited
No man could resist
The lure of a pure and innocent miss.
The trouble is this—
I'm fifty.

—*Yellow Jacket.*



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Judge: On what grounds are you applying for a divorce?

Brown: Extravagance, your honor.

Judge: Extravagance—how's that?

Brown: She kept on buying ice after I had installed a frigidaire.

—*Exchange.*

"Say, Joe, I'm sorry about that dirty trick I pulled on you the other day."

"Howzat?"

"That ring I sold you was phoney."

"It's O.K.—I paid you with the money I snitched out of your vest pocket."

"Why, you lousy rat, that was counterfeit."

—*Bored Walk.*

While visiting an insane asylum we came to a cell in which sat an inmate whose only garment was his hat. We asked him why he did not put some clothes on. He said that nobody ever came to see him. When we asked him why he wore a hat he exclaimed, "Oh, somebody *might* come."

Northerner: Up North we like our liquor hard and our women soft.

Southerner: Down here we like our liquor straight and our women curved.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

"Check your oil, mister?"

"No thanks; I'll take it with me."

—*Yellow Jacket.*

Mr. Cohen: Ikey, stop putting your fingers to your nose.

Ikey: Aw, fader, can't I have some fun on my own hook?

—*Yellow Jacket.*

Customer: Are those eggs strictly fresh?

Ginsberg (to his clerk): Feel those eggs, Jake, and see if they're cool enough to sell yet.

—*Awgwan.*

The boy was sniffling until the teacher could stand it no longer. Finally she rose and said pointedly, "Johnnie, have you no handkerchief?"

"Yes'm," said Johnnie, "but mother said that I wasn't to lend it."

—*Pointer.*

Guest: My word! but I'm thirsty.

Hostess: Wait a moment and I'll get you some water.

Guest: I said thirsty; not dirty.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

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. . . then he switched to the brand of grand aroma



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A NEW GOLIATH

(*Continued from page five*)

Seeing Joe in the clubhouse after the game, I said, "I thought you had gotten rid of Pat."

"No, sir!" Joe said with emphasis, "Pat's been on the Yankee payroll all the time. I sent him to the Chicago stock yards, where he personally supervised the killing of pigs. That was the only thing I could think of to cure him of his weakness for the sight of blood. I told him to come back when he was ready, and here he is—cured."

"He got back just in time," I said to Joe.

"You're not just saying it," Joe answered happily.

MAN TRAP

(*Continued from page eleven*)

Dale was dumfounded, but realization was dawning upon him that he was being cleared of guilt and that Cheatem was certainly the culprit. "Gentlemen, this is a second quiz," informed the professor. "One of you cheated and did not prepare for my other exam. You memorized the exam which you duplicated from the copy obtained from this office. The other one studied and prepared the material well, since both of you made excellent grades and only one of you cheated. Now, one of you will repeat his good work. The other, the one who cheated, will flunk because he is familiar with only the material covered by the first quiz. Proceed, gentlemen, and establish either your innocence or your guilt. You either save or lose yourself, and I shall be responsible for neither."

Bob went to work. The quiz was, he thought, only slightly more difficult than the former one. Roy stared at the sheet with wide, frightened eyes. The professor sat back, slowly puffing at his pipe and watching them both. Suddenly Bob was startled by a loud gasp followed by the racking, jerking, hiccough sobs emitted by the hysterical, raging Cheatem. "What are you staring at me for?" he stormed at the professor. "What are you trying to do to me?" Then he seemed to gather himself together and become the living embodiment of rage. "Yes, I planted that examination paper on his desk!" he yelled. "That cad had robbed me of my rightful office, and I planned, oh-h-h how I planned, for so long, and I did it too!"

ON BEING A SODA JERKER

(*Continued from page twelve*)

and the used glasses occupy my attention until some other quarter demands it.

With monotonous regularity and fatiguing duration the maddening pace is set by a thirsty, ever-changing parade of people. True, I have my leisure moments and perfectly true, I sometimes find time for a few moments of flirtatious conversation with some attractive lassie, but these joys are limited both by my employer and by the public's demand for my services. Believe me, the life of a soda-jerker is no easy life.

"My hen lays eggs with no yolk."
"Mighty white of her."

TO DANCE OR NOT TO DANCE

(*Continued from page thirteen*)

explain the whole matter, and ask his permission to go to the dance. Pete finally decided that the last course was the one to follow. Therefore he wrote his father in his best and most forceful English, setting the question squarely before him.

Four days later he received two letters—one from Charlotte and one from his father. He read Charlotte's letter very carefully, especially the last paragraph which read:

I surely hope you will accept, for if you don't I'm afraid my whole night will be ruined. Your presence there will really mean the making or breaking of the dance for me. You really ought to come, if for my sake alone.

Always,

CHARLOTTE.

"Well, Sammy, the case is in the hands of the jury. Read what the foreman has to say; I don't believe I can stand it."

Sammy opened the letter and read it aloud, word for word.

Dear Son:

Around twenty-four years ago when I was a freshman in college I met your mother. At that time I was undecided as to whether I should be a minister or a lawyer. A queer combination, perhaps, but I considered them both seriously. Your mother wanted me to study for the ministry. You know that I chose law. But after your mother's death I decided to do all in my power to make you choose the ministry. That is why I did not want you to dance. I see that you are not inclined that way. You have my permission to dance all you wish.

Devotedly,

DADDY.

P.S. Enclosed you will find five dollars. Send Charlotte some flowers. ——I met your mother when I was a freshman.

DADDY.

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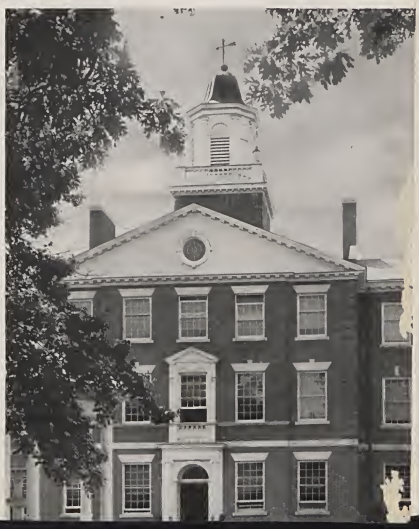
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Prize Contest

Not For Sale

The Student

Vol. LIII. MAY 1937 No. 6





What a power-line "trouble-shooter" is up against

AL Tafft works in a maze of high-voltage wires. Around him—11,000 volts lurk. A tense job that will test digestion if anything will! Here's Al's comment: "Sure! Working among high-voltage cables isn't calculated to help one's digestion. But mine doesn't give me trouble. I smoke Camels with my meals and after. Camels set me right!"

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TO "WOOLEY HONEYHEL"
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"Oh, Mrs. Flatbottom, I have never seen a child as badly spoiled as that son of yours."

"Why, Mrs. Murphy, I don't believe you."

"Oh, yes he is, too. Just come out and look what the fire engine did to him."

Medley.

It seems that a certain man was charged with arson. He was hailed before the local magistrate for trial. After listening to the particulars of the case, he rose, cleared his throat, and passed his judgment. "Well, I'm gonna fine you fifty dollars, and besides, you gotta marry the girl. I'm tired of this dang arson."

—Exchange.

"Tea or coffee?"

"Don't tell me. Let me guess."

A benevolent society was holding a farewell dinner for its departing president. The master of ceremonies got up to introduce the guest of honor, Findlay Leroy Cohen(pronounced Quinn).

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "there's an old superstition about how a newborn baby's future is decided. The angels visit him in his crib and decide on his fate. If they want him to be a great musician, they kiss his hair. A great lover, they kiss his lips; a singer, they kiss his throat; a painter, they kiss his hands; and dancer, they kiss his feet. Mr. Cohen (pronounced Quinn), I don't know where the angels kissed you, but you are the best chairman we've had in twenty years."

—Com-mirth.

"Why do you want to be a geologist?"

"Well, I was weaned on White Rock."

—Tiger Rag.

Politician: I've brought that last pair of pants to be reseated. I've had to sit a lot, you know.

Tailor: Yes, and I hope that you've brought your bill to be receipted. I've had to stand a lot, you know.

Brutus: What did you think of those eggs we had for breakfast?

Caesar: Et tu, Brute.

Perrow wants to know if, when they scratch a horse at the races, it's because he has the itch.

Male: You're everything to me.

Female: Hold everything!

Fable: Then there was the farmer who ordered a Montgomery Ward catalog because he wanted to order something.

We'd like to know if you could say that a man with two wooden legs "just lumbered along," but we'll shoot the first sap who says he wooden know.

Love may make the world go round, but shucks, so does a good swallow of tobacco juice.

Three women may a secret keep
If, as it has been said,
There's one of the lot has heard it not
And the other two are dead.

It was in a stately English club. The members always talked in a whisper and never turned their heads. This custom was broken the other day when an English lord called to the butler in a normal tone, "Please remove Plushbottom. He's been dead three days."

—Log.

"Where the Boys Meet"

TOM'S

COMPLETE FOUNTAIN SERVICE
Better Buttered Sandwiches
Billiards - Smokes

PLEASANT VACATION!
And if in Summer School Make Tom's Your Hangout!

Crossing the Bar

We respectfully doff our hats to the Law School

By BOB HELM

Between periods of producing saintly warriors and warlike saints, Dixie has found time to produce some very creditable examples of her third great enigma, the Southern barrister. Of these barristers, Wake Forest has produced her share, and over.

In the early 1860's a combination of the first two groups, soldiers and preachers, "nearly whipped the Yankees, suh!" and after the scrap was over, the lawyers stepped in, rolled up their sleeves, packed the carpetbaggers back to Yankeedom, and announced that once more the Lord and the Democratic party had come into their own.

With such a noble tradition firmly established, it is probably not surprising that Wake Forest College in 1894 established a law school as a department in the institution. However, when a school, primarily ministerial, started educating men for a profession primarily regarded as the antithesis of the ministry, there may have been some speculation as to whether the ministerial bunch was supposed to keep the lawyers out of trouble or whether the lawyers were designed to get the ministers out of trouble.

The production of lawyers was not unprecedented in the history of the institution. From time to time certain of Alma Mater's sons had turned renegade and gone into the practice of law. Some of these men, by becoming famous and respected, had upset the widespread theory that lawyers were born to be hanged, and then Wake Forest could afford to ignore the black sheep's delinquency and embrace him proudly to her bosom.

The Law School began on quite a small scale, having only one instructor—Dr. N. Y. Gulley, now dean emeritus of the school—but so popular was the particular brand of lawyer produced that it soon became necessary to expand the school. Dr. Gulley was made dean of the Law School in 1905 and continued in that capacity until 1935, when he was succeeded by Dr. Dale F. Stansbury, who now superintends the process of teaching the lawyers their *habeas corpuses*—or is it *corpi?*

The school throve and waxed exceeding great, and the barristers thereof spread to the four corners of the nation, reflecting much legal glory upon the once tiny school of Wake Forest. The department of law has grown to such proportions that six full-time law professors, a professor of social science, and two librarians are necessary to cram law into the heads of the students.

The barristers have been given a whole floor of the Heck Williams library building in which to sow their legal wild oats. It is difficult to ascertain just who made the decision, "To *Heck* with the lawyers" (a pun, children), but it is certain that the more or less isolated situation is ideal in that it gives the lawyers a chance to exercise their sonorous jury appeal in comparative solitude and without making public menaces of themselves.

But the founders of the school did not deem it wise to turn loose a group of uncultured lawyers upon the state; so they made it obligatory for the potential barristers to spend two or three years in the academic school, learning that Shelley is not a breakfast food and that the square of the hypotenuse of the right triangle is equal to a headache and a lousy grade on math.

Then and only then is the candidate for the bar exposed to three years of legal education. Six teachers minister unto his needs; a library of twelve thousand volumes is opened to his perusal; and in this uncontaminated legal atmosphere his mind becomes filled with torts, equity, negotiable instruments, suretyship, evidence, and assorted indispensable Latin phrases.

It is generally conceded that at least two factors are necessary for a good criminal trial—a crook and a lawyer. Although there have been those who were unkind enough to suggest that a graduate of a good law school ought then to be able to stage a one-man trial, Wake Forest endorses no such theory, for we find that: "Instruction in the Law School is not confined to the mere imparting of information, but aims to develop the student's thinking powers, . . . and his sense of professional ethics and of the duties of a lawyer to society."

But, gentle reader, you may ask, "Just what good do the lawyers do society?" And then you may laugh gleefully, and think that you have asked an unanswerable question. But the answer comes back in triumphant tones, "Fie on those who think the lawyer has outlived his usefulness! He has not yet begun to plead his case."

Of course it is inevitable that every now and then the school will graduate someone who still thinks that every bar has two brass rails, and it is even more inevitable that at rare intervals someone will slip out whose professional ethics are confined to the precept that he will never defend a charity case he knows is guilty. But even these fellows have their value to society. Were it not for their efforts too many innocent men might go free and too many guilty ones might suffer; and then what would legal reformers have to kick about?

And what would become of government if all the lawyers were suddenly destroyed? Our legislators would then have to word their legislation in terms which common people could understand. And to deprive the lawgivers of their legal phraseology would be a needless cruelty. Some of them might even have to get an education to express their ideas in intelligible English. But with barristers to interpret their efforts, both the public and the lawmakers can expect a square deal, and democracy in the Old North State can reign supreme—as long as the lawyers are Democrats.

And so, we take off our hats to the Law School. As long as the citizens of Dixie demand records of memorable trials to hand down to posterity; as long as the hearts of the people of the Southland swell with pride at the sight of a "rip-snortin'" jury pleader swinging into action; in short, as long as the people of this, our native land, want doggone good lawyers—so long shall the Wake Forest Law School continue to flourish and grow great.

RUFUS CRATER, Editor

The
WAKE FOREST STUDENT
May 1937

RAY BRADY, Business Manager

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THE STUDENT'S STUDENT

Students, this is your magazine, dedicated to you, controlled by you, and put out in consideration of your interests. It is your money that pays for the STUDENT, your interest that keeps it alive, your contributions and criticisms that will help to make it a better magazine. In view of these facts it is only right that the STUDENT be yours and yours alone, a magazine worthy of the name and one representative of the tastes, the wishes, and the interests of the Wake Forest student body. A STUDENT for the students—although we have always been somewhat of the opinion that platforms are more to be lied about than stood upon, that is our platform. And we'll stick by it.

Looking around for a suitable method of presenting the STUDENT-for-students idea, we chanced across an imposing copy of a national mail-order catalog and leafed through it. It contained, to our notion, as complete a cataloging of goods on hand as was ever put together in one book complete with order blanks. Nothing was omitted—it listed everything from linoleum-patterned wallpaper (non-fading and washable, 7½c a roll) to automobile trailers with built-in garages.

So, combining the idea we wanted to get across with the idea at hand, we resolved that this STUDENT should be à la mail-order catalog—we are giving you, postage prepaid (by-you, on registration day), a Wake Forest College Catalog showing you exactly what the school has to offer.

Nothing has been dealt with too seriously—Spring, it seems, is not a time conducive to seriousness—but nothing purposely offensive has been used. This issue with its jibes and satires and moments of seriousness has been made up in a spirit of alternating fun and solemnity, and we have had a whale of a big time getting it together. We hope that you yourselves get as much fun out of it.

GRASS FOR SALE

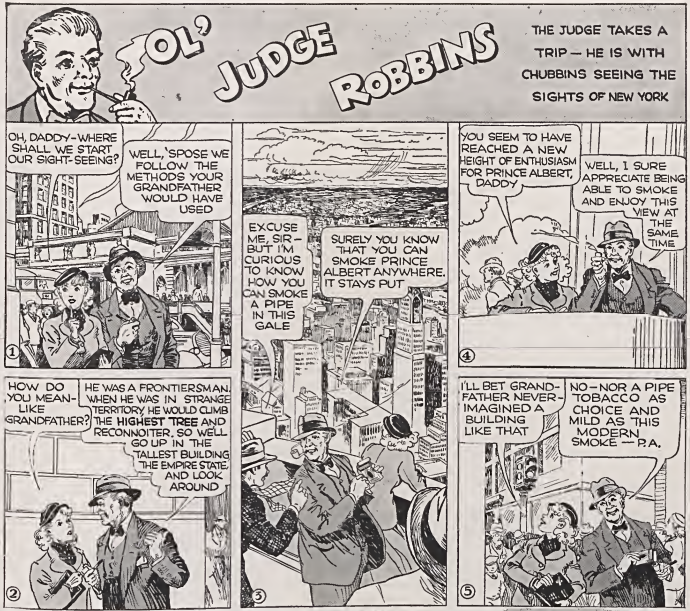
There is an old, shop-worn proverb which has it that "The grass always looks greener on the other side of the fence." At least the same idea is expressed, though perhaps in a different translation. The grass on our own campus probably is no more parched than that just over the hill, but from where we are standing, by comparison much of our own landscape is a bleak and dreary thing.

Right here—in, on, and about the campus—there are many things that would go much better somewhere else—some odd miles down, say, in the middle of the Gobi. It is with this idea in mind that we offer for sale, at well-nigh any price, the following patches of blotch-grass:

An apparently thriving feeling of self-sufficiency, held by students who seem to have forgotten—or what is worse, to have flagrantly disregarded it—that it has been the custom since the first days of the College to know as many students as possible and always to speak to them, no matter if they are not one's closest friends. This self-contained feeling has flourished dangerously during the past few years, and unless something is done about it soon it bids fair to become a tradition.

Probably the outgrowth of this feeling of self-sufficiency is the too oft-recurring practice of cheering (at athletic contests and the like) opponents' penalties and booing referees who wax so bold as to penalize our own teams.

(*Please turn to page twenty-one*)


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
THE JUDGE TAKES A TRIP — HE IS WITH CHUBBINS SEEING THE SIGHTS OF NEW YORK
OH, DADDY—WHERE SHALL WE START OUR SIGHT-SEEING?
WELL, 'SPOSE WE FOLLOW THE METHODS YOUR GRANDFATHER WOULD HAVE USED
1
EXCUSE ME, SIR—BUT I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW HOW YOU CAN SMOKE A PIPE IN THIS GALE
SURELY YOU KNOW THAT YOU CAN SMOKE PRINCE ALBERT ANYWHERE. IT STAYS PUT
3
YOU SEEM TO HAVE REACHED A NEW HEIGHT OF ENTHUSIASM FOR PRINCE ALBERT, DADDY
WELL, I SURE APPRECIATE BEING ABLE TO SMOKE AND ENJOY THIS VIEW AT THE SAME TIME
4
HOW DO YOU MEAN—LIKE GRANDFATHER?
HE WAS A FRONTIERSMAN. WHEN HE WAS IN STRANGE TERRITORY HE WOULD CLIMB THE HIGHEST TREE AND RECONNOITER. SO WELL GO UP IN THE TALLEST BUILDING THE EMPIRE STATE AND LOOK AROUND
2
I'LL BET GRANDFATHER NEVER IMAGINED A BUILDING LIKE THAT
NO—NOR A PIPE TOBACCO AS CHOICE AND MILD AS THIS MODERN SMOKE — P.A.
5
"THAT PRINCE ALBERT 'CRIMP CUT' CERTAINLY PACKS AND DRAWS TO PERFECTION"
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
TRY P.A. ON THIS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!
SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.
(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.
ALSO TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN WITH P. A.
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

General Merchandise Store

Here you find listed well-nigh everything that Wake Forest has to offer

By GILBERT SMITH and BILL BROOKS

As you doubtless know, the town of Wake Forest is the home of a business establishment that has long been known for the quantity and quality of its products. I refer to the Bull Emporium—that justly famed establishment in which are to be found all the best varieties of stuff and nonsense at reasonably exorbitant prices.

The enormous volume of business handled indicates that the bargains and opportunities available here are well known, but it has been whispered by some that amid the wilds of darkest Africa, near the mouth of the Equine River, there roams a lone wild jackass who has never heard of this establishment. For him—and others like him, if indeed there be such—I shall describe some of our better goods, hoping that he and others of his ilk may be persuaded to join us.

As is usual in an establishment of this nature, the Wake Forest Bull Emporium has been divided into departments, such departments having been given odd and unusual names, apparently with the hope that the element of novelty introduced will eliminate some of the drabness of the transactions involved. However, for the benefit of sundry lone jackasses I shall refer to the departments as the true light of reason reveals them to me.

Our Meat Market is sometimes known as the Department of Education. Here we offer choice cuts at one quality point each. (Note: at the present rate of exchange one quality point is worth about thirty-five cents.) Our special dried beefings are recommended highly—we have carried the same brand of beefings for years and consequently know whereof we speak. It is to be noted that our customers usually come back for more. All our meats are excellent, but we are especially proud of the fine quality and gratifying texture of our country hams and veal, the latter being painlessly extracted from the best bull available.

In our Dry Goods Department (facetiously referred to as the English Department) we have constantly on sale a somewhat limited assortment of badly soiled, slightly frayed B.V.D.'s (Blasted Verse Developers). There is so little demand for the commodities offered by this department that the management has found it necessary to include two sets of these basic unmentionables along with each order. Some of the queerer of our number find the garments quite comfortable, and it is quite apparent that they are ducky —simply ducky, my dear—for display purposes. However, if the customer has but little to display, I feel it necessary to refer him to our unique House of Magic, where figures are made from nothing.

The House of Magic—where nothing is, save shadowy shapes which swim and swirl before the spectators' bewildered eyes. What's this? Listen—

"Watch me closely, young gentlemen. It's perfectly simple. Easier than learning to cry. Now. Take four cosines (nice plump cosines) mix thoroughly with two tangents and a gob of secant. The result is perfectly, transparently bewildering. Facts, young gentlemen. Facts."

Next in our beautifully arranged Emporium comes that delight to the aesthetically inclined—the Perfume Department, curiously listed in our catalog as the Chemistry Department. Our chemists are constantly striving to manufacture new and ever more delightful scents to charm prospective buyers into investing their penny in a stink. Perhaps our best known perfume is the justly world-famed Attar of Putrid Polecat, guaranteed to add that certain something to the sophisticated toilette. From an admirer comes the following unsolicited testimonial (and so cheap, too): "If a girl will use this perfume it will take but one date to convince the boy of something or other." (Note: Do not mistake the odors emanating from the mansion hard by the local railway station for the real thing. These scents are synthetic, lasting only nine months after each application. Accept no substitutes. Call for Wake Forest Bull Emporium's Attar of Putrid Polecat. Ah Romance!)

Now we come to a most distinguished department, the Art Gallery, said by some witty terminologists to be the Biology Department Customers here have been known to spend countless hours in rapt study of the masterpieces on display. Just now near at hand I spy a study of still life which has just returned from a tour of the unimportant cities of America. This work is without peer in its field and is entitled "Rhapsodical Study of the Minor Intestines of a Disillusioned Worm Who Forgot to Turn." Incidentally, if one is very nice to the superior persons in charge here he may be permitted to try his hand at sketching the masterpieces strewn about—provided, of course, that he doesn't ask too many questions.

Reluctantly we leave the Art Gallery in order briefly to consider our Drug Department. (A few of the uninitiate persist in calling it the Library.) Conveniently located at the center of inactivity, this department is up to date in every way, being equipped to administer opiates of varying strengths, dependent upon the customer's needs. The latest technique, injection through the eyes, is used exclusively.

Thus far we have found only one conscientious objector to our drugs and their usage: one of our own specialists, Dr. Hugh Tellum Kidd, maintains that if the Lord had intended that these drugs be used He would have produced organisms capable of using them. Further, Dr. Kidd has requested that Extract of Philosophy and similar drugs be removed, because such drugs tend to make fiends of their users, causing these users to think.

In defense of his argument, Dr Kidd reminds us of the near calamity that occurred in the fall of 1889, when one of the stronger stimulants, thought to have been the powerful Extract of Philosophy, was administered to a customer with well-nigh fatal results. "It took a pulmoter," says Dr. Kidd, "the entire infirmary staff, and six gallons of highly concentrated Essence of Comic Sections to restore this poor unfortunate to normal. Constant vigilance has prevented the recurrence of another such accident."

(*Please turn to page twenty-three*)

A Farewell to Sports

A Collegiate Sports Writer Looks Back

By RALPH GLENN

I first began covering Wake Forest sports back in the dark days of 1933-34 when a touchdown was a novelty, a major athletic victory an innovation, unexpected and long celebrated. The Wake Forest teams of that year were invariable losers. In the space of three short years I have seen them rise to athletic prominence and become serious contenders for the crown of the oldest association in the South, the Southern Conference.

It has been interesting and exciting to watch this climb of Wake Forest athletics and not without its thrills and disappointments, humor and pathos. The associations with the coaches and athletes, their idiosyncracies, impulsiveness, good naturedness and temperament will live long in memory.

There was the day last September when an unheralded Wake Forest football team made its Southern Conference debut against Carolina's great eleven, only to lose out in the last quarter when two Tar Heel scores shaded a first period Deacon touchdown by Dal Morris, and the night in Griffith Stadium in Washington before 25,000 roaring, thrill-crazed football fans when George Washington University seored on the last play of the contest to take a 13-12 victory over Wake Forest in "Washington's greatest game." These were the ultimate in heartbreak.

I saw the football team of 1934 fight its heart out for Coach Jim Weaver, at the hospital bedside of a loved one, and defeat State College 13-12 with a last minute touchdown. Walton Kitchin's air raid brought eight completed passes in a little over two minutes and gave me my greatest thrill in four years of sports writing.

There was the basketball season of this past year, one long thrill from start to finish, and the attainment of court success for Wake Forest after many years of overwhelming defeats. Apple's goal to trip Carolina, Waller's uncanny skill and success with his unbeatable shot in the Southern Conference tournament, Morris' speed and spirit were all unforgettable highlights. It was a far cry from the old days of the obsolete, rickety Wake Forest gymnasium to the handsome structure of today, housing a team which showered basketball glory and honor on Wake Forest.

I saw Coach John Caddell's baseball team slip into the lower bracket of the Big Five in 1934 for the first time in history and then watched the dean of the coaching staff build anew and whip a team into shape to sweep to the championship in 1936.

There were many moments of real beauty. There was Walton Kitchin's passing, the soaring kicks of Hobo Daniel—one which traveled ninety yards against Duke, Jimmy Waller ringing the basket with a seemingly impossible swinging shot, and Bill Staton, an almost monotonous winner, pacing off a well-run half mile. The most beautiful thing to my eye, however, was nothing varsity, but the freshman infield of 1934. Doyt Morris, Dal Morris, Pres Chappell and Buddy Lewis performed for that championship array, and the precision and grace of that foursome seems to me to have been the most perfectly coördinated functioning group of athletes that has represented Wake Forest in four years. I believe that Buddy Lewis, now with the Washington Senators, made that infield great. Lewis was a picture at the plate, a perfect motion of grace as he swung at the ball, and an elegant portrayal of poise and agility at third base.

Many humorous incidents have added color to my work of covering sports events. The day that Gordon Philips started the two-mile run for Coach Phil Utley's track team is called to mind. After a rub down and last minute instructions Philips was off with the gun like the flash that he calls himself, but after doing one and a half laps the loquacious Trentonian retired to the shade of the grandstand until he summoned enough courage to return to the field to face those to whom he had predicted victory. And there was the Carolina football game with Tar Heel Harry Montgomery protestingly following the referee and displaying what he asserted to be Jug Allen's teethmarks in his arm, while the official perfunctorily paced off twenty-five yards against Montgomery for slugging Allen.

Four years of watching Wake Forest sports have brought many disappointments. It was not easy to see a reputedly fine football player go through a great freshman season and then become an apathetic second-rater who snapped out of his lethargy only once as a varsity member, that one time being in the memorable State game of 1934. I saw another, as hard a running back as Wake Forest has had in years, languish on the bench because he was weak defensively and as a blocker. There were teams that were pre-seasonally doped for success which were failures. Disappointments all, but disappointments for which this past sports year has largely brought retribution.

Many fine athletes have stepped on various athletic fields for Wake Forest in the past four years, including Pat Swan, greatest Deacon lineman, Doyt Morris, Frank Clark, and George Mauney, both three lettermen, Walt Kitchin and Hobo Daniel. Then there was the perennial playboy, Hal Warren, who, had he taken the game more seriously, might have been one of Wake Forest's greatest running backs. My selection for the greatest of them all goes to little Dallas Morris, who finishes this year with a total of six letters and a record behind him which will long remain in the memory of all who watched him in action. Who can forget his dancing dashes down the sidelines on punt returns, his flawless blocking, or his all-around baseball play? His record is characterized by confidence without conceit, calmness under fire, intelligent and rapid thinking, and the quality of leadership, all set in the framework of great natural athletic ability.

As I retire from the sports desk after four years of work, there are reports that Wake Forest's athletic regime will undergo a sweeping change in the near future. It may be that Wake Forest needs development to keep pace with the rapid advancement of neighboring institutions. However, it is difficult to see how greater improvement in athletics could have been effected than has taken place here

(*Please turn to page twenty-three*)

Campusology

The man who knows 'em all, talks

By P. L. BEAVERS

(Editor's note. Beavers is perhaps more interesting as a person than as a writer, though you are in for a treat below. He knows the full name, home town and general characteristics of almost every Wake Forester. Professor J. L. Memory, Jr., has postponed his annual "Know Every Student" campaign until Beavers has left, because his scores have been so perfect that no one else had a chance to come within shouting distance of him. Whatever you do, "be sure that Beavers will find it out.")

Spring is here and spring is there, and so are Wake Forest boys. They have come from far and near to gather a little "larning" at this collegiate fount, and many have brought along habits and hobbies that are unusual and interesting. We have representatives from such foreign countries as China, Brazil, and New Jersey—true Deacons in spite of their antecedents.

Archibald Memory McMillan, that scintillating son of Soochow, came from the other side of the world to eat our Carolina grub, while Herbert Baker of Rio de Janeiro left the tropical Southern Cross to listen to yarns by the venerable Sledd. Jug Allen, Jack Moore and John Weaver had never seen snow before coming "North," while New Englanders Red McCarthy and Ted Philips perspired freely when they first hit the unaccustomed warmth of the "South."

Besides this variety in the location of family checkbooks there is also a wide diversification in the campus interests of our students. The faculty, too, has its share of hobbies and eccentricities, many unusual and all amusing.

To begin, as much trouble often does, with the Social Science department, did you know that although Professor Clonts is quite a shiek with the ladies, his assistant, W. H. O'Brian, is one of the most violent woman-haters in existence? Dr. Pierson's laugh is well known, but how many know that he prefers hand-made cigarettes to the factory smokes? Professor West has a fine collection of phonograph records, but there's not a Benny Goodman in the lot. Operas are more to his liking. Percival Perry, senior class president and grader of history papers, makes a specialty of collecting Indian relics, and in his spare moments reads history for fun!

Over in the sanctum of Shakespeare and term papers Dr. Sledd occasionally bursts forth with some rare poetry, Dr. Jones prides himself on his architectural designs and skill as a carpenter, and Professor Aycock claims he can rival the famed Baron Minovitch when it comes to swinging a wicked harmonica. After hearing some of his vocal selections on class one can almost believe him.

The first floor of the Alumni building yields us the silken voice of Doc Bill Speas as he chews the inevitable Prince Albert, talks to himself, brags on his baby girl, and explains a difficult physics problem—all at the same time. Across the hall Dr. Githens, with the assistance of Jimmy Reid and Durham Ipock, has constructed a neat short-wave receiver and transmitter. It is rumored that the three of them spend many hours communing with kindred souls in the South Sea Islands—via air-waves, of course.

From the Chemistry department comes the news that Dr. Isbell intends to join the Tin Can Tourists this summer and trailer around to points of interest all over the country. Dr. Black cranks a home-movie outfit and turns out some darn good campus shots. Did you know that "Paddy" Wyatt got his nickname from his Paderewski-like ability on the piano and pipe-organ?

The Law School has little time for hobbies or outside interests, but Dr. Stansbury always takes a morning recess—he must have his 11:30 Coca-Cola. Sam Smith often regales the other occupants of Hunter with his hill-billy renditions on the fiddle and harmonica. He once had a regular radio program, too. Von Bullard seeks his recreation in billiards, at which game he is quite a shark.

Vying with Ike Walton, Dr. Lynch is the fisherman de luxe of the campus. He has cast his flies upon the waters of many countries, ranging from the mountain lakes of the Rockies to Palestine's Sea of Galilee. Dr. Billy Poteat turns his scientific hand to the cultivation of rare and unusual floral specimens, while his son, Dr. Hubert Poteat, cultivates an exceptionally fine and growing library which includes some of his own literary productions. Dr. Bradbury turns from the "practicals" of his classroom to the still more practical avocation of woodworking in his well-equipped shop.

In an unclassified group we have many others who are versatile and interesting. Among these are the musicians and those who would like to be. Howard Ross is the antithesis of something or other because he is a ministerial student, a well-qualified teacher of dancing, and an excellent piano player and composer. Some of his compositions have been highly praised by competent critics. Hill-billy music has many followers and performers. Did you know that the Pittman twins, known at Wingate as the "Touchdown Twins," put on a fast-moving act with guitars and vocal selections at every available opportunity? Heath Bumgardner has cashed in on his ability by giving guitar lessons to local kids—for a sufficient monetary remuneration, incidentally. Bernie Jackson, fresh from Atlantic City Steel Pier orchestras, gives the Tar Heel lassies an extra heart-throb with his smooth crooning. Hamp Lea, formerly with Paul Speck's International orchestra, sings solos for church services and knows personally many of the great swingers of popular tunes. Sam Hensley and Jim Akers have gone in for "jamming" in a big way—they have even composed a sweet sounding ditty called "Blue Eyes."

Joe Kuchinski, that guy from Massachusetts, takes time out from his studies and athletic grunts and groans to read literary classics—saw him in a corner at Meredith one night, but he fooled me, he was reading Dickens! Leslie Hewett commutes daily from a nearby CCC camp and employs his leisure time in crocheting tricky designs—maybe the King of England is copying him. Bob Campbell, Claude Gantt, and Bill Hicks group themselves along with President

(*Please turn to page twenty-three*)

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT PRIZE CONTEST

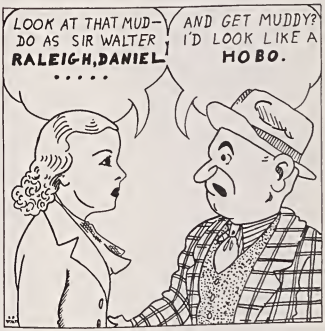
Here's the chance you've been waiting a lifetime for. Use a few minutes of your spare time to win one of our gigantic, colossal PRIZES. What do these pictures represent? The name is ONE of those listed under each picture.



Our Bob Reynolds
The Capitol Steps
Walter H. Coulson



Slick Sledd
Sonja Henie
Baron Munchausen



Julius Caesar
Raleigh Hobo Daniel
Coon Clark



Mrs. Simpson
'Fess J. G. Carroll
E. Pluribus Unum

Clip this coupon, fill in the complete name, address, and phone number of your best girl, and send to us. The coupon must be accompanied by two five-cent cigar butts or three unimpaired cigarette ducks (no cubebs, please; our cold was taken care of last week). Also send one informal, 8 by 12 snapshot of the girl in question, taken July 4 in front of the Washington Monument. Clip these together with one of Mahatma Gandi's clothespins or a reasonably accurate hand-made facsmile. Do not bother with solving the puzzles—the data requested above will entitle you to one of the GRAND PRIZES. The prize is this issue of the STUDENT, which you may now keep and cherish for your very own.

exeunt archy

archie talks on greek-letter lads

By AL MARTIN

dear mehitable
after four yrs of collitch life i find myself still
unable to stretch the aft antenna to the shift key
on this typewriter hence there are still no capitals but
you will notice a distinct polish in the meter of my verse
i call it hectambic centipede ah well enough of these more
technical remarks as i am engrossed on more philosophical
meditations at this time i have now lived in a wake forest
cupboard for four years and since they say it is customary
for insects to feed here for no more years than that i begin
to think about the end but first i must tell you about my
more recent experiences with a group of young homo sapiens
emphasis on the sap who live in a section of a new dormitory
here under the doorplate of a gosh awful set of letters
really i have found these men to be more of my kind than
any i have plagued for some time now you see they abound
with brotherly love and that sort of a thing why when
one of their number is plus a date and minus a clean
shirt another of the company obligingly equates the problem
only pretty soon it is likely that the girl will be purloined
by the other brother but in spite of such pleasantry i have
found many good qualities in this fraternity that is what
they call it they like you so well when you come in that
they are continually slapping you on the back in the more
vertical sense of the term with some implement of friendship
and they allow you to take moonlight strolls to raleigh on
the railroad counting cross ties also moonlight vigils in the
local marble orchard cemetery to you feline i guess
and they also allow you to replenish your
allowance by selling worthless razor blades and
borrowed dogs though i doubt that would appeal to you
well when they get through this welcoming process they
install you in receipt of a check and you are then a brother
with the aforementioned privileges of girl stealing and
shirt borrowing but seriously it is good to feel that twenty
or more boys are your brothers away from home and there is
a sorta feeling of satisfaction about the whole busines
especially because occasionally the whole bunch has up dames
and you all have a tete a tete and dansant and swing it
more or less some fun but enough of that mehitable it only
occurred to me that i had not written about this particular
subject and thought i would before leaving here it has been
pretty nice getting educated i have learned to ask for
my mail in a most charming manner can now eat break-
fast in two flat and have also traveled extensively from
this base as that is quite customary here meanwhile
have picked up a crumb or two from billy and a c and hubert
and slick and h b and others which were pretty choice
morsels from pretty choice mortals all in all i have found
this a right fair place and would recommend it to you
all except a cs garden where your sort is not welcomed
otherwise a female even though a feline is quite an event
here you would enjoy making catty remarks to some
doggy fellows i have known in these four years in
fact it grieves me to leave forecr these secred halls as
the song goes there are some pretty choice holes in them
where a cockroach like me can learn a lot of things
including the fact that your buggy friend must bid a dew
and adjourn next year to a more dukcy campus.

archy

THE SNAKE IN ARCADY

This is the classroom primeval,
The whispering studes and the co-eds,
Discussing in low, pleasing voices
The details of some campus scandal.
The scraping of chalk on the blackboard,
Disturbs not the snores of the sleepers,
Prevents not the yawns of the drowsy.
Anon comes a harsh, barking quaver,
'Tis the voice of the gray old professor,
Destroying all the peace and the slumber,
The whispers, the snores, and the yawnings;
With looks of reproach they regard him
As he takes up the lecture,
Wearisome, moss-covered lecture;
For this is the classroom's prime evil.

—*The Log.*

It is said that the Students' Aid of one of Raleigh's better-known girls' schools is publishing a booklet for girls on houseparty dates. The title probably will be "What Every Young Lady Should No."

JE ME LAMENTE

Oh, if I'd had less joie de vivre,
If I'd only cracked a livre,
Quite a few less tall libations,
Several self-imposed privations—
There'll be rumblings from le pere,
And blurby blurbings from la mere,
A note brule-pourpoint from the dean,
A tearful adieu from the queen,
Now I'm full of peur de vivre,
All I do is read my livres.
La raison for these lamentations?
Zaminations! Zaminations!

—*Awgwan.*

He gazed admiringly at the beautiful but extremely revealing dress of the leading chorine in a rather risque show.

"Who made her dress?" he asked his companion.

"I'm not sure, but I think it was the police."

—*Exchange.*

My boy friend's funny.
He doesn't dance, he doesn't drink.
You couldn't get him into a rumble
Seat on a moonlit night, on a bet.
He wears the funniest clothes—all
Black—no color to them at all.
He's so quiet—never says a word;
He never laughs;
He's so formal, so cold, so infernally stiff.
He died last week.

—*Black and Blue Jay.*

Traffic Cop: Don't you know what I mean when I hold up my hand?

Old Lady: I ought to; I was a school teacher for thirty-five years.

Not For Sale

The Ministerial Class

By BEN FISHER

Not for sale—the oldest group of men in Wake Forest College, the Ministers. Since the college was organized more than one hundred years ago, many changes have come about in our religious attitudes and beliefs, and today we have on our campus a most heterogeneous group, yet one that is surprisingly sympathetic and bound by a common purpose.

The Minister here is always placed definitely "on the spot." If he mixes and mingles too freely with the other men he is likely to be regarded as a "tuition student," a hypocrite. On the other hand if he tends to hold himself somewhat aloof he is immediately tagged a "sky" and a self-righteous saint. Some few have that rare quality of striking the golden mean, and are generally liked and respected, but there is a large number of sincere young men who have been the butt of untimely humor and bitter criticism, through no fault of their own, but due to a lack of understanding on the part of others.



The Ministry is not a profession, despite the many professional preachers. One would hardly say that a poet followed a profession. To Wordsworth poetry was a "spontaneous overflow of emotions," not a deliberate composition to be used for a gaining a livelihood. The Minister is a poet in the highest sense: he expresses, not with the majesty of Milton or the philosophy of Wordsworth but as simply as he can, man's knowledge of his relation to his fellowmen and his belief in immortality.

The phrase "called to the Ministry," has been used until people have lost its true value. Called is a verb that must act externally on our ears; ministry comes from within, not from without, and the man who enters the ministry as a profession to better himself financially and socially is a hack-writer of the worst sort. He is a little, intellectual maggot, a leech that for centuries past and in the present day has been sapping the vitality of religion. He fawns on his congregation and tells its members, not what he knows to be the truth, but that which they want to hear: sweet platitudes, rebukes strong as distilled water, and sentimental drivel. This is truly a "professional preacher."

Here in the sheltered and cloistered walls of college life the average student sometimes tends to become a little sophisticated in his thinking, forgetting the thousands and thousands of people out in the world who hold religion as meat and drink. The Minister goes to serve them, not for money or fame but because he feels that he must.

The painter, the poet, the sculptor — all these turn out their work because something inside them tells them that they must, and consequently their creations stand out in bold relief for the world to see and praise. But the Minister's work is on such a scale that individuality is lost, save only in rare instances. But the fact remains that many a preacher is to the men and women of some remote village in the lonely mountains what E. Stanley Jones and Harry Emerson Fosdick are to the rest of the world.

Corruption is the seepage for which there is no caulk. The Ministry is not impervious, and to put it as one of our professors said, "There are many preachers who mistook a bad case of indigestion for divine inspiration." There are many Elmer Gantrys, and both Balzac and Voltaire would find ample material for humor in the religious world of today, but the Minister—the real Minister—will go quietly on with his work in the future as he has in the past. He is not for sale. Christianity can not be bought.

The Sea Rolled On

Two night-lifers turn Robinson Crusoes

By BEN FISHER

"Mr. Robert Woltz and Mr. Philip Childs," the butler announced to the group assembled in the drawing room.

As he finished speaking, the two late arrivals, arguing earnestly about something, entered the room. The hostess greeted them effusively and led the way to the bar about which most of her guests were assembled.

The two were cheerfully hailed by various acquaintances, many of whom made jocular remarks about their habitual lateness. Woltz and Childs, however, paid little heed to their friends and continued the argument as each mixed his favorite cocktail.

Robert Woltz was a short and dynamic figure who controlled one of the largest motion picture companies in Hollywood. He spent much of his time in New York and was well known at all social events. His companion, on the other hand, was tall and slender with clean-cut features and a slightly drawling voice. The name Philip Childs had been signed to several lengthy manuscripts which soon proved to be best sellers in the line of fiction. But he, too, was an habitue of all parties and informal gatherings, and many of his friends wondered just how he found time for his prolific literary activities.

"I think it's a good idea, Philip," Woltz pounded the bar with his clenched fist. "Perfect solitude, relaxation from parties and business—on the whole, a fine vacation!"

"I'll grant you that," Childs replied, "but two months is a long time for the two of us to be alone. We're both highstrung and used to city life; after two weeks of this 'perfect solitude' as you call it, we'd probably be at each other's throats!"

Several of those nearby came closer to listen and offer advice. "What's all the commotion about?" a dapper young broker inquired.

Woltz spoke up. "I'm trying to get Philip into the notion of a complete vacation. The two of us could get supplies and go down to some little island off the coast of Georgia or North Carolina for a month or two, get away from every living person, and just relax for a while. But Childs is afraid our city habits will get the best of us and we'll commit double suicide or something."

The broker laughed. "He's probably right, too—why, I'd be willing to bet you a thousand dollars apiece that you two party-chasers couldn't stick it out sixty days in an absolutely deserted place!"

"I'll take my part of that bet," Woltz said, "and if Philip will stick by me we'll show you birds that drinking cocktails from five till seven every afternoon is not the only way a man can live today!"

"It suits me," Childs spoke suddenly. "We'll take that bet and prove to you that our pioneering ancestors had nothing on us."

Most of the guests were grouped about the two Robinson Crusoes by this time, and a discussion immediately began as to the best place to go and what equipment to take. Many smaller bets were placed by those who believed and those who didn't believe in the feasibility of the trip. When the party finally broke up everyone was talking excitedly about the test of the twentieth century city dwellers and wondering just how it would come out.

Two weeks later Woltz and Childs left New York by train, bound for the narrow strip of sand which serves as a natural breakwater for the coast of North Carolina. After several rail changes and a slow trip by mail boat across Pamlico Sound they at long last reached the beach and, almost at the same time, the ocean. In the little village of Portsmouth they hired an antique, stripped-down car to carry them to their destination. At low tide the car, groaning under a load of provisions, the driver, and the two New Yorkers, started southward along the hard-packed sand at the water's edge. For fifteen blistering miles they rode past endless sand dunes and breakers until finally the guide stopped and pointed out the shack which was to be their abode for the next two months. Made out of driftwood and tar-paper, it was indeed far removed from their sumptuous city homes.

"Well, we're here, and we'll have to make the most of it," Philip announced as the driver left them in the midst of their baggage. "No lights, no radio, bad drinking water and plenty of mosquitoes! What fun we'll have!"

"I don't care," his friend replied. "We said we'd stick it out, and we're going to do it. We're fifteen miles of burning sand from any human beings, and no one ever comes by except in ships far out at sea, but we can rest, relax, fish, and win that bet. Come on, let's see if that hut will hold all this stuff."

So saying, he picked up as much as he could carry and started for the driftwood shack. Childs followed his example, and in a little more than two hours they were fairly well established. They had laid in a large supply of canned goods and dried meat and intended securing enough sea food to round out the menu. After a hearty dinner they turned in and almost immediately fell asleep. They were too worn out to notice the hardness of their marsh-grass mattresses, and as the wind was whipping straight in from the sea, no mosquitoes or gnats bothered their slumber.

The next day they devoted to the task of making a passable silk purse out of their sow's ear of a dwelling. Cotton netting was placed over the windows and a fairly successful screen door was constructed by the versatile Childs.

"We'll get along fine," Woltz the optimist remarked as he opened another can of beans for lunch.

"That is, if this quiet doesn't get our nerves," Childs replied moodily. "I'd give that brand new screen door I worked so hard on just to hear a car horn or a cop's whistle right now. Nothing but the boom, boom, boom of the surf night and day—does it never stop?"

"When it does, my boy, you can bet your last dollar

(*Please turn to page twenty-four*)



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Nondescripts

Being poems, essays, and whatnots

IN THIS CORNER . . .

JAMES S. PERROW

Moonstruck Poems

I

The moon, as I have always heard,
Is very, very cutiful.
Of course, there is no such word—
'Twas made to rhyme with beautiful.

II

The verse of poets all reminds me
That it can be made so sublime
By turning on the beams of moonlight
At any most unheard-of time.

III

Whenever poets write of June
And love, in any place or where,
They always have to paint a moon
Though maybe it shouldn't be there.

IV

In fact, there maybe should be rain,
The scene be anything but fair.
But anyone who has a brain
Knows truth with poets is very rare.

THE BARE FACTS

"Grandpa," little Tommy looked up from his reading, "this history book says that sit-down strikes started in this country way back in 1936. That was while you were in school wasn't it?"

"Yes, my boy," the old man answered, "I was trying to soak up a little knowledge at Wake Forest then. But sit-down strikes started long before that year. You see, it was like this—," and the old gentleman leaned forward to spin this yarn:

I was the true originator and founder of the movement that has become so popular in the last forty years; that's something you won't find in your history book, but it's the truth, so help me!

The birth of sit-downing occurred on July 21, 1923, at little Ella Green's birthday party—of course, the French claim the honor, but they got the idea from me. I attended this shin-dig, wearing my Sunday-best stovepipe pants, button shoes, and flowing silk tie—and I must admit I made quite a hit with Ella. Everything went along nicely until we began to play that game called "drop the handkerchief." You remember that in this thrilling indoor pastime one slips up behind his best girl and coyly lets the tear-eateher fall; well, that's just what I did. My choice was Ella, and she picked up the symbol of burning affection and set out after me. It was at this moment that history was made.

Silas Jones, the rascal, stuck out his foot and tripped me. I fell like the walls of Jericho and heard, in the process of falling, a loud rip in the rear of my pants that sounded like a mild explosion. By the rapidly increasing draft on my posterior section, I knew that I was involved in no mere minor accident. 'Twas a sad predicament.

Ella had caught up with me in the meantime and had witnessed the whole catastrophe. Her face slowly turned several colors and ended in a bright red — but compared to me, she was quite composed. Amidst the ensuing laughter and giggling I sneaked into another room and parked my exposed section on a chair. When Mrs. Green, summoned by one of the little busybodies, came in and advised that I go home, I refused to budge. Not only was I embarrassed, but the refreshments had not been served, and it was decidedly against my principles to leave any party before eating.

From my seat of dire necessity I demanded a pair of Cary Green's stovepipes and refused to negotiate further until I got what I wanted. After some talk, my demands were met and all was well. My sit-down strike was entirely successful. I got the pants and stayed to enjoy the refreshments.

In such a way, my son, was history made—long ago. And, strangely enough, it was a bare fact rather than mere necessity that was the motber of the invention.

ROBERT PARKER.

WALK ON THE GRASS

W. S. HUMPHRIES

On the campus of the University of Chicago one will find signs which read: "Please Walk on the Grass!"

This fact is a hopeful sign. It is an indication that at last somebody has appeared who has sense enough to utilize his knowledge of human nature to get people to do and not do certain things. The particular individual who is responsible for the placing of those signs will no doubt have his statue set up not only in the Hall of Fame, but also in the Hall of Wisdom.

How different such a sign is from the ordinary ones! Most of them say "Don't Step on the Grass." It is the dumbest, stupidest, foolishest trick in the world to put up a sign like that.

By reason of the activity of the law of that great unknown which we call human nature, the words "Don't Step on the Grass" are immediately read "Step on the Grass, Pleeze!" The little white sign with the black letters becomes an urgent invitation (with an RSVP) instead of a command or a warning.

"Look!" the little sign seems to say. "I am put here to call your attention to the beautiful green grass on this spot. See how green and velvety it is? Don't stand there like a dummy. Step over the chain and crush the stuff! You'll feel better. Wallow in it; that's what it's for."

The testing time of any man comes at such a moment. If you desire to ascertain whether you are human in nature, if you want to make sure you've sprung far enough from your monkey ancestors to be called a human being, then try the test of the don't-step-on-the-grass sign. If you feel as if you'd like to wallow in the plot, then you are a human being, a creature who holds something in common with his fellowman. But if you feel nothing of the sort, then you might as well go on back to your home in the jungles.

I mention the grass-plot signs only because they furnish a good example of the operation of that law of human nature which makes us all revolt under authority, which tells our hearts "Do!" the moment someone says

(*Please turn to page twenty*)

Consider Ye the Med School

Are you looking ahead to see yourself as 1957 will see you?

By TED PHILLIPS

At the present time the Wake Forest School of Medicine is over-supplied with applications for admission to its stately halls. However, a plan has been formulated whereby the school could have a minimum enrollment of six hundred frolicking students, and a tentative catalog for the school has been worked out. The catalog follows:

Are you just getting by as errand boy in the local soda shop? Do you want to be like Augustus J. Finch, who follows the horses around the streets of Ahoskie with a broom, an old man at fifty-seven, or do you want to be like Dr. Theodore W. Incision, a respected citizen in his community —an influential man to whom his fellow citizens look for leadership? Compare the pictures and make your choice! If you're satisfied to have a measly $250 mortgage on a two-by-four shack near the tracks, very well—the Wake Forest Medical School has no place for you. But if you aspire to high things, as did Dr. Incision—if you'll be satisfied with nothing less than a $25,000 mortgage on an imposing white colonial—then clip the coupon and find how you too can be a success.

The Wake Forest School of Medicine is ideally located with a northern exposure overlooking Miss Jo Williams' Boarding House, and eastern, western, and southern exposures overlooking several well-preserved magnolia trees. It is on Route One, just seventeen miles north of Raleigh, a metropolis fairly teeming with more than 35,000 people.

Medical students are allowed to eat at their own tables, especially during dissecting courses—(in fact, other students insist upon it)—which shows the high regard in which meds are held on this campus. There is a large infirmary in which meds can get jobs regardless of their knowledge. Treatment at the infirmary is based on the fact that all ailments can be cured by spraying the throat, so if you're even a moderately successful highball mixer of the modern school that uses "canned fizz" you will have little trouble catching on to the Wake Forest technique. The average med student's recreation hours are from 4 to 7 a.m., if he can get along without any sleep. Strangely enough, few meds avail themselves of their recreational opportunities.

The Wake Forest Medical School offers a varied curriculum:

Course 1, Dissection. . . .
Informality is the keynote in this class. Each student is given a scalpel, a corpse is hung by the heels at one end of the room, and at the given signal all the students rush for the body (from the standard crouching start) and fall to with their knives. The first student to emerge from the merry throng with some previously selected piece of anatomy (such as the left kidney) is promptly passed with an A-grade on the course. Each day as the class is reduced the selected piece of the body becomes smaller and more difficult to find, until at the end of the course, the last pupil can generally guess as well as the instructor can as to whether he has the proper cut. A penalty of one quality point is exacted from any student who tries to palm off on the instructor an appendix for an esophagus (or any similar exchange). Few of our instructors can be fooled that easily.

Reference books—Zilch, Lethargic, de entricle.

Course 2, same as Course One, repeated for those unfortunates who prefer the running start to the standard crouching start and for those who have never been connected with a butcher shop and so are at a disadvantage when it comes to making thin and delicate slices.

Course 3, Embryology. . . .
Which came first, the diplodocus or the egg? Do alley cats howl at night because they enjoy mixed harmony? In this course the Stork, Sugar Barrel, and Cabbage Patch legends are thoroughly debunked, and the student is shown what the real score is. In accordance with the best traditions of the North Dakota Presbytery, this course is not open to students under 35 years of age.

Course 4, Pathology (Dr. Daniel Boone Isley). . . .
In this course students are taught the latest woodcraft methods in getting about the campus late at night and how, in rainy weather, to be able to differentiate between the muddy sidewalks with brick linings and those without.

Course 5, Applied Psychology. . . .
A thorough grounding is given in how to get away with keeping your waiting room stocked with two-year-old magazines and making the patients like it, and how to secrete an ether-soaked sponge in a dark corner of the waiting room to undermine patients' nerves while they're awaiting their turn. (This course, like all others herein described, is based on the assumption that there will be patients.)

Course 6, Applied Psychology. . . .
A continuation of Course 5. Embryo meds are shown how to arrange bottles of identical sugar pills on shelves to give the most imposing effect, and how to take a patient's pulse-beat and work that momentary discouraging shake of the head, furrowed brow, and flash of alarm all in the same motion, which always puts the patient in a much better and more receptive mood when the bill comes in.

Course 7, Manual Training and Bill Collecting. . . .
This combination course is admittedly the weakest in the lot. No successful methods have yet been developed to assure one of getting money out of patients. When a scheme is devised to separate students from their tuition charge, this course will be of infinitely more practical value. In the Manual Training phase, emphasis is laid on the use of the chisel and pliers for delicate brain operations and the like.

(*Please turn to page twenty-four*)

Life's Like That

By DAN P. BOYETTE, JR.

Eloise came home first tonight and at once became busy in the kitchenette of the three-room apartment. This was to be a special dinner, and Eloise sang as she prepared the salad. She paused for a moment and gazed dreamily out over the Hudson. The sun stood still an instant on top of the hills and mellowed the steel gray of the battleships as the notes of a bugle floated through the dusk. On one of those ships Jimmy would be leaving soon and when he sailed things would be different for Eloise.

She smiled and yet there was a trace of wonder in her mind that all this could have sprung up in one evening —this feeling, so strong and so certain, this emotion that usually took time and thought. Well, the quicker the better. Life had not been easy for her, she thought, but it did not matter what it had been, just so it was going to be better. Standing on your feet all day in Asher's Cigar Shop, waiting on men who have no idea how your feet hurt, is certainly no easy life.

Lynette's key rattled in the lock, and then Lynette appeared. "Hello. What a day!" she said, as she sank into a chair. "What's cooking?"

"I thought you would smell that," said Eloise. "I told you this morning that we're going to have company tonight. Jimmy is coming."

"Oh, yes. I was so sleepy when I went to work that it hardly registered He's the sailor you picked up last night, isn't he?"

Eloise colored. "I didn't pick him up. You know very well that I never pick up people."

"I'm sorry," said Lynette. "I was just feeling irritable. When you manicure as many hands as I did today, you—"

"O.K.," interrupted Eloise. "He came into the shop and we sort of got to talking. You know, Jimmy is different."

"I know, kid," said Lynette. "They all are; just as different as two peas in a pod, those sailors."

Eloise looked at her soberly. "I'm glad that I'm not a manicurist, like you. You've gotten so that you don't believe anything."

"Oh, well, what ship is he on?"

"I don't know."

"Is he an officer?"

"I guess he is; he had on a nice blue coat with brass buttons and one of those caps with peaks on them. I don't know much about that sort of thing; I never knew a sailor before."

Lynette looked at her closely and said seriously, "Say, you're not beginning to feel that way about a man you've only met once, are you? What did you talk about, anyway?"

"Oh, I don't know—just us mostly. you see, he's going to give up being a sailor if I . . . that is, if I. . . . " She went no further, but there was a bright glow in her eyes.

"So that's the way it is," said Lynette. "Now, look here, Eloise. I don't want to see you heart-broken. Someone ought to tell you the facts of life, and I guess it'll have to be me. Sailors have to be fast workers, you know, because they don't stay in a port long; so don't believe everything they tell you. You've had a pretty hard time of it I know, and I don't blame you for falling for a man who is going to take you out of it."

"Oh, it isn't that," broke in Eloise. "Jimmy . . . oh, he's different, that's all. You'll see when he comes tonight." She was quiet and very busy setting the table.

"Well, all right," said Lynette, "I'm willing to be shown. I suppose you were sap enough to let him kiss you."

The color flooded Eloise's face. "You don't understand; it wasn't a case of 'letting' him kiss me. Both of us felt that we had finally gotton to something big and real. Listen, Lynette, I've never felt that way about anybody else."

Lynette said kindly, "O.K., kid."

She rose and walked to the window. Another faint bugle call glided across the water. She stared for a few seconds, then turned to Eloise. "Look, honey." There was a strange quality in her voice that struck, for some reason, Eloise's heart as she hurried to the window. The seven warships, smoke pouring from their funnels, were slowly moving out into the stream.

Eloise looked at Lynette inquiringly. Lynette answered, "The fleet is leaving; the next stop is Panama. It was in all the papers last night and this morning. Jimmy didn't tell you *that*, did he?"

The gray ships plowed down the stream. Lynette tried not to notice as Eloise's eyes became blurry just before the tears came. She turned away from the window, leaving Eloise alone to watch the shadows fall on the river. At last Lynette spoke. "Don't let it bother you, baby," she said, laying her hand on Eloise's arm. "You'll get used to being unhappy after a while. Let's you and me eat the dinner. I can get passes to a show, if I call up right away, from some fellow whose nails I rubbed today."

Eloise stood still at the window. So they were all the same . . . *all* the same. . . . None of them could be different . . . not even one of them . . . not even Jimmy.

The doorbell rang like the crack of a gun in a still room and Lynette went to open the door. Eloise turned slowly; what did it matter who came? A figure stood at the door, a man in uniform with a bouquet of roses in his hand. Eloise looked and there came to her the sensation of awakening life.

"Why, Jimmy," he voice rang out without effort of her will, "it's you!"

"Certainly it is," said Jimmy smiling. "Weren't you expecting me?"

"But, Jimmy!" Eloise was full of wonder and yet she felt that she should not have been. He had told her he would come; that should have been enough. "Jimmy, I thought you had gone away on your ship!"

"What ship?" he asked.

"Why, the battleship. There they go," said Eloise as she pointed.

Jimmy looked out of the window. "That ain't my ship," he laughed. "Look, there's mine; the one that's being loaded at that dock over yonder."

"Where?" asked Eloise, looking in the direction he pointed.

"There, that one," he said; "the one with the red light on the top of its mast. It belongs to the Coast Line Freight Company. I live here."

As Eloise turned back to him her eyes were as twin stars. Jimmy *was* different!

Dance of Decision

To die or to live

By B. G. LEONARD, Jr.

There are many who cherish the thrill of Madame Jeanette's last mad dance on the tight wire; but, although there have been many conjectures about it, there are few who know the true story.

As Madame Jeanette approached the ladder to mount the wire for her act a young man appeared suddenly out of the audience and rushed toward her.

"Jean," he cried.

Madame Jeanette started back, her face white. Two husky circus guards came running up and laid hold of the intruder. He struggled fiercely, his eyes pleading with her.

"I've looked everywhere for you, kid," he said hoarsely. "I've been through a real hell. Now that I've found you, won't you come back to me?"

The girl in tights dropped limply against the ladder.

"Tom," she whispered.

"Jean, please!" The hurt in his voice cut her heart, his pleading was so intense.

"Tom," her voice was almost inaudible, "I did the dirtiest thing a woman can do the finest man in the world. I've paid for it—God, how I've paid. But I won't be rotten enough to worm my way back into your arms and accept your pardon. Oh, I know you have forgiven me—you wouldn't be yourself if you had not. But I forfeited all my right to your love, and I won't cheapen you."

"There isn't anything to forgive," the young man cried passionately. "Come back to me!"

"No," she said, and the salt tears burned down her cheeks. "If I loved you less, dear, I might. But I won't, because I have found that I love you more than all the world. Tom, I promised myself that if you ever found me I'd fall off the wire. I'm going up now. If I decide to come back to you, I'll come back down the ladder. If I don't—"

She whirled and began to run up the ladder. Behind her the young man's protesting cry pierced her ears and wrung her heart. The crowd smiled, thinking it was a part of the act.

As she ascended, chaotic, detached scenes swam before her eyes as though she were drowning. She saw herself standing side by side with Tom, whispering "I do" to the minister. She reviewed the year of idyllic happiness. She recalled her stupid boredom at Tom's unfailing kindness, his pandering to all her whims, his unexciting and unfailing adoration. A picture of March floated into her consciousness, sleek and suave, the man in whom she thought she glimpsed romance and with whom she had sought it in an elopement, but found the golden apple of romance to be rotten at the core. Then she had a vision of herself kneeling penitently beside her bed, praying for a forgiveness that she would not give herself.

And now she was back in the circus, from which Tom had first taken her, climbing the ladder for the last time.

Madame Jeanette bowed mechanically to the audience and sidled out on the wire, opening a colored parasol. She began to dance, and the crowd gasped. She danced with wild recklessness, fearless of the hard earth a hundred feet below. She sprang up until it seemed her blonde head must touch the canvas of the tent top, and a slender wire alone quivered between her and death. Sure-footed with a skill that utter abandonment taught, her twinkling feet saved her, began to spin her. Like a dervish she whirled, pirouetting in a mad flash of colors. It was insane. It was incredible. The spellbound crowd neglected to breathe and gaped in open-mouthed fascination. The circus performers turned pale as they watched.

Upon the wire the girl was fighting back stinging tears as she performed unbelievable antics. How she dreaded to jump! Not that she feared death; what hurt her most was the longing to rush back down the ladder and let Tom's arms enfold her, shut her away from the world. She wondered if he would run to pick up her broken body and hold it in his arms.

"I've got to go through with it," she told herself. "I have no right to sneak back to him, prating of forgiveness, imposing on the generosity of the greatest heart that beats. I have no claim to happiness, even though I want him more than life itself. I danced, and now I'll pay the piper."

The crowd could not hear the sob that she tried to choke, this perfect embodiment of grace in purple tights, whirling wildly upon the brink of eternity. Thousands saw, however, her dance become even more wild, fantastic. It was the dance of death!

The tent spun dizzily before her eyes. She prepared for the slip that would send her hurtling to the earth far below.

"It must look like an accident," she thought.

The wire was jerking treacherously. The ground was waiting impatiently.

Just before she was to make the misstep that would send her to death, a face leaped from among the crowd. Tom's.

She had tried not to look at him. He had broken loose from his captors and was stretching out his arms to her. Something that he cried was lost in her ears.

Then, like the rising of the sun, she realized that Tom's forgiving love and her own bitter repentance had already made retribution for her sin.

The dance ceased. Amid the thunderous applause of a crowd that did not understand she ran down the ladder to life—and to Tom.

Doojiggers For Sale

An address to the inmates of a funny house, made by one of them

By JACK SAWYER

Let me introduce to you, gentlemen, the most useful article ever conceived by man—the doojigger. It is a device that may be used by everybody for everything. It will indeed revolutionize industry.

I tell you, gentlemen, it is impossible to escape the influence of this invention. I conceived the idea of manufacturing these articles after making observations and overhearing snatches of conversation such as this:

"I don't like that program on the radio."

"Well then, turn that *doojigger* in the middle and get some other program."

Or in a machine shop a workman says, "This drill doesn't cut deep enough. What shall I do?"

The foreman answers, "Adjust that *doojigger* and it will cut deeper."

And when the bashful young blade is parked under a beautiful moon with a forward young miss, perhaps she will say, "Oh, Bill, it's *so* cool here—in fact I'm quite chilly."

Then Bill, the Voice of Inexperience, will come back with, "I'll fix that—I'll turn this *doojigger* on the dashboard and that'll start the heater."

So, gentlemen, you see that it is versatile. But for some more examples:

I heard someone say, "Where in the mischief did I put my toothbrush—oh, I remember now. It's hanging on a *doojigger* in the bathroom."

And in a ping-pong game the sweet young thing complains, "Don't hit it so hard—I can't return the *doojigger*."

I defy you to name any device which the doojigger cannot replace.

Although doojiggers are now in common usage, no one as yet has bothered to take out a patent. But I am wiser—I am filing my patent application immediately. I shall begin my manufacturing at once.

And that, gentlemen, is where you come in. With your financial backing and my genius, we can all become richer than anyone has ever dreamed of. (You must pardon me—I forgot that a preposition is not a good thing to end a sentence with.) Now, with your consent, I shall purchase a factory and shall begin to put my product on the market at once.

What's that you say? Oh, you want to ask some questions before giving your consent? Why, certainly.

Mr. Dubridge, you say you want to know where I'll get a sufficient crew of workers for the large scale production? That is easily answered. When my doojiggers get on the market everyone will see the advantages in possessing them. There will be a rush to purchase them, with the result that many commonplace products will be rendered useless. Then these factories will have to suspend operations, thus throwing their workers into the ranks of the unemployed. Then as soon as a factory closes, we send a representative to hire all the men. Thus we obtain our labor.

And you say, Mr. Gaumor, that you wonder where we'll find enough factory space? Why, it will be in the same way that we find the workers. We'll buy the shut-down factories, and use their workers without even having to move them away from their old jobs.

But, gentlemen, there is one aspect that we must consider. We must be prepared to become world dictators. As we increase our scope, other industries must shut down. We buy them out, therefore we increase steadily. If we keep this up, the entire world will be engaged in manufacturing doojiggers. Everyone must have doojiggers, for by then a doojigger will be a necessary part of everything. Then all the money will come to us, but everyone will work for us, so the money will travel in circles, and our workmen will actually be toiling for nothing.

Gentlemen, it is a flawless plan. What did you say, Mr. Rosefelt? You say that we can't *eat* doojiggers? That's true, but that doesn't affect us—we are not offering them for sale as food.

But you say you want to know just what will we eat if we can't eat doojiggers? Why, we'll eat just what we always have. What made you think that we couldn't? What? Oh, I get you now—I hadn't thought of that—you see, gentlemen, what he said is that if we hire *all* the people in the world to work for us in turning out doojiggers, there will be no one left to raise food for us to eat. Now let me see, perhaps we could raise a race of non-eaters. Perhaps we could follow the same method used in curing dope fiends—we could reduce gradually the amount of food consumed each day until each person consumed only a couple of crumbs. Then we could continue it until they no longer had to eat. I think we have something there.

Yes, gentlemen, now it is without a flaw. Think of all the industries we'll replace—folks will now use a *doojigger* to open the door, to tighten a monkey wrench, to cause the ignition spark in an auto, to tighten the tuning slide on a trombone, to speak through in a public-speaking amplifying system. We'll make Rockerbilt and Van Nilla look like pikers—they'll only have millions—we'll have billions.

Mr. Rosefelt, did you have something else to say? Oh, you merely want to know who will build the homes for the workers? Once again we'll experiment—we'll produce a race of non-sleepers as well as non-eaters, and train them to work continually. We'll also do away with family life. We won't need homes if we have no need for sleep, and no family waiting for us at home.

Oh, you again, Mr. Rosefelt? You want to know who is going to have time to buy our doojiggers if everyone works all the time? And you also say that doing away with the family brings up another problem—

Oh, excuse me, here comes my keeper, and I must be on my way.

Gypsy: I tell your fortune.
Man: How much?
Gypsy: Fifty cents.
Man: Correct.

"Give me the eggs," the captain roared.
Up sprang the gallant crew;
They heaved the anchor overboard,
And made the ship lay two.

Great oaks from little acorns grow,
Although you never see 'em;
But billboards spring up twice as fast,
And yield more dough per diem.

Metamorphosis of a sky, as seen by Bob South:

Freshman year: Borrows a pair of pants and comes to school.

Sophomore year: Buys shoes, a new suit.

Junior year: Buys two suits of clothes, a car, and gets married.

Senior year: Graduates, starts teaching school.

A mirror is something which if you aint' there ain't necessary.

Mistress: You know, I suspect that my husband has a love affair with his stenographer.

Maid: I don't believe it. You are only saying that to make me jealous.

"Now," she asked, "is there any man in the audience who would let his wife be slandered and say nothing? If so, stand up."

A meek little man rose to his feet. The lecturer glared at him.

"Do you mean to say you would let your wife be slandered and say nothing?" she cried.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he apologized. "I thought you said slaughtered."

And our learned classmate insists that horse sense comes as a result of stable thinking.

Rubbers are something which if your feet are dry you haven't walked through the snow without.

—*The Owl.*

She: Is my face dirty, or is it my imagination?

He: Your face is clean; I don't know about your imagination.

—*Purple Parrot.*

People who carry glass bottles shouldn't sit on stone benches.

Henry

A Negro, a mule, and——

A. M. McCONNELL, II

Henry was a giant Negro, but he looked small as he stood beside his large mule. He was having trouble with a broken collar buckle, but he turned and smiled at me as I walked up.

"You sho' look powerful sleepy, suh," he said.

"Who wouldn't be sleepy after getting up in the middle of the night?" I asked, and without further ado we started toward the field. Every now and then Henry would take time out from his low crooning to cluck coaxingly to the mule. Once the plow caught in a stump, and Henry cursed as only an Alabama Negro can curse. He usually talked incessantly, but that morning he was strangely silent.

The sun was just coming up as Henry went over the hill. I heard a rooster crow nearby and then over the hill another answered. I walked along, half asleep. I thought about how fine my bed would feel if I could only go back. My eyes drooped, unaccustomed to early waking. As I went over the hill I glanced down into the valley. Henry lay there, his head in a pool of blood and brains. I stumbled over something as I turned and walked away.

I walked on, no particular destination in mind—my mind was a complete blank. I heard birds twittering and again the roosters informed each other of their whereabouts. No one will ever know how long I walked, because no one saw me and I do not know myself. Finally I turned and walked back.

When I came to the top of the hill again I gazed down on that tragic sight. Henry was still there, dead in his own blood. I heard the trace chains clink as the mule grazed; I could do nothing for Henry, so I caught the mule. The grass had just about rubbed the blood off his hoof, and I jerked up some weeds and cleaned off the rest.

Henry's funeral was held the next day. There was much weeping and wailing by his friends and kinsmen. His wife nearly wrecked the wooden little Negro church, but she married again in the fall. Five miles away in town a man hired a Negro—a nigger was dead.

She: Where did you learn to kiss like that?

He: I eat spaghetti.

They were discussing dogs and the tales were getting pretty bad, when one of the group took the lead.

"Smith," said he, "had a most intelligent dog. One night Smith's house caught fire. All was instant confusion. Old Smith and his wife flew for the children and bundled them out in quick order. Everyone had been saved, but old Rover dashed back through the flames. Soon he reappeared, scorched, and burned with—what do you think?"

"Give up," cried the listeners.

"With the fire insurance policy wrapped in a damp towel, gentlemen."

Rastus: Brother president, we-all needs a cuspidor.

President of the Eight-ball Club: I appoints Brother Brown as cuspidor.

Rastus approached his pastor and asked him to pray for his floating kidney. The minister stated that such a request was sacrilegious and he would do no such thing.

"But," replied Rastus, "last Sunday I heard you praying for the loose livers."

Two people happened to be walking along a road together. One was a young woman, the other a handsome farmer lad. The farmer lad was carrying a large kettle on his back, holding a chicken in one hand, a cane in the other, and leading a goat. They came to a dark ravine.

Said she: I'm afraid to walk here with you. You might try to kiss me.

Said he: How could I, with all these things I carry?

Said she: Well, you might stick the cane in the ground, tie the goat to it, and put the chicken under the kettle.

She had gone to college.

There was an old lady from Brussels
Accused of wearing two bustles:
She said, "It's not true,
It's a thing I don't do—
You are simply observing large muscles."

—*Punch Bowl.*

"Dear, I've set my heart on a Rolls-Royce."

"Yes? Well, that's the only part of your anatomy that'll ever set on one."

NONDESCRIPTS

(*Continued from page fourteen*)

"Don't!" You know yourself how it was in high school. If the teacher said, "Now don't throw spitballs," you immediately proceeded to throw spitballs. If she said, "Let's not have any whispering," you straightway leaned over to the boy beside you and uttered in his ear, "She can't keep me from whispering!"

The law works admirably to keep quarrels going once they are started. For instance, Big Sister asks you to wash the dishes for her tonight. You positively and consistently refuse, although she continues to ask you.

"All right, then, don't," she finally blurts out in her anger. "I didn't want you to anyway."

Straightway you leap to your feet and let out a roar. "Get away from them dishes! I'm gonna wash 'em."

"You are not! I'm the dishwasher around here."

"Oh, yes, I am too. You asked me to.'

And so on for a few minutes. Finally Sis says, "All right, then, wash them"

"Oh, I thought you wanted to wash 'em. Go right ahead. I'm busy—"

Thus the argument continues. I don't know who usually gets the better of it, but I have a suspicion that the dishes generally come out on the bad end.

We are in a transitional period in our national government. The President has set himself the task of giving the people of the United States the benefit of the natural resources of the country. The TVA is an example. But it seems that our pilot of the Ship of State has overlooked the power in the human nature law which makes us desire to do that which we are told not to do.

Think of the power going to waste! Veritable dynamite. If only it were harnessed and put to work building homes, running factories, growing crops, that elusive creature called Prosperity would come out from behind the corner into the broad sunsight.

One Wake Forest English professor put this power to work of couple of years ago. He told his sophomore literature class that he *did not* want them to do parallel reading in a certain type of books. The books, incidentally, were—and are—among the great classics. On the following Monday when the reading reports came the professor looked them over and smiled in extreme satisfaction. Nine-tenths of the sophs had read and reported on the prohibited books!

That's one way of getting students to read good literature. More power to you, Professor. It is to be hoped that the human race will soon learn to utilize the power in the law of the forbidden fruit.



Once there was an American "nouveau riche" who was very desirous of breaking into English society. For a fee, a minor member of the nobility agreed to invite him to a hunting party at his ancestral home and see that he was introduced to all the important people. Things went even better than had been expected—the guests thawed toward the American as much as Englishmen ever do thaw, and he was quite happy. All went well until the day of the fox hunt. Although everyone had been friendly enough when they started out in the morning, after they brought home the brush, which he himself had caught, the social climber found himself ignored and ostracised by everyone except his host. His comments were met by silence, people looked through him as if he hadn't even been there. He stood it until dinner—as long as he could. Finally, in desperation, he took his host aside. Almost with tears in his eyes, he begged:

"Won't you please tell me why I'm being treated this way? Everything was so fine until I caught that fox—"

With a look of pity, his host shook his head. "Didn't you know that when the fox is caught, you say 'Tally-ho' —not 'I've killed the gol-durn son of a gun!'?"

—*Widow.*



Gently, he pushed her quivering shoulders back against the chair. She raised beseeching eyes in which faint hope and fear were struggling. From her parted lips, the breath came in short, wrenching gasps. Reassuringly, he smiled at her

Bzzzzz, went the dentist's drill.

—*Widow.*



Love is a sacred flame, 'tis said,
But oh, my dear, take warning:
Love is a bonfire, built at night,
That's all burned out by morning.

"What's the matter with you?"
"Ague. What's your trouble?"
"Same thing."
"Shake.'

. . . The circus had come to town, and a gentleman who had never seen an elephant woke up one morning to find a huge pachyderm tearing up his garden. Rushing to the telephone, he called the police. "Officer!" he yelled into the mouthpiece. "Officer, there's a big animal pulling up my rhododendrons with his tail."

"Yeah?" queried the sergeant, crossing his fingers. "What's he doing with them?"

"Officer," cried the man gasping, "you wouldn't believe me if I told you."

—*Widow.*



Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth—less 26 per cent income taxes.



AFTER CHAUCER

Whan Aprile with his liquid drenche,
Hath driven couples from the parke benche—
Then longen men to goon to straunge strondes
Whan pretzels are in beer again gedunked
And one hath almoste halfe his cours y-flunked,
Then specially from every campus ende
To mile limite they wende
The holy, blissful gargle for to seke,
Which them hath olpen whan they want to neke.

—*Watauqan.*



Wife: Darling, a moth was in my bathing suit.

Husband: Well, it must have looked very well on him.

—*Log.*



A celebrated white preacher had been engaged to address the congregation of a little Negro church and was being introduced by the colored pastor.

"Sistern and breddern," he bean. "It affo'ds me the estremest pleasuh to intaduce de speakuh ob de ebnin'. I wants to explain dat while his skin ain't de same coluh as de odders heah, I assure you his heart am as black as any of yourn."

—*Exchange.*

Have you heard about the deaf and dumb man who had a nightmare and broke his knuckles on the bedpost screaming?

GRASS FOR SALE

(*Continued from page four*)

Much—enough, we hope—has already been said about these matters; we only repeat our belief that such things are sired by thoughtlessness and that a little consideration will remove them from our midst before they come to be called, slurringly and with a little nod, "Just some more of those Wake Forest traditions."

When these two plots of blotch-grass have been dug up and carted away, the remaining grass will look much greener. But we shall still need green grass to fill in the spots left bare by the removal of the burnt. One of the best we can suggest is better treatment, not only of fellow students, but also of visitors to the campus. Let us remember that one of the best ways to impress outsiders with the *greatness* of the school is to treat them just as well as, or even a little better than, we would expect were we the visitors.

There is one bit of grass of which we are especially proud and of which we should take especial care. It is a bit of grass which has thrived remarkably during the past two years—we are speaking of the improved attitude toward the honor system, and we are glad to say that during this year not one man has been reported cheating. Let us take good care of this grass.

While we are moralizing, let us consider again the fact that just as life itself is not one continuous fling, neither is college life one long round of house-parties. Whether we realize it now or not, some day we will come to our senses and end that for too long we have been laboring under the wrong impression about just about what life really is. Not that we know what life is or that we would suggest for anyone a secluded hermitage in which to spend all off-hours poring over a book or in writing, tongue twisted out of one corner of the mouth, deep speculations concerning the future. But it would be well if we settled down just a trifle more than has been our wont in the past.

Such are the plots of grass, some for which we do not care and some of which we are rightly proud, but all of which seem to merit our consideration. Others there are, of course, but to us it seems that these are the most important ones. Let us look after our campus grass—dig up the dried and walk carefully wherever there should be a sign, "Keep off."



It was a balmy evening at the State Insane Asylum.



Mary had a little watch.
She swallowed it.
It's gone.
Now every time that Mary walks
Time marches on!

And then there was another deaf and dumb man who walked into a bicycle repair shop and picked up a hub and spoke.

Congratulations

SENIORS!

• • •

● WE take this opportunity to wish you continued success and happiness for the future.

• • •

TO THE

Students!

● WE express our appreciation for your support during the past school year . . . wishing you a pleasant vacation . . . and looking forward to your return next September.

• • •

The . . .
Castle Theatre

TESTIMONIAL

I started eating wheaties for breakfast every morning and got to like them fine But pretty soon they began taking effect. One morning I tried to pull myself out of bed and tore the sheets to bits. Last week the steering wheel of my car crumbled under my hands and we turned over three times in the ditch. This morning I banged on the door of my fraternity and the house collapsed Just a little while ago I tried to kiss the only girl I ever loved and broke her neck.

Tomorrow morning I'm going back to grapenuts.

The Frenchman drinks his native wine;
The German drinks his beer;
The Briton drinks his 'alf-an-'alf,
Because it brings good cheer.
The Scotchman drinks his whiskey straight,
Because it brings on dizziness;
The American has no choice at all—
He drinks the whole durn business.
—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*

We've heard of some queer courses, but the Frosh who tried to register for Vat 69 has them all beat.

Professor Clonts: Now, Mr. Wallace, what do you derive from my last statement?

Bo-Mink: I can't tell you, Sir.

Professor: And why not?

Bo: Well, you see, Sir, I haven't a deriver's license.

Prof: I hate to tell you this, but your son is a moron.

Father: Where is he? I'll teach that young man to join a fraternity without consulting me first!
—*Zip 'N Tang.*

A middle-aged woman lost her balance and fell out a window into a garbage can.

A passing Chinaman remarked: "Americans very wasteful. That woman good for ten years yet."
—*Jester.*

Blue eyes gaze at mine—vexation
Soft hand clasped in mine—palpitation
Fair hair brushing mine—expectation
Red lips close to mine—temptation
Footsteps—damnation.

SONNET ON A WORK OF ART

How like the high noon's golden rounded sun
That glows through splendent film of pearly cloud,
Is this fair saffron disc in wealth endowed
With opalescent clothes by fairies spun
From viscous iridescence. Surely one
Who beauty loves must cry its praise aloud
As faultless art to make a Titian proud,
A masterpiece, transcendent, grandly done.
And when I see this gem of elegance
Now nestle on its bed of comely brown,
My heart leaps up, my senses wildly dance,
And ardently I claim it Beauty's crown.
O glorious poached egg on buttered toast,
Of morning visions, you must rank foremost.

He: Have a cigarette?

She: Sir, are you trying to insult me? I am the mother of five children.

He: Oh, in that case have a cigar.

Sunday school teacher: Now, dear children, tell me the last thing you do before going to bed.

Wise child: Put the doorkey in the mail box for Grandmother.

Cinderella: Godmother, must I leave the prom at twelve?

The Good Fairy: You'll not go at all if you don't stop swearing.

Silas Clam
Lies on the floor;
He tried to slam
A swinging door.
—*Exchange.*

First student (as plane goes into spin: Quick, what do I do now, instructor?

Second student: Hell's bells—aren't you the instructor?

A Kansas farmer stopped at a bank to see if he could get a loan on his farm.

"It might be arranged," said the banker. "I'll drive out with you and appraise it."

"You needn't to bother," said the farmer, noticing a huge cloud of dust rolling up the road. "Here it comes now."
—*Duke 'n' Duchess.*

EXPLANATION

TO THE STUDENTS:

In the last issue of THE STUDENT the name of a local organization appeared in the story "Man-Trap." This was a purely fictitious story submitted by the author as a class theme. The editor of THE STUDENT considered the story worthy of publication, but due to carelessness failed to note that K. A. was used as the name of the mythical fraternity in the story. No references to the Kappa Alpha Fraternity or any other local organization were intended by either the author or myself. I would like to apologize to the members of Kappa Alpha for my neglect in failing to change the name in the story before publication.

H. FRED JOHNSON.

An English cub reporter, frequently reprimanded for relating too many details and warned to be brief, turned in the following:

"A shooting affair occurred last night. Sir Dwight Hopeless, a guest at Lady Panmore's ball, complained of feeling ill, took a highball, his hat, his coat, his departure, no notice of friends, a taxi, a pistol from his pocket and finally his life. Nice chap. Regrets and all that sort of thing."
—*Exchange.*

"I've just taken a shine to your wife," said the stork to the Negro when leaving the house.

There he was swimming in the cold water, battling heroically against the waves. "Just a half mile more," he thought, "and I'll make the shore." His strokes were getting weaker. He could hardly lift an arm any more. The beach was only a few yards away. His last efforts were too much. He began to grow dizzy. Then his head began to swim and carried him to the shore.

Then there was the member of the track squad who was such a poor high jumper that he couldn't clear his throat.

Olaf: I'm groping for words.

Alice: Well, you don't expect to find them around my neck, do you?

GENERAL MERCHANDISE STORE

(*Continued from page six*)

All in all, our products are of such high quality that they are in ever-increasing demand all over the world. To meet this demand, a shipping department, with headquarters in the Dean's office and the Student Council room, has been established. Business has been good for some time, and shipments (business term meaning shippings) are being made with great regularity. We have it from authoritative sources that the enormous amount of exhaustive and painstaking work done here has resulted in bringing Utopia three minutes and twenty-nine seconds closer.

A FAREWELL TO SPORTS

(*Continued from page seven*)

since 1933. From the ignominious grid team of 1933 which scored in only one game to the fine eleven of the past season, from a pitifully weak series of basketball teams to the five that defeated every Southern Conference team at least once this year, from a second division baseball team to the 1936 champions, this is what I have seen in the evolution of Wake Forest athletics.

I deeply regret having finished my work in the midst of this athletic renaissance, but I leave with the satisfaction of having seen Wake Forest rise from the depths of defeat to the success of victory. I sincerely hope that my successors in this field will be able to witness as great progress and development in the next four years as has been my pleasure to see in the past four.

One: Quis erat illa domina quacum te vidi extrema nocte?

Two: Illa erat nulla domina, erat mea femina.

"THE FRIENDLY PLACE"

We Appreciate Your Business

THE COLLEGE SODA SHOP

Candy : Sandwiches : Cigarettes
Student Supplies

We'll Be Seeing You in
Summer School

BEN ELLIOTT——
PATRONIZE STUDENTS
——FRED WILLIAMS

"THE FRIENDLY PLACE"

CAMPUSOLOGY

(*Continued from page eight*)

Roosevelt as first-class stamp collectors Campbell even sent a letter to the South Pole with Admiral Byrd in order to obtain the cancelled stamp straight from Little America. Married man Burke seems to specialize in decrepit Fords and yelping hound dogs. Dynamite Holton has a doggy outfit—in a small way. He even sells the insects!

Bill Edwards invariably imitates a train at every dance he attends, if Bobby Langston gives him a chance. Langston holds everyone's attention with his mournful mooings over the mike. Med School Lyday religiously goes to all social functions—that is, if he can find an unsuspecting pawn shop. George Corrie has a good collection of old books, but his latest interest is a set of "talking books" which was sent him by the Government. Wirt Corrie, the kid brother, worries everyone to death asking for novelty match covers, of which he has a goodly number. The Hayes boys have reserved seats at all meetings of the Gambleton Club. Ed Wyatt can give you more baseball statistics in fifteen minutes than you can remember in a year. He also contributes many artistic sketches to the various publications. Jack Kester is an up-and-coming Rembrandt of the new school, and David Morgan and Charles Allen swing the brush the money way—by sign painting. Roy Liles is a big shot in local Scouting circles, and Wade Baker barbers in local scalping circles.

These and many more comprise the Wake Forest student body. The motto seems to be: Dust we are, to dust we'll return; but—say, kid—let's have a little fun while we're kicking it up.

Always Something New

HABERDASHERY AND HATS

The Vogue Shop For Men

213 Fayetteville Street : Raleigh, N. C.

SPRING SUITS $17.50 to $35

TUX SPECIAL Complete Outfit $24.75

TAILS Complete Outfit $34.75

THE SEA ROLLED ON

(*Continued from page twelve*)

that the two of us are just before cashing in for good! I, for one, will be just as happy if it keeps right on booming merrily."

Days, then weeks, rolled by. The former party-chasers surf-casted for channel bass, caught shell-fish and crabs on the inside shore, and acquired hot, burning sun-tans. As Childs had predicted, the nerves of both men became strained by the unaccustomed quiet, and the constantly beating sun rays fevered their brains more than they realized. To add to their troubles, they had forgotten to bring along any quinine, and malaria soon sapped their strength and vitality. During the fourth week the wind shifted to the North, and mosquitoes by the swarms attacked their little hut and its occupants. No amount of screening or smoking could keep the vicious insects from between the widely spaced floorboards or the well-ventilated roof, and the modern Robinson Crusoes tumbled, tossed, or walked the beach instead of sleeping.

"If it weren't for those bets I'd set out walking tomorrow," Woltz exclaimed after a particularly bad day. "What fools we were to start this thing, anyhow!"

The writer turned upon his fellow sufferer, eyes hollow from lack of sleep. "I'll stick it out for five more days—until the end of the week; then if I don't feel better and if the weather hasn't changed I'm going to leave this God-forsaken piece of sand and go back to civilization!"

"You'll get better," the cinema king soothed him. "This dry calm can't last! We'll stay on and collect those bets—if we went back now we'd be called quitters for the rest of our lives."

"Damn the bets and damn those smug sophisticates who right now are sipping their drinks and laughing about the good time *we're* having!" the sick man shouted at his startled friend. "They're listening to some noise—cars starting, tires squealing, elevateds rumbling—everything but the surf—boom, boom, boom all day, all night, all the time!"

He raised himself from the bunk and started across the room, but his weakened body rebelled and with a little moan he sank to the floor. Woltz got him back in bed and bathed his head until the lanky author fell into a troubled sleep. Then, utterly exhausted, he too lay down and slept fitfully.

Childs awoke much later in the night and after listening carefully to the other's deep breathing, rose, stumbled across the room, through the door, and out into the inky darkness. His fevered brain urged him on and on, down the beach toward civilization. His beclouded senses told him that the surf—the surf he had cursed so long and so heartily—was quiet, like a monster awaiting its prey.

What was it that Woltz had said? Something about their cashing in when the booming was stilled? His glazed eyes turned seaward, but found nothing to be alarmed over. What they did not see, however, was a bank of ominous-looking clouds, revealed by occasional flashes of lightning, that rolled swiftly after him. He trudged slowly on and did not worry even when the rain began. But when the wind blew harder and harder, when the surf reached long, wet fingers after him, he wondered—*cashing in?* Perhaps Bob had been right. Perhaps . . . his feet stumbled and he collapsed gently on the sand.

* * * * *

Three days later a Coast Guard boat cruised slowly along the inner shore. The hurricane had struck harder on this deserted beach than anyone had realized. Many inlets had been cut through from the sound to the ocean, for the raging waves had entirely covered the highest sand dunes. Everything was gone, even the wild cattle which had formerly roamed the narrow desert.

The steersman pointed out a new inlet through which the tide was running swiftly. 'That's about where that old fishing shack used to stand—it's a good thing no one was there during the big blow!"

"And look down the shore," another guardsman spoke; "that's the thirteenth new cut we've seen in the beach today. Funny that the two should be so close together—just never can tell, I reckon."

And all the time the surf was purring gently, like a sleek and well-fed cat.

CONSIDER YE THE MED SCHOOL

(*Continued from page fifteen*)

These are only a handful of the many courses that are offered. Write for our latest catalog, complete with a list of all grads of the Med School. Included with all requests as an inducement is a set of unretouched French-art pictures taken on the Wake Forest Golf Course. Write now for the catalog and see for yourself. And remember—the Wake Forest Med School practically guarantees you a job in the CCC immediately upon graduation. What other school is doing that in these hard times?

TRUE STORY

McCracken (at breakfast): Butts, get me half a cup of coffee, please.

Butts: We don't do things by halves around here.

Mac: Yeah? We've got a half-wit waiter, anyway.

Anybody could be one of those realistic painters if he'd just get a model with the hiccups.

Arch McMillan says that "in the Spring a young man's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of what the girls have been thinking about all Winter."

Sitting around the frat house they were swapping lies.

"When I was in Montana," said one of them, "I saw a mountain lion come right up to the camp one day. It was a fierce beast, but I, with great presence of mind, threw a bucket of water in its face and it slunk away."

"Boys," said a man sitting in the corner, "I can vouch for the truth of that story. A few minutes after that happened I was coming down the side of the hill. I met this lion, and is my habit, stopped to stroke his whiskers. Boys, those whiskers were wet."

"Drink," said the Irish preacher, "is the greatest curse of the country. It makes you quarrel with your neighbor. It makes you shoot at your landlord, and it makes you miss him."

—*Exchange.*

"Render Unto Caesar" ...

Few students when they read THE STUDENT and look with interest through its pages realize the long hours of continued effort and capability required of the staff in the preparation of copy, calls on the merchants, and the many other endless duties required of an efficient staff member. So—give it a thought and render a tribute to those staff members of your publication who have served faithfully their school and their fellow students in these extra curricula activities.

Edwards & Broughton Company

RALEIGH, N. C.

Janet Gaynor says:
"Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies"



"I live at the beach most of the year and there is hardly a weekend that a number of friends don't drop in. Naturally, I keep several brands of cigarettes on hand, but the Luckies are always the first to disappear. I suppose it's just natural that Luckies would be the favorite brand because picture work certainly places a severe tax on the throat. Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies because they are a light smoke that sympathizes with tender throats."

Janet Gaynor

FEMININE STAR OF DAVID O. SELZNICK'S TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION OF "A STAR IS BORN"

Copyright 1937 The American Tobacco Company

The Finest Tobaccos—
"The Cream of the Crop".



An independent survey was made recently among professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, over 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke.

Miss Gaynor verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do other leading artists of the radio, stage, screen and opera. Their voices are their fortunes. That's why so many of them smoke Luckies. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on the throat.

A Light Smoke

"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATION
AGAINST COUGH

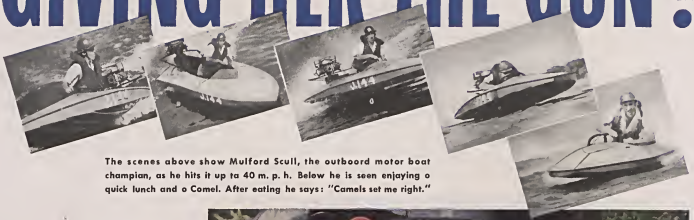
THE STUDENT

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE
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Vol. LIV. OCTOBER 1937 No. 1

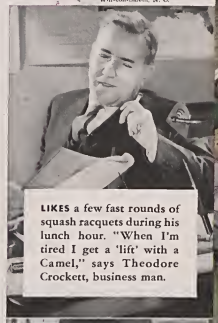


GIVING HER THE GUN!



The scenes above show Mulford Scull, the outboard motor boat champion, as he hits it up to 40 m. p. h. Below he is seen enjoying a quick lunch and a Camel. After eating he says: "Camels set me right."

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



LIKES a few fast rounds of squash racquets during his lunch hour. "When I'm tired I get a 'lift' with a Camel," says Theodore Crockett, business man.





"A SALESGIRL can't afford jangled nerves," says Maxine Hollen. "I've chosen Camels—once and for all. Camels don't upset my nerves or irritate my throat."

IN 1929, Mulford Scull became National Amateur Champion. This year he made a clean sweep of the Class "A" Outboard events at the Miami Regatta. The trophies he's won in his years of racing fill a room.

Jolts, vibration, nervous tension—are all part of what an outboard driver undergoes. In Mulford Scull's own words:

"The way these outboards bounce knocks the daylights out of digestion. Yet when chow comes around, I'm right there—all set with Camels. They help keep my digestion on an even keel. And they never jangle my nerves."

JACK OAKIE IS BACK ON THE AIR!

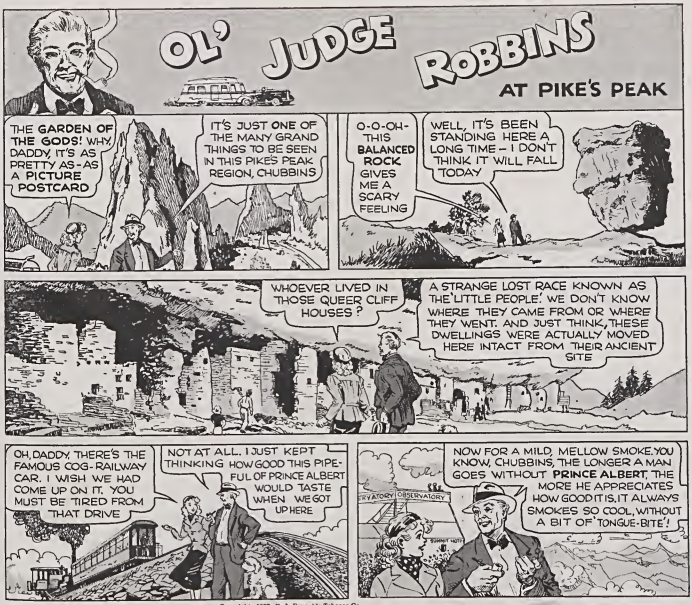
Tune in on the fun-making President of Oakie College and his college variety show, including *Benny Goodman's Swing Band*, this Tuesday night at 9:30 p.m E.S.T., 8:30 p.m C.S.T., 7:30 p.m M.S.T., 6:30 p.m P.S.T.—WABC-CBS.

Costlier Tobaccos are Naturally Mild!

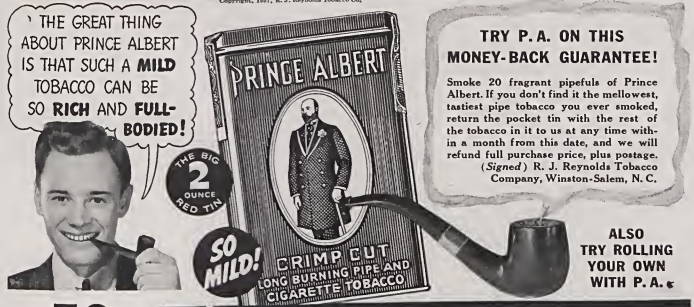
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . Turkish and Domestic . . . than any other popular brand.



FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS!



Copyright, 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



TRY P. A. ON THIS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.

(*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

ALSO TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN WITH P. A.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

SHOES IN THE NEWS = JARMAN STYLES

NEW LEATHER TONES FOR FALL WEAR

Smarter, richer leathers make better looking shoe styles . . . and in our new showing of Jarman Friendly and Jarman Custom shoes, you can find the smartest styled leather tones of the Season. . . Norwegian Calf, Grey Scottie Buck, Scotch Grain, Smooth Calfskin and others—these rich, durable leathers in our new Jarman styles enable us to offer you a real selection to look over for your Fall footwear. . . Come in and let us fit you. . . $5 to $7.50.



Here's the "Fleetwood," a new wingtip, available in black or brown. A Jarman Friendly Shoe.

TREAD-TESTED
Jarman Shoes are Tread-Tested by actual walking tests.

The "Wedgewood," a Jarman Custom straight tip, with "balanced swing" construction — allows room for the natural outflare of your foot.

$5 to $7.50

The "Parkwood," a Jarman Friendly shoe, in the popular Raglan blucher style—imported English crepe soles.

Jarman
FRIENDLY SHOES
CUSTOM SHOES

Sam Sidenberg, Mgr.

B. & S. DEPT. STORE



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Dopes and Comment

PROBABLY too much has been said already about boners. Being the most common exemplification of student density, they are given entirely too much publicity. People are going to get the impression that college men are dumb. But when a really outstanding case of mental instability comes to our attention we feel that it is clearly our duty to call the public attention to it in the hope of remedying the evil to a certain extent. "Before the industrial revolution," explained one of our scholars recently, "people reproduced by hand." Which goes to show you that homo sapiens knew a thing or two even that far back.

MODERN architecture is certainly a specialized science. Excess gas generated by the forensic pyrotechnics in the sanctorums of both Phi and Eu is taken care of quite cleverly by an outlet system running underground from Wait Hall. If you can't take our word for it, take a look at the man-holes at each end of the building. They steam incessantly. Damned ingenious, no?

ALL week *we've* been thinking. The result of all this cogitation is the conclusion that Ben Fisher is right. The incident took place in one of Dr. Sledd's English sections. "Now, young gentlemen," quoth Dr. Sledd, "there are some discoveries which have played a great part in changing the face of the world. Just which discoveries would you say had taken the lead?" "Cosmetics," asserted Mr. Fisher, positively.

THE alarm-clock situation is simply terrible. We're wondering if something can't be done about it. You cherish the things in sickness and in



health, wind them every night, set them, and delegate to them the responsibility of getting you to your eight-o'clock class. The result you hope for is not unreasonable. The contraptions should, to merit the attention lavished upon them, maintain a batting average of at least .500. But no. They explode in the middle of the night, or wait until you've slept peacefully through breakfast, and then set up a tardy, guilty commotion. Swearing at them does no good. They're apparently impervious to dropping. Quite an opportunity for the well-known American inventive genius.

FRESHMAN DEIBLER, a congenial lad from the wilds of Joisey, masticates his daily sustenance at the fifth table over at Newsom's. Unfortunately for him, Beamer Barnes is also a regular sitter-inner at the same board. Unfortunately, we say, because poor Mr. Deibler is constantly nauseated at Beamer's profound ignorance of things in general. Upon learning that the new man was from the North, Barnes assumed his best yokel deadpan and began plying him with questions concerning the norther's mode of attire, habits of conduct, *et cetera*. The interrogation at last got around to the forms of diversion subscribed to by our northern brethren. Beamer was patently scandalized to learn of night-clubs and burlesque. He lapsed into silent horror when told that people sometimes frequented the dens of infamy until after midnight. But it was his turn to be scandalized when Deibler confessed the fact that he had never partaken of chitlin's.

YOU can always have a lot of fun hanging around the Registrar's office whilst freshmen are getting themselves registered. Questions and answers flow freely, and many of them are wont to throw your funny bone into convulsions. It seems to us that this year's prize question came from the green-headed sapling who sidled up to one of the professors and confidentially propounded this one: "Just between us two, where would you say is the best place to register around here?"

We tried mighty hard, but were un-

(*Continued on page seventeen*)

RUFUS CRATER, Editor

The
WAKE FOREST STUDENT
October 1937

RAY BRADY, Business Manager

Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice at Wake Forest, N. C., 11 January 1932, under Act of Congress of 3 March 1879. Published six times during the college year by the students of Wake Forest College and sponsored by the English Department.

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MEMBER OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

STUDENT BEAUTIFICATION PROJECT

We of the STUDENT are undertaking a STUDENT Beautification Project which we sincerely hope will add to the magazine's all-round attractiveness—in make-up, lay-out, and general context. This project, begun in this issue, will get into full swing with the next issue and will follow definite lines which we have in mind.

It is our humble opinion that in the final analysis it is the art work which either makes or breaks a magazine. An attractive lay-out and art work well done can make any magazine look many hundreds per cent better, and by the same reasoning poor art work can be the ruin of a book that otherwise has the makings of a good magazine. With this in mind we go about getting up this year's STUDENTS for you.

This issue we tried to use good illustrations for as many of the articles as possible. We believe that it will be worth the price. Next issue we again intend to use as many illustrations, photographs, and cartoons as possible, but in addition to that we want to make it look better than ordinary art work could possibly do.

Therefore, with your permission we are going to run pictures of your girls. Of course it will be impossible to print pictures of *all* your girls—(where would be put pictures of five thousand women?)—but we do intend to send forth a committee into the rooms of all students, with instructions to bring back ten pictures that they think best looking. Ten such pictures would beautify the pages of any magazine.

So within the next few days you will probably be pestered by four or five boys barging into your rooms and demanding that you show them your girl. Then when you think maybe you have got rid of them they may come trooping back to tell you that they want to borrow HER picture for a few days.

Don't think these boys impudent. Deep down under, they are good boys, sincere in their search for truth. Deal kindly with them.

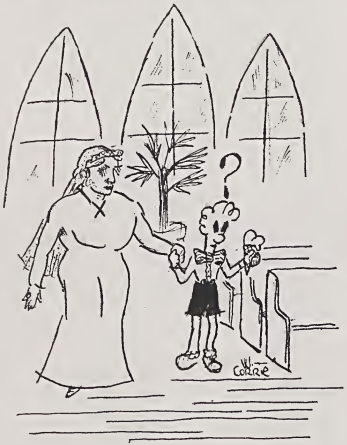
The selection of the beauties will be left up to five men—three staff members and two non-staffers. We hope that they will see every girl's picture within the confines of Wake Forest before they make their final selections—and if they haven't been around to look at your girl in a few days, drop us a card and we'll send them around. Decisions of the judges will be final, and all pictures taken for publication will be returned unimpaired.

We sincerely hope that everyone will coöperate with us in our effort to improve the looks of these pages. We assure you that our intentions are strictly honorable—that is, in so far as the intentions of any college publication might be said to be honorable.

P.S.—If you're worrying about what you're going to do without HER picture for a few days in case she's one of the winners, just remember that your sacrifice will be to the interest of the STUDENT, of some nine hundred other boys and, in the long run, of yourself—for in the end you'll have your picture back, plus another one in the STUDENT.

WARNING: If you have more than one girl, and of course you have, (if your Number One happens to read this, our name is MUD), you'd better be careful about which pictures you enter in the competition. We just thought we'd tell you.

THE WILY WAYS OF A WICKED WOMAN



A TRUE CONFESSION

by

JACK SAWYER

I was a victim of the social order. I was a modern slave, having my honor sold for the gain of others. Oh the irony of it all! Why couldn't someone have told me!

One day when I came in the house after romping with my playmates I was introduced to one of the most fascinating women I've seen in all my nine years of inexperience. She was about 36 years of age, had beautiful blonde hair, a gorgeous figure, and an amazing personality.

I stared at her without speaking, and she said, "My, what a cute little boy!"

My senses then should have told me that this creature had designs on me. But I, an innocent babe, did not recognize the danger signal.

This woman frequently visited my house after that, always making pointed inquiries about me.

Then one day I received an invitation to a party given by her for her little sister, who was about my age. I accepted with pleasure, little knowing what was in store for me.

The party began, as all respectable parties should, with games similar to "Drop the Handkerchief" and "Pin on the Donkey's Tail." Then, before I had realized it, the trend of the party had changed. From these simple games, the guests turned to, horror of all horrors, "Postoffice."

I was told that there was a "letter" for me. Rather than be a blight on the party, I went to receive this "letter," determined to get it all over with as quickly as possible. However, my whole soul revolted at such immoral behavior.

I retired to the anteroom to meet the "sender" of my "letter" and was astonished to find that it was the fascinating creature who had visited my home.

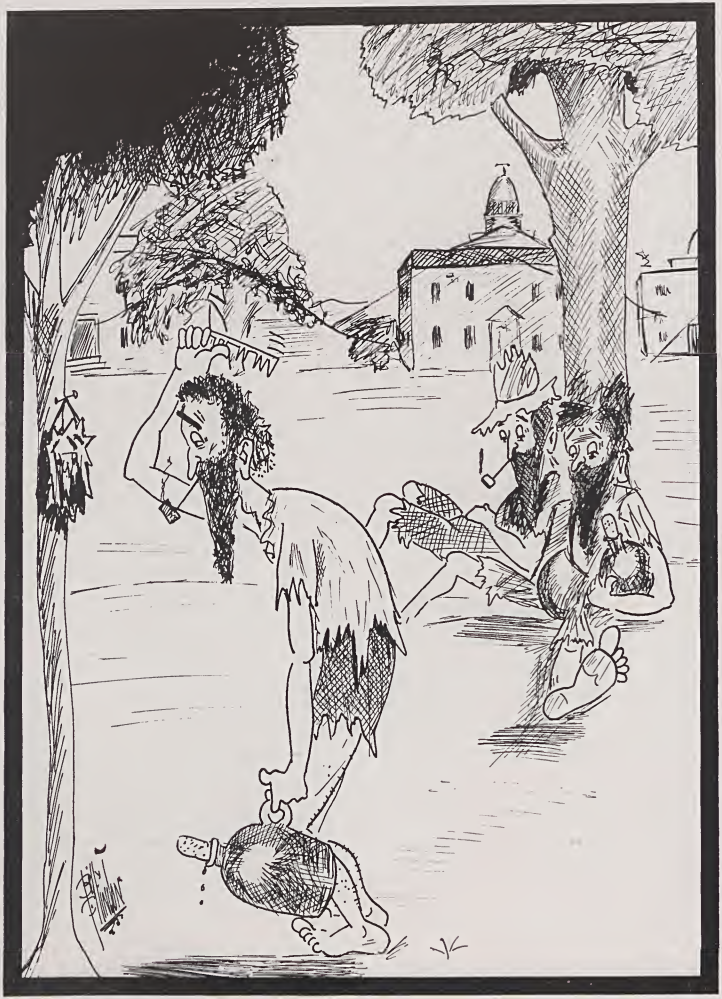
She advanced upon me and, despite my resistance, planted a kiss firmly upon my brow. While I stood, rooted to the floor with indignation, my cheeks flaming, she smiled. I turned and fled from that shameful scene, vowing never again to return.

But in two or three days she again reappeared at my home. This time she had a lengthy conversation with my parents which was accompanied by much nodding of heads and gesticulation. Finally it seemed that an agreement was reached, for they rose, smiling, and she left.

The next night Papa asked me if I would like to go to another party which was being held at a house in the next block. After some persuasion on his part, I went. But again it was my dire misfortune to perceive my fascinating persecutrix. She made a beeline for me and showered me with all her attentions. Out of politeness I could not walk away from her with all the other persons looking on.

Finally she suggested that we go to the punch-bowl and have some ginger ale. Ah, luckless *greed* that was stronger than reason! All my life I had heard that magic name — ginger ale — but had been afraid to mention anything about it at home because of my parents' antipathy towards strong drink.

(*Continued on page seventeen*)



"I don't know what's got into Pappy. Since he joined the K. A. boys and quit his feudin' with them other Gricks, he's allus a-slickin' up."

Warm Bull's Blood

by ED GAMBRELL

Fiction

The women in Las Peidras were stout and dark and even in the daytime wore old silk evening dresses, high heels and the reddest of lipstiek. They lived in tiny grey adobe hovels around the Gulf Saloon, the only place in Las Peidras that could be called a store.

Jimmy liked one of these women, and as the yelling, sweating crew of the *Lashaway* let out the big dirty hawsers to the long, slender pier at Las Peidras, Jimmy finished drying his dishes and hurriedly stuck himself into a pair of white ducks and a white polo shirt that let a great deal of the matty hair on his chest stick through.

"Jeeze, Rebel, is I happy! You laugh—dey all do. But dis ain't just any old slut. She's young and pretty. Jus' wait'll you see her, kid."

"I'm waitin'." Rebel, fresh-shaven and in blue dungarees and a white shirt, leaned in the doorway watching Jimmy put on a pair of black brogans.

"An' hands off, no funny stuff. See, kid?"

"You needn't worry. I wouldn't touch de wench with a oar."

"She ain't no wench, either," Jimmy defended. "She's respectable, see!"

"Dey all are when you fall for 'em like dat."

"Come on—let's get going. I gotta git back and wait on dem dam' gold-braids at supper."

"O.K., kid, take it easy."

The pair stepped out of the after-quarters on to the steel plates of the afterdeck.

"Wait a minute, Rebel! I gotta git dem Japanese silk pee jamahs I got in Aruba for Marie." He rushed back in but soon reappeared with a small bundle wrapped in a newspaper.

"Hell, why don't you move down here?" Rebel exclaimed.

"Oh, be quiet and let's get going."

The two, Jimmy, short and hairy, and Rebel, tall and slender, were an odd pair groping over the maze of oil pipes on the pier toward the white sandy beach that circled a pretty blue bay and led to the Gulf Saloon a mile or so away.

"'Cigaretto! Cigaretto!' dat's all dey say down here. Don't give none of de punks any or dey'll bother us to death." Jimmy complained as he and Rebel strode past half-breeds who sat in front of their mud huts watching the bay and the blue horizon.

"Dere she is." Jimmy hurried up. "Remember, no funny stuff. She's got a friend for you!"

"What am I supposed to say? I can't speak this blasted Spanish."



"Say anything, kid. Dey don't know what you say, but dey all know what you mean."

In the doorway stood Marie, young but bulgy in a red silk evening dress. Rebel pointed scornfully. "Cripes, Jimmy, you don't love *that!*"

"Listen, you! Sure I do, and no cracks, see?"

Jimmy went up to her, patted her shoulder and beamed as she greeted him excitedly. Her black eyes danced under her wavy black hair, but their beauty was quite out of place above her gaudy, crimson lips and red evening gown.

They walked into a room which was bare except for an old iron frame bed, a stove, a round table, and several chairs.

"Marie, get Mechacha for amigos." Jimmy sat down, holding his package away from Marie.

"O.K., Jimmee," Marie said, releasing the package, and ran out.

As soon as she was gon, Rebel turned to Jimmy. "You don't like that fat slob, Jimmy?"

"Hell, yeh! I like her, and you can keep your blinkin' mouth shut about it!"

"All right, all right—if that's the way you feel about it. But where has the slob gone to now?"

"Cut out the funny talk, Rebel. I mean it. She's gone to get somebody for you."

"I'll kiss a monkey if that ain't a lie! That slut ain't getting nobody for me. I thought you had something here, Jimmy. Blast it, I'll never sign on another tanker on dis run!"

"Quit yer griping and go get us a jug of monkey-rum. Don't let the heat get you down!"

"All right, then, a jug of monkey-rum it is, and to hell with everybody!" Rebel walked out toward an orange stucco building where several natives babbled in their South American Spanish.

Inside, an old victrola with a large horn blared out some pre-war harmonies.

"Monkey-rum—I want a jug of monkey-rum, and keep the change. . . . Hey, what's dis!"

Several natives were running past the bar and into the court of the Gulf Saloon. They were yelling some phrase in their broken language. Rebel looked into the court.

"Well, I'll be! The blasted cannibals!" With this he grabbed the demijohn of rum the dirty bartender had swung onto the counter and ran out of the saloon toward Marie's house.

(*Continued on page twenty*)

PROFILES

"Coon"

Coon is by way of being what is known as a character.

Coon's been around almost long enough to be a tradition. He has long since become an institution. The hundred-pound philosopher, chocolate of hue, is as convincing as a shotgun and as well-known around the campus as one of Dr. Sledd's dryads. He lives in the Afro-American quarter of Wake Forest, surrounded by eight children and innumerable dogs. Coon has had to part with many of his canine companions because, he says, "they et too much."

Christened Walter Lee Mitchell, but "Coon" to the citizenry, his primary interest in life is making things hard for the Devil. He harries Satan relentlessly, preaching with great vim and with very little or no provocation at any hour or place. He not infrequently stages impromptu services for the benefit of the souls of the collegiate miscreants who take nourishment at Miss Jo's boarding-house, where he "he'ps out." He will drop the little wheel-barrow upon which he hauls his daily collection of boxes, and start defending the basic virtues in the middle of the thoroughfare, if, in his opinion the occasion seems to warrant it.

Once he has started declaiming, he remains undismayed by the seantiest turnout or the largest congregation. Coon can take his text from any portion of "de Book" and paint word-pictures of such a horrible nature as to make the most hardened sinner among us repent and turn over the next leaf. He is not hampered by his lack of learning. "You take Amos," says he. "Amos never had nary bit o' eddication, an' he was one of the mos' polluted men in the Bible." He offers it as conclusive testimony that formal education is not only a non-essential but a definite handicap. "When I gits to a verse that I don' understand, I just prays, an' the nex' time I look at it, it's jes' as clear as day," he avers. Coon doesn't remember when he started spreading Gospel. The urge to disseminate truth started gnawing on him at a very early age, along with a desire to orate—and he did have a certain flair for oratory.

Probably the most outstanding of Coon's attributes is his complete and cheerful acquiescence. His instant response to everything is "All right. . . ." And whether you bid him good morning or inquire as to the present state of his health, he just grins and replies, "All right. All right!"

However simple his phraseology may be at times, his statements have a foundation of veracity. And what's more, they carry the weight of conviction, for here is a man who believes what he says and remembers it, too. His ability to convince his congregation of anything is probably accountable to some form of mass-hypnotism. He evinces an implicit and literal belief in everything in the Bible.

Coon doesn't limit his activities to the spiritual sphere, however. Definitely not. Besides being the mainstay of the culinary department at Miss Jo's, he manages to lend his services to practically every building project of any importance in the town or on the campus. He has come to be regarded in local architectural circles as practically invaluable. Of course, sometimes he isn't able to get around until rather late in the stage of construction, but he never slights anybody.

Coon is our nomination for exhibit A in defense of the ancient hypothesis that appearances are deceiving. To look at him, you'd hardly guess his eminence. For he isn't imposing. He is more the little corporal type. Diminutive and burnt sienna, he doesn't appear to be of the sterner stuff of which the great are made. But to watch him enthralling the multitudes with his scintillating rhetoric is enough to stamp him as the modern Demosthenes.

Coon has been married twenty years. His love life first blossomed as the rose when he answered, through clairvoyance or some other inexplicable extra-sensory perception, the plea of a love-lorn colored lady in the "lonely hearts" department of a paper. Having survived the twenty-year test, with a happy issue out of all his afflictions, he is, of course, well-qualified for his calling. The oracle has regular Sunday effusions, and baits Beelzebub on weeknights, too, "ef dat other nigger dou' git dere first." He usually makes his stand at "the Tabernacle" just east of the tracks. You can't miss it, if you're interested in ridding yourself of excess iniquity.

And it would be an experience.

—Phil Highfill.

SOME HELP, EH WHAT? DEPT.

"Help your wife," says *Good Housekeeping* magazine. "When she mops up the floor, mop up the floor with her."

A blotter is something you spend your time trying to find while the ink is drying.

—*Punch Bowl.*

On the facing page are shown the twelve men who were this year selected for membership into Golden Bough. Selection is made by a combined vote of juniors, seniors, and professional students, the faculty and members of the organization. An honor organization, Golden Bough has as its purpose "the perpetuation at Wake Forest College of the high standard of scholarship, Christian character, and efficient leadership."


GOLDEN BOUGH
DICK HOWERTON
JIM WALLER
RUFUS CARTER
T. SLOANE GUY
JACK HUTCHINS
ED KNOTT
JOHN EZELL
FORREST GLASS
BILL STAINBACK
E P PEARCE
LYNWOOD WILLIAMS
AL SIMMS

The COSMOPOLITE of the Month:



PROFESSOR J. G. CARROLL

by
RUFUS CRATER

ABOUT a year ago I happened to overbear the conversation of two Wake Forest students. One of them was in trouble—he lacked the money to stay in school. He needed a job, and it was at a time when jobs were just about as prevalent bereabouts as the proverbial and slightly frayed hen's teeth. The boy didn't know what to do; he was ready to call it quits, pack up and go home.

But the other lad bad something better to offer. It was a simple suggestion, but typical of any Wake Forester who has been here long enough to learn bis professors: "Why don't you talk to Fesser about it?"

What the boy replied makes little difference to us now; for our purposes it doesn't matter whether he took his friend's advice or whether he didn't. For us it's just that this incident, not an uncommon one, serves to show bow high Professor J. G. Carroll stands in the opinions of students bere at Wake Forest.

IF you were to go to Professor Carroll with any such high-flown title as "Probably the Best Liked Man on the Faculty," Fessor would laugh it down. He would poo-poo you and ask you bow everything was getting along when you left Dix Hill. He might ask you if you expected to pass math.

But the fact remains — though it wouldn't do you any good to tell him so—that no matter what the trouble, sooner or later all the boys go to Fessor. And there are hundreds of boys—boys who are in school now and men who were boys here last year and the year before that, and years and years before that—who will swear to it both reverently and vehemently.

FOR seventeen years Professor Carroll has been math instructor, unofficial dean, and just-about-everything-else to Wake Forest boys. Hardly a day passes when at least three or four boys don't stay after class to find out why x is equal to y when it look like it ought to be pi-squared over the prime meridian or something. Not infrequently they wait around to tell him something that has happened back home—maybe somebody is sick, or maybe they got married; maybe their daddies used to be in school with Professor and said to tell him something. More often they just hang around to shoot the bull.

But no matter what the occasion, they always find a good listener, one who is interested in whatever they have to say, and one who can give good advice about anything from math to girl friends to curing tobacco.

PROFESSOR CARROLL first came to Wake Forest back in 1904, when be entered as a green young freshman, even as you and I. Back then he had plenty of hair, too, but that has long since been replaced by a rosy glow.

That hair, or lack of it, incidentally has become one of Professor's favorite jokes. "Why," be says, "it's hard to remember the time when I didn't comb my hair with a wash-cloth." And he likes to recall the fellow in his astronomy class who continually mistook his head for the full mon. "But he might have had something there, at that," confesses Fessor.

For a number of years after being tendered his sheepskin here in 1908, James Grover Carroll (that's way the diploma read) was acting head of what is now Wingate Junior College, although in those days it was known more simply as a boarding school. While there he was the head-knocker in everything — academic work, athletics, publications, *et al.*, *et cetera*, *ad infinitum*.

After Wingate, Professor Carroll spent one year at Guilford College as Professor of Physics and Mathematics. That was in 1918-1919. The next year be went to Clemson College, where be was Instructor of Physics along with Dr. Bill Speas, who was an associate in the same line. Then, in the fall of 1920, Professor Carroll brought his family to Wake Forest, which he has called home ever since.

PRETTY soon after moving here to take over a professorship of mathematics he was made Athletic Director, and he held this position for seven years. It was during his regime that Wake Forest had her last State Championship football team, during the final year of Hank Garrity's successful stay as Head Coach.

Professor Carroll is proud of the record the teams made in those days. According to him, "it looked like Carolina was never going to win another game from Wake Forest." The Demon Deacons won from the Tar Heels four years in a row —the last two years that Garrity was here and the two that Baldwin was at the head of the coaching staff. And as for Duke, well, "they just couldn't win for losing."

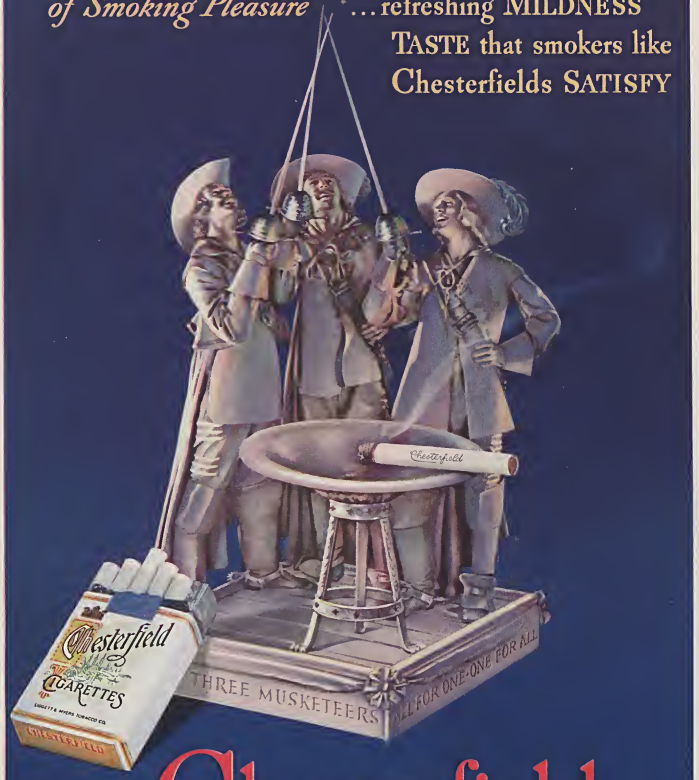
Although Wake Forest right now isn't perched on top of the state athletic heap, Professor Carroll still follows all the games with interest. And as far as his own athletic prowess is concerned, he plays a mighty mean game of golf himself —as Bursar E. B. Earnsbaw, or Dr. Black, or any others of the local professors can testify. He's a pretty consistent golfer, and that doesn't mean that he's consistently bad, either.

An incident showing bis interest in his golf game occurred during the past summer. The Wake faculty was playing the professors of Louisburg College on the local course, and Professor Carroll was

(*Continued on page nineteen*)

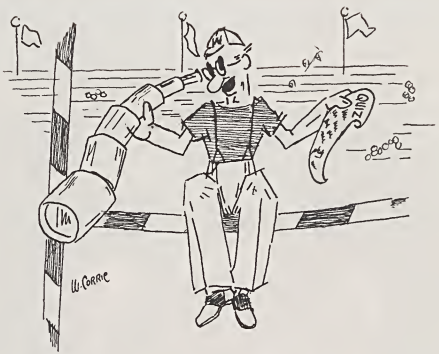
The Three Musketeers of Smoking Pleasure

... refreshing MILDNESS
TASTE that smokers like
Chesterfields SATISFY



Chesterfield

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The Scribners Quiz

By

ELMER HOOVER THERMOSJUG

Gentlemen—if indeed there be such who read this magazine—here is your chance. No longer can it be said that you have gone completely through college without passing a single quiz. For we are preparing to put one on the blackboard that anyone can pass without so much as batting an eyebrow, be he a college professor with a Ph.D. from Columbia or a college lad with the D.T.'s from Drinkwater.

Scribners has gone to considerable time and trouble to make out this quiz for you. In fact, it took considerable time and trouble to find twenty (20) questions that Wake Forest students can answer. In order to cope with this appalling situation we were forced to import a special scholar to compile the list of questions and answers. He is a man gifted in his field and well known to all of you—we present Dr. Elmer Hoover Thermosjug, Chairman of the Association of Retail Hardware Dealers of America. The answers will be found on page 74. Start to work now, and remember, no fair peeking! If you answer half the questions correctly, mark up 50 points for the home team; if you get three-fourths of them right, 75 points. And if you get them all correct, deduct 98 points for cribbing. Now go to it—and pass your first quiz!

1. For your personal information we'd like to tell you that you can be pretty sure of always finding Mr. Holliday at
   his office
   the oddest places
   a quarter past one

2. Although you've often seen them bumming toward Frankliuton, you probably didn't know that Wake Forest boys usually go there for
   the week end
   love or money
   spiritual guidance

3. The Bursar of Wake Forest College is
   in his office counting money
   adding his golf score
   worth his weight in gold (ours)

4. You've probably heard it all your life, but we'll bet you didn't know that the other line of "If ignorance is bliss" is
   "She'd be heavenly to kiss"
   "His happiness knows no bounds"
   "A man would have to be a fool to study, don't you think so?"

5. You see her picture every day, but do you know that Lydia E. Pinkham is
   the wife of one of the Smith Brothers
   a dollar a bottle
   Whistler's Mother
   sometimes referred to as "The Lady Who Couldn't Be Kissed"

6. When you go to Meredith the first thing you see is
   an invitation to spend the week end
   your roommate, dressed in your suit and dating your best girl
   a couple sneaking out the side door
   girls smoking opium in the parlors

7. If you ever happened into the Library it would be nice of you to compliment them on the new book they got this year, called
   Planter's Almanac
   How to Follow the Sawdust Trail
   Morning Hymns for Evening Vespers
   Tale of Peter Rabbit, The

8. You've probably dozed through any number of his classes, but did you

(Continued on page fourteen)

How I Became the Great Man that I Am . . .



AMERICAN scores another scoop with this, the greatest success story of all time . . . by the president of the freshman class

by BOB GOLDBERG

Votes! Votes! Men crowd and push around the polls! The air reeks with cigar smoke! Red faced boosters call their candidates' names with the voice of an auctioneer and the fervor of a Baptist preacher! The race is close—sundown draws near and the voting is about evenly divided! Despair! Black despair! No—wait! A truck rolls up—men pile out—a line is formed—marching in—I am breathless! Then, with them I see my manager! It is a majority, a blessed plurality! . . . I am made. . . .

So the election was won and I am to guide some three hundred men over the perilous seas of awakening knowledge, as it were. For the benefit of my multitudes of followers I shall offer some of my facts of life.

My start in life was very humble, and I am told that I first saw the light of day in a one-room cabin. Because of bad roads and the isolated place of my birth I was almost eight years old before I was able to attend a public school. However, my mother had taught me to read and cipher fairly well, and we together had read most of *Pilgrim's Progress*. I remained in the third grade one day and was sent immediately to the sixth, where by the dint of much effort, and the encouragement of my family I managed to keep up with the rest of the class.

Those years, I think, were the most trying in my life. In the winter I was forced to walk four miles over the worst country roads that can be conjured up in human imagination. The mud was so bad that I had to wear a pair of my sister's old stockings over my shoes in order to reach school with dry feet.

Now, after just this glimpse into the past annals of my life, I shall comment on a few habits which I have formed and found most useful. If they be eccentric—why so be they. But eccentricities often contain in them germs of helpful truth. I offer no apologies; I do not hope to be imitated, but if you find my suggestions useful, then I shall be most happy.

I find that in order to keep a clear mind and a well-ordered physical routine, certain early habits have been of great value to me during my years of early training. Sleep is one of the most vital and important things in life, and great care and regard should be given the matter of proper rest. I formed the habit of going to bed promptly at eight-thirty every night, and I make this an iron-clad rule.

Most people make the fatal mistake of choosing the softest mattress that can be found. This comfort is not only unnecessary but detrimental to the health of the sleeper. Soft beds produce weak spines, and with that weak spine, nervous disorders. In the summer I sleep on the floor with a blanket or sheet thrown over me, and in the winter I have a wide oak board which I slip between the mattress and the sheet. By resting on this hard surface the vertebrae of the back are strengthened, and the mental processes accelerated. I arise each morning at four-thirty sharp; I have found that the quiet hours of the morning when the mind is as fresh as a rose are the hours most conducive to clear thinking and creative work.

After a good night's rest the body processes have slowed down considerably and need a certain amount of stimulation. If hot water is available, I wrap my head in a steamed towel for about five minutes and then plunge under a cold shower. This always seems to speed up the molecular activity of the cerebal cortex.

Most people eat too much meat. Meat, though very appetizing, tends to produce a hyper-acidity in the system. In the summer I make it a point never to eat anything except raw vegetables. For breakfast I usually eat an apple or two; dinner consists of a head of raw cabbage and few carrots. Supper is my main meal; lettuce, pears, eggplant, parsnips, radishes, cucumbers, and a few peas make a wholesome and delightful repast.

Unfortunately I was born with a sluggish mind, or I should say that I was born with a mind that would not readily retain facts or formulate definite ideas. There was a time when my lessons were a horror to me; it seemed that I spent hours trying to remember the simplest facts. On day I ran across a small book, "Cranial Circulation," which gave me some insight as to my trouble; in this book was stated the fact that hazy ideas are largely the result of poor circulation of blood around the brain cells.

I set about to improve this condition of my brain and hit upon the following plan: When I have a lesson to prepare or some weighty matter to turn over in my mind, I place my desk lamp on the floor directly behind the head of my bed, which is pulled out

(*Continued on page seventeen*)

"Don't it beat hell," murmured the Devil as he gazed up into Paradise.

"It isn't sanitary," protested the traveler, "to have your house built over the hog pen that way."

"Well, I dunno," replied the farmer. "We ain't lost a hawg in fifteen years."

—*Log.*

One cold and rainy day three thousand years ago, Aesop stood shackled before 42,051 Roman soldiers. He raised his hands to command silence, drew himself up to his full height, looked them squarely in the eye and uttered these immortal words:

"Hi, Elmer!"

Concerning the progress of journalistic style in these parts, we give you a sample of copy turned in to Ye Ed Davy Morgan by News Ed Ted Phillips:

"Mr. Witheraway appeared in court Sunday afternoon before Recorder Haagg, and said before Mr. Haagg, that he does not know the person or persons, as the case may be, who did the hitting and the kicking, as he was struck in the eye first, so therefore he could not see anybody, which was his story in court, but the police know better, as it looks like a revenge or something he did to somebody in the past, and was followed from Newark by a gang, and when they saw he was alone took advantage of him whilst they had the chance."

First Summer Stude: Going over to the library?

Second Likewise: Nope, I've already got a date.

It is rumored about that Clemmy Crabtree was eating pig's knuckles the other day and ate all the way up to his elbows before he discovered his mistake, but we don't believe it.

OUR BID TO END ALL SUCH JOKES

Wife of Professor: Did you put the cat out, dear?

Prof.: I didn't know it was on fire.

A bulletin board outside a church announced, "Do you know what hell is?" Underneath was printed in small letters: "Come hear our agaaist."

—*Drexerd.*

THE SCRIBNER'S QUIZ

(*Continued on page twelve*)

know that Dr. Jones' head is completely covered with

The Lord's Prayer, written in italics
cigar ashes
pinfeathers

9. When the lights on Gore Field are turned off at half-time in a football game, it is to

save electricity
hide the band
conjure up memories of summer school
remove the dead

10. You often go there to get your throat sprayed, but did you know that the name of the College Infirmary is

Death Row
listed in Who's Who in America, 1898
printed over the door

11. If every student in WFC cut classes Friday and Saturday after Thanksgiving the professors would

not be surprised
sing Christmas carols
too
get together and play penny poker

12. Whether you have ever been there or not, we would like to inform you that the books in the North Reading Room of the Library are for

use of ministerial students only
pressing flowers
sale

13. The typewriter most used by *Old Gold and Black* is

an L. C. Smith
a Rembrandt
Everett Snyder's
unable to spell correctly

14. You've probably wondered a lot about it, so we'll tell you that Society Day was first begun in order to

commemorate the first dance held on the campus
permit boys to get their girls into football games free

15. If all Wake Forest Professors were laid end to end, they would

be much more comfortable
send home for their pajamas
all be facing East

16. To test your memory, try to recall that there was a great disturbance here last year concerning

dueling in the gym
the Culbertson system of asking bids
the purchase of a non-religious book for the Library

17. If you are well versed in the folk-lore of the Blue-Back Speller, you will know instantly that one of the following words is the victim of a typographical error

antidisestablishmentarianism
photoelectrolicarissamentricity
schlyrtzovlophdrianitivializziness
cow

18. If you have never read *Esquire* you can skip this question and see if we care: Petty is

a prominent contributor to the Sports Department of the magazine
the author of "Table of Contents, Alphabetized"
editorial comment on certain pictures shown in the magazine

19. Although you may be a profound student of the arts, you probably didn't know till now that "The House by the Side of the Road" is the work of

the Ritz Brothers
Frank Roosevelt
Chic Sale

Housewife: Am I too late for the garbage?

Garbage man: No, ma'am, jump right in.

—*Putt.*

Spokesman: Your Honor, we are Kappa Sigs and honest men.

Judge: Fine, the Kappa Sigs line up over on this side, and the honest men on the other.

"I used to know Mr. Smithers, who was with your firm. I understand that he is a tried and trusted employee—"

The banker looked at his questioner very coldly. "He was trusted, yes; and he will be tried, if we are fortunate enough to catch him."

On a street-car a man gave his seat to a woman. She fainted. When she recovered, she thanked him. Then he fainted.

Professor Clonts of the History Department tells us that Bill Poole recently turned in an outline map of England with this note: "I know the map looks wrong somehow, but I can still say with the poet, 'England, with all thy faults I love thee still'."

OUR PRAYER

Sleep, sweet sleep
Seal mine eyes with thy tender fingers;
Sooth mine brow with thy full warm lips;
Wash from my brain the aching cares of the day;
Ease my heart with thy whispers of comfort;
Soften mine resting place with thy silky tresses;
And cram a fistful of paper into the ranting mug of the lug on the lecture platform.

Little Rollo, full of glee,
Pushed his Poppa in the sea.
Mother said, with look malicious,
You naughty brat, you'll kill the fishes.

LAMENT OF THE COLLEGE LAD

Not a necker;
Not a petter;
Now I wish
I'd never metter

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE DEPT.

A girl may wear a golf outfit when she can't play golf and a bathing suit when she can't swim, but when she puts on a wedding gown, she means business.

FUNNY-BONERS

Saturated is a term used for gentlemen who are full up.

Ambignous means having two wives and not being able to get rid of them. (Cf. Sherman's definition of war.)

A stethoscope is a spy-glass for looking into people's chests with your ears.

Matrimony is a place where souls suffer for a time on account of their sins.

The value of breath: if it wasn't for our breath we should die when we sleep and never wake up.

A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off.

An Indian's wife is called his squaw and his children are called squawkers.

A vacuum is nothing shut up in a box. They have a way of pumping out the air. When all the air and everything is shut out, naturally they are able to shut in nothing, where the air was before.

The inhabitants of Paris are called Parisites.

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH DEPT.

You swore you wouldn't weep
If I should go,
And didn't. This, I think,
Was pretty low.

WHAT DO YOU HOPE DEPT.

"Wanted, musicians to form new orchestra. Leave name and instrument in P.O. Box 2178."
—Ad in Minneapolis paper.

Some piano player is going to encounter slight difficulty.

They do say that one James Wadsworth Bizzell, having been told by one of his profs to put his pledge at the end of his quiz paper, wisely wrote "Alpha Pi Delta."

RECOLLECTIONS OF SUMMER SCHOOL DEPT.

Prof. Carroll the other day explained his astronomy hopefuls that the moon had a great deal of effect upon the tide.

Pig Herring suggested that the statement be altered to include: "and the untied, too."

CAN'T SOMETHING BE DONE ABOUT IT DEPT.

"We can read some people like a book"—Dr. Reid on psychology class.

Very true, Doctor, but isn't it a pity that we can't shut them up as easily?

WOE IS ME DEPT.

Dr. Gulley of the Law School continually exhorts would-be lawyers that "one can not be too careful about what he is signing."

Ain't you talking, Doctor? Many a poor fish has signed a fight contract, thinking it was a marriage certificate.

WOULD TENNYSON HAVE SAID IT DEPT.

Sunset and an X-ray skirt
And one clear sight for me;
And may there be no dust or dirt,
When I set out to see.

A real estate salesman of West Texas had just finished describing the glorious opportunities of that part of the country. "All West Texas needs to become the garden spot of the world is good people and water," he said. "Huh!" replied the prospect. "That's all hell needs."

"DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR, GENTLEMEN?"



...then he switched to the brand of grand aroma



THE glassy-eyed students can't listen to *reasoning* until their prof will listen to reason about his *pipe!* In plain English, professor—it smells bad! Why not give your briar a good cleaning? Then switch to a milder, more fragrant tobacco. Try Sir Walter Raleigh. It's blended of mellow, slow-burning burleys grown in the famous Blue Grass country. Fifteen cents buys *two full ounces*... and a hearty vote of approval from pipe-wise students. Try a tin and see.



UNION MADE

PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a *majority* of these colleges.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his Famous Orchestra NBC Blue Network, every Friday 10:00 P. M., E. S. T.

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HOME-OWNED GROCERY

Men Who Know
Your Desires

BENNETT-SMITH
GROCERY

FRATERNITIES
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COMPLETE LINE OF
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WAKE FOREST, N. C.

A parrot was sitting in the salon of a luxurious steamer watching a magician do tricks. The magician served notice that he was now going to do a trick never before accomplished. He pulled up his sleeves and then proceeded to make a few fancy motions. Just at that moment the ship's boilers blew up, demolishing the ship. About five minutes later, as the parrot came to, floating about the ocean on a piece of drift wood, he muttered: "Damn clever, damn clever."

—*Exchange.*

Know how to keep a horse from drooling?
No.
Teach him to spit.

"My dear young lady," said the clergyman in grieved tones as he listened to the extremely modern girl tear off some of the very latest jazz on the piano, "have you ever heard of the Ten Commandments?"

Modern Little Toots: "Whistle a few bars and I think I can follow you."

People in the Blue Ridge Mountains live in spots almost inaccessible, where there are no roads and travel of any kind is extremely difficult, but this disturbs them little, as they have no occasion to leave. A stranger, finding himself in one of these spots, asked a native, "My friend, how should I go from here to Knoxville?" The native was puzzled and, scratching his head for inspiration, said, "Well, stranger, if I was going to Knoxville, I think I would go up this here holler until I came to an old wood road; no, if I was going to Knoxville, I'd go down the valley and go up the first left-hand branch. No, you couldn't get through there. To tell the truth, stranger, if I was going to Knoxville I wouldn't start from here."

Mister: Well, Babe, you lost your bet, and now I want the forfeit.

Sister: I don't know what you mean, and besides, somebody might see us.

Dynamite Holton was walking down Faculty avenue recently with one of those miniscule Chihuahuas on a leash. A huge van was pulled up to the curb and a pair of hulking mechanics were banging away at the engine, trying to get the contraption started. When Dynie and the tiny dog came alongside, one of the moving men advanced toward them politely.

"Sir, could we borrow your dog for a minute?"

Dynie was startled. "Why, what are you going to do with the dog?"

"Hitch 'im up to the truck ta git it started," said the mechanic.

Dynie lost his breath. "Man, are you crazy? A little dog like that couldn't pull that big truck."

"Oh, that's all right sir," said the driver with complete assurance. "We got whips!"

Senior: Are You Russian?
Frosh: Sorry, I don't believe in fraternities.

—*Widow.*

St. Mary's—Quite a few of our graduates are now working girls.
Meredith—Quite a few of ours are now working men.

Jack: Do you object to kissing on sanitary grounds?"
Nell: Oh, no.
Jack: Then let's take a stroll through the infirmary.

SHORTY'S

SANDWICHES - DRINKS
TOBACCOS

FIVE BILLIARD TABLES
TWO BOWLING ALLEYS

An Alumnus of
Wake Forest College

TWENTY YEARS SERVICE TO STUDENTS

SHORTY'S, That's the Place

Odd McIntyre writes of the fellow, sprueily dressed in everything the well-dressed man should be dressed in—including cane, gloves, and spats—who went to the New York Flower Show, pranced daintily over to the exhibits marked "Pansies" and fluted, "I challenge the winnah!"

TALK OF THE TOWN

(*Continued from page three*)

able to confirm the report that the prof sent the lad to the Men's Room in Wait Hall.

THE boys lying in wait for State College painters and phooper-uppers the other Thursday night found a man patterned after their own best conception of true manhood when they stopped a large produce truck headed north. One of the vigilantes swarming around the truck waggishly called out: "Say, you haven't got State College tucked away in the back end there, have you?"

It must have done the boys' hearts good to hear the fervent reply: "Faith, and I hope not. That stuff in the back's not what you think it is—this is a produce truck, not livestock!"

HOW I BECAME THE GREAT MAN THAT I AM

(*Continued from page thirteen*)

from the wall, and hook my heels over the head of the bed. This position causes me to be almost standing on my head; I remain in this posture for three-minute intervals, and at the end of this time, with the aid of my hands, I bump my head, gently at first, then increasing the velocity to about three B.P.S. (bumps per sec.) for a minute and a half longer. At the end of this time I recline supinely for an interval of ten minutes and proceed to study. The result is that I am able to absorb and retain a prodigious amount of knowledge in a comparatively short time.

I think my story should be of value to all of you.

I thank you.

WILY WAYS . . .

(*Continued from page five*)

Seeing that their attentions were elsewhere, I let greed and curiosity overpower my reason and agreed to a drink of this mysterious elixir.

With my first sip my whole aspect towards life changed. I was flushed with desires which, long suppressed, were now coming to the surface. Suddenly a desire took the better of me. I turned to her, my eyes shining, giddy-headed, and happy, and fairly breathed into her waiting ear, "I feel like getting tight—let's go get a couple of slugs of root beer."

With a triumphal laugh she agreed. So we left the party and rode in her magnificent limousine to the neighborhood dive, Brownlaw's Pharmacy, and imbibed a huge stein of this potent stimulant. I began another, but this was too much for me. I felt myself slipping off into oblivion. I struggled for consciousness but it slipped from my grasp. The last thing I remembered was the smirk on the face of the fascinating one. . . .

I have thought many a time with horror about what could have happened that night—I still think about it, for I don't know. . . .

When I awoke again I was in my room at home. Mama came in and said, "Well, I see late hours don't agree with you—you fell fast asleep last night while you were at the party."

I didn't say anything, but I firmly believe someone slipped knockout drops in my drink.

As I lay there thinking, it suddenly dawned upon me what her motive was. I had seen persons like her before, but never before at such close range. I vowed to die rather than suffer such dishonor as she could bring upon me.

One day Papa said, "Son, I know you want to be a professional actor. Want to take part in a play?"

"Gosh, yes!" I replied.

"The leading lady will be your friend of the party."

At that I revolted, and flatly refused to have anything further to do with the play. However, he would not take any refusal and said, "Son, several of our neighbors want to see this play, and you wouldn't want them disappointed, would you?"

"No, . . . but. . . ."

"Well, I tell you—if you act in our play, I'll give you a cane of peppermint candy three feet high!"

My eyes nearly popped out of my head at that, for now I could achieve that ambition of being a professional actor. However, I considered myself a business man also; so I said, "All right, if you'll throw in an ice cream cone too, with all payments in advance."

He agreed and I received my salary.

We left to go to the scene of the play. I was blissfully ignorant of the route we were following, as I was concentrating on my ice cream cone, with my stick of candy draped over my arm.

Before I realized it we had arrived at the home of my persecutrix. This terrible woman greeted us at the door, smiling her bewitching, hateful smile at me. My whole being revolted, and I determined not to get out of sight of my Father.

However, I had not reckoned on the wily cunning of that woman. Hardly were we seated when she asked me if I wouldn't be so kind as to help her

(*Continued on page nineteen*)

GIRLS

Fellows, be sure to stick your best girl's best picture in the position of most importance and prominence on your dresser right now, for the judges of THE STUDENT'S students' girls contest will be around to make their decisions within a few days!

The ten best-looking pictures will be selected and run in the next issue of THE STUDENT. In order to facilitate matters for the judges and to eliminate "mere casual acquaintances" from the contest, only photographs—no snapshots, please—will be eligible.

For complete information about this contest, see the editorial page of this issue.

WHERE THE BOYS MEET!

•

COMPLETE FOUNTAIN SERVICE

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BETTER BUTTERED SANDWICHES

•

BILLIARDS

(Rack 'Em Up Boys)

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SMOKES

(Well! Burn One Boys)

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— in —
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—o—

RONALD COLEMAN
— in —
"PRISONER OF ZENDA"

—o—

Joan Crawford - Franchot Tone
— in —
"THE BRIDE WORE RED"

—o—

Warner Baxter - Joan Bennett
— in —
"WALTER WANGER'S VOGUES OF 1938"

•

"When Better Pictures are made the Castle will show them"

WILY WAYS . . .

(*Continued from page seventeen*)

arrange the setting for the play. I was about to refuse, most ungracefully, I admit, when my Father spoke for me, not knowng, I am sure, what the dreadful villainess had in store for me: "Of course he wants to help; he'll do anything you say, won't you, Son?"

There was nothing for me to do but follow the dreadful creature into the next room where we were to arrange the "scenery." From the moment the door was closed behind us and she felt for me in the darkness I knew that there was to be no play—that she had intended none. It was all a part of her scheme to be alone with me in the dark. It was dreadful, and even now my soul shudders at the thought of it.

She took my hand and led me over to the bed.

"Don't you think you'd be much more comfortable without that bulgy old coat?"

And before I knew what was happening she had torn my coat from my back and flung it away into the darkness.

For a few moments we sat talking of seemingly unimportant things, but I knew that she was cleverly leading the conversation into the channels she wanted. I, with my complete innocence and lack of experience, was unable to cope with her wiles, and I knew it.

"You cute little thing," she said finally, "Why don't you come around to see me oftener?"

I stammered. My heart swelled up in my throat like a giant balloon, and seemed ready at any moment to burst. I could say nothing. I could not object. I was in her power.

"You could come at night," she continued, "every night. You wouldn't have to stay long . . . or maybe you would want to stay much longer than necessary." She smiled that wicked smile of hers, and still I was unable to speak.

"You will, won't you? Every night? You won't ever run out on me?"

There was nothing I could do. I tried to refuse, but only gulped. She thought I had acquiesced. . . .

A few moments later it dawned on me, like a bolt out of a clear sky. I realized it when she suggested that we go tell Father what we had done, and settle with him about the money. She made several suggestions as to the amount we should ask him for—it was that which gave me the clue as to the type of woman she really was.

I repulsed her manfully, but my heart was bowed in shame. Not only had I betrayed myself, but I had also betrayed my Father. It was too much.

No, I could never hold up my head again, for I, who hate everything pertaining to study, had agreed to come to her house every night to study elocution, and my dear Father would have to pay for it.

COSMOPOLITE

(*Continued from page ten*)

up against one of Louisburg's best. But that didn't faze him in the least. In fact, it seemed to improve his game, for he proceeded to burn up the fairways, at the same time doing likewise to his opponent. He probably doesn't want it told, and will deny it anyway, but it's a fact that he refused to meet his astronomy classes for the next two days. Sort of a celebration-respite, so to speak.

BESIDES golf, Professor's chief hobby is cigars, taken three or four a day. Mrs. Carroll says this is too many and he has got to quit, but so far he hasn't been able to stop altogether, although he seldom buys them anymore. The boys in his classes are furnishing them now, especially around Christmas or on his birthday or near examination-time.

Another pastime is surveying and, what with all his classes and extra-curricular surveying activities, he manages to keep pretty busy. There's hardly a foot of ground from the Harricane to the Falls of the Neuse that hasn't been dragged over with his surveying chain.

During school hours, if he isn't teaching math or surveying or astronomy you'll probably find him explaining the difficulties of mechanical drawing. He's quite experienced in this too, from both the standpoint of theory and practice. And if you don't think he knows what he's about, just go look over his home, the blueprints for which he drew up himself.

Right now he is busy with his Doctor's thesis in mathematics. He has already completed his resident work at Duke University, and all that remains is to finish his thesis. He says he doesn't know just when this will be. All that he has to do, he says, is cook up something that hasn't already been discovered about math—and he says he's already concocted an hitherto unanswered problem.

But we'll bet he finds the answer somewhere.

Yes, darling, I know
I'm the light of your eyes,
The apple in your pies,
Your one inspiration
And it is indeed a pleasure
For me to hear an affection so warm,
But what is that ice wagon
Doing in our yard
When we own a Frigidaire?



WARM BULL'S BLOOD

(*Continued from page seven*)

"Hey, Jimmy, come here,you bloody Yankee!"

Jimmy poked his head out the door. "What's all de fuss about?"

"Come here and you'll see. The dang natives are drinking blood!"

"Wait'll you get some of that monkey-rum in you and you won't blame them. Come on, sit down—Marie'll be back with a wench for you."

"Yeh, maybe for you, but not for me, she won't. Come here, if you really want to see something."

By the time they had made their way through the Gulf Saloon a small crowd of natives had gathered around the corner of the court. A bull lay on the ground, blood gushing from a slit in his throat. A native man was catching this blood in a small bucket and pouring it into a five-gallon gasoline tin. As many natives as could gather about were dipping cups into the still warm blood and drinking it thirstily.

Rebel was awe-struck. "They're nothing but blinking cannibals, Jimmy, that's all they are—blinking cannibals!"

But Jimmy took the situation as a matter of course. "It's just a habit with them here, Rebel. They don't have any to much food, and the blood's good for 'em. Why, sometimes. . . ."

But a shriek from Rebel stopped him in mid-sentence. "Look—look, Jimmy, look!" Rebel pointed across the court. "Do you see what I see? Is that who I think it is—is it?"

Jimmy's gaze followed Rebel's finger. Across the court a plump figure in red silk, bending over to keep the red drops on the edge of a heavy white cup from dripping onto her dress, was drinking the warm bull's blood. Her voluptuous breasts hung fully, but somehow they had lost their customary appeal to Jimmy.

"The bloody slut," he muttered, "Her a half-breed cannibal, and me a-thinking I was loving her! Come on, Reb, let's get outta here!"

"Where to?" Rebel felt strangely and too easily victorious.

"Back to the ship, and hurry!"

"That's what I said in the first place!"

"That's all right. A blood-drinker! The unholy wench!"

"You're not going back to her room?"

"You're blinking right I'm going back to her room!"

"That's right—the monkey-rum."

"Yeh, and we'll be needing it! And then silk peejamahs too; that two-timing blonde in Boston might like 'em!"

"And if I refuse you, Cecil, will you commit suicide?"

"Well, that has been my usual custom."



Winchell Wells reports that a man is but a worm in the dust; he comes into the world, wiggles around a bit, and then some chicken gets him.



"Did her father come between you?"

"No—merely behind me."

Customer: Nice dog you have.

Barber: Yeah, pretty good.

Customer: Stays by you pretty good, too.

Barber: Yeah, pretty good.

Customer: Got him trained, eh?

Barber: Naw—when I make a mistake and nick off an ear or something he likes to be handy.

—*Widow.*

A man somewhat under the influence of good-fellowship attempted to pass through the revolving door of a restaurant. Each time he entered he made the complete round and found himself in the street again. After several unsuccessful attempts he sat down on the pavement to work things out.

A moment later a young man walked rapidly up the street and went in. The door went around and a young woman came out. The inebriate was puzzled.

"What gets me," he remarked, "is what the devil he did with his clothes." —*Exchange.*

Ambition is a great thing to be shunned. Take the example of the street cleaner who was over ambitious and got his face kicked in. —*Sun Dial.*

They had just kissed long and passionately. He was still breathing the subtle perfume with which she had daubed the lobes of her dainty ears.

"Crocus?" he murmured.

"No, darling," she sighed, "but for a minute I sure thought it was going to."



HUH? DEPARTMENT

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BY WIFE FOUND SLAIN

—headline in *N. Y. Times.*

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CAROLE LOMBARD* PREFERS LUCKIES BECAUSE THEY'RE EASIER ON HER THROAT

"WHEN I had to sing in a recent picture," says Carole Lombard, "I considered giving up smoking. But my voice teacher said I needn't if I'd select a light smoke—Luckies.

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The reason Luckies are easy on Miss Lombard's throat is because the process "It's Toasted" takes out certain throat irritants found in all tobacco—even the finest.

And Luckies do use the finest tobacco. Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc.—Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

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***Star of the new Paramount production "True Confession"**

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It's Luckies 2 to 1

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE
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THE STUDENT



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CAMELS bring a new thrill to smoking. If you are not a Camel smoker, why not try the cigarette which has brought more pleasure to more people than any other? Turn to Camels. Put them to the *severest* test—smoke them *steadily*. For then the true nature of a cigarette is revealed. Find out for yourself how true it is that there's no substitute for *costlier tobaccos*.





COL. ROSCOE TURNER (*above*): "I smoke Camels all I want. What I especially like about Camels is this: After a tiring flight, I smoke a Camel. It sure tastes good! And I get a quick, pleasant 'lift.'"

RALPH GULDAHL, (*above*) Golf Champion: "Camels *are* different from other cigarettes. Playing against a star field, my nerves run the gauntlet. That's one reason I prefer Camels. They don't frazzle my nerves."



PRIVATE SECRETARY, Rosamond Morse (*right*): "Camels make even a hurry-up lunch seem pleasant. They help my digestion run more smoothly."



TEXAS RANCHER (*above*), Fred McDaniel, says: "I never saw the beat of Camels for genuine tastiness. Me and Camels have been getting along fine for 15 years."



SOCIETY AVIATRIX, Mrs. J. W. Rockefeller, Jr. (*left*): "I prefer Camels for steady smoking. I smoke as many as I please—they never get on my nerves. Camels are so mild—so gentle to my throat."

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The Student PRESENTS—

THE BEAUTY ISSUE



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Mon. Tue. Dec. 6-7

TYRONE POWER

in

"SECOND HONEYMOON"

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"ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN"

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IN

"THE FIREFLY"

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and

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in

WALTER WANGER'S VOGUES OF 1938

WHERE THE BOYS MEET!

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BILLIARDS

(Rack 'Em Up Boys)

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SMOKES

(Well! Burn One Boys)

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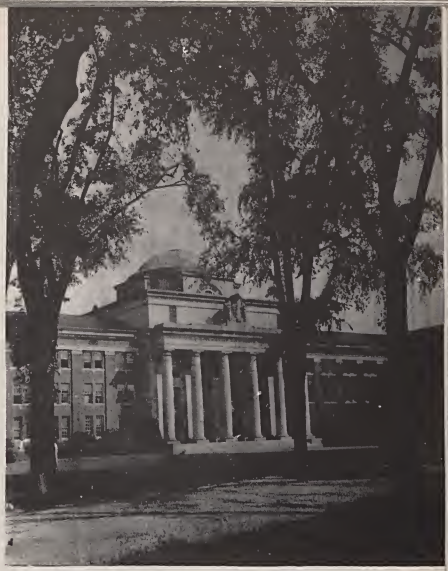
YOU ARE ALWAYS WELCOME AT

TOM'S

The Truth, So Help Me . . .

by Sam Ryburn

° The Editor of the Davidson College magazine, "Scripts 'n Pranks," has agreed to tell you the truth about one of the oldest football rivalries in the state, the Wake Forest-Davidson fracas . . .
° Here 'tis . . .



It has been going on for years and years and years — longer than you and I can remember. In fact it has been going on since the year Aunt Matilda fell off the porch roof and sprained her bustle when she eloped with Uncle Henry way back in 1908—this traditional pig-skin rivalry between Wake Forest and Davidson.

While snooping around in various dark and musty corners, sweeping out cobwebs with my nose, I ran across an interesting account of one of these early battles which took place between the Deacons and the Davidson team, then the Hornets. Feeling that you might like to know something of the ancient beginnings of this old Turkey-day rivalry (also feeling that it will fill up space in this article) I am quoting this record of the first quarter of the 1913 game.

"And it came to pass, in the reign of Woodrow Wilson, in the first year of his reign and the eighth month thereof, that there went out a decree through all the land, and the decree was made in writing — that on the twenty-seventh day of the eleventh month, which is the month November, all people should rest from their labors, and celebrate the feast of Thanksgiving; and it was also decreed (for the president had attended Davidson, and there been educated in all the arts of the Davidsonians) that on that day there should be a deadly combat on the field of Wearn, in the city of Charlotte, between that institution and Wake Forest College.

"Now when this decree was read, there was great rejoicing among all the students, and the two teams put themselves in readiness for the fray. Then came a messenger out of the camp of the Baptists, saying, 'Although we have met defeat at other times, nevertheless today we are strong, for have we not our Billings and our Savage, who will surely deliver us from the sting of the Hornets?' Then answered the Hornets, 'Wherefore should we worry? Have we not our Cosby and our Howell, and that noble band which has never yet bowed the head to one of Wake Forest? Nevertheless we boast not, lest calamity befall us; and he that hath valor, the same shall prevail.'

"And now it came about that the day of feasting arrived, and there came up to the city of Charlotte those of Davidson and those of Wake Forest, both the teams and the student bodies, for the fray, and the city was thoroughly overrun with college men.

"And there was great commotion in the city, for the excitement was intense, and no one dared foretell the outcome of the battle. For this reason, when one would wager money on the game, he would always wager equal, for the odds were on neither side.

"However the time for the game arrived, and great multitudes gathered, from the North and from the South, from the East and from the West, and came together, every one on the field of Wearn, for to see the conflict. And those of Davidson lifted up their voices and yelled, saying, 'Hak-a-Raka; Boom-a-Laka.' Then did the Baptists cry out, 'Wake Forest, Wake Forest, Wake Forest!'

"Now the captains did cast lots, and it came to pass that the lot fell to Captain Howell, so that he chose to draw up his men toward the South. And the Baptists, having set themselves in battle array, and all things being in readiness they kicked the ball toward the Davidsonians. Then did Laird run, and when he had run twenty yards behold he was thrown, even to the ground. Now it came to pass that the Hornets did fight as it were for life, for they hit every one his man, and Wake Forest was as the chaff before the wind, for verily Witherington did go ten yards and then thirty, and Howell did go two, and Walker likewise went five yards, the one after the other. Then did Davidson become confident, and in her confidence she became weak, for she did let fall the accursed thing. And from henceforth during this quarter no great work was accomplished, save that Savage did run fifteen yards, after which Cosby, being mightier than the rest, did advance against the enemy even unto the twenty-fifth yard. So it came to pass that, at the blowing of the whistle, neither side prevailed."

According to rumors and legends about the campus, the language used above was typical of Davidson students during the early days; however, I have certain doubts. Anyway, that's how they played football then. You probably

(Continued on page twenty)

RUFUS CRATER, Editor

The
WAKE FOREST STUDENT
November 1937

RAY BRADY, Business Manager

Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice at Wake Forest, N. C., 11 January 1932, under Act of Congress of 3 March 1879. Published six times during the college year by the students of Wake Forest College and sponsored by the English Department.

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MEMBER OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

BEAUTY CONTEST . . .

THE STUDENT'S endeavor to beautify its pages with the pictures found in students' rooms was a successful one. In some measures it was more successful than we had hoped for. For a while the staff was rather dubious as to the exact attitude you boys would taken when asked to relinquish, even for a few days, the pictures which grace your desks and dresser-tops, but the committee reports that in only a few instances were its requests denied.

The committee asked to take charge of the contest spent more than two weeks collecting those pictures it deemed worthiest of consideration. All told, some forty-odd pictures were selected. Then came the hard process of elimination—to forego any charges of favoritism all pictures entered by staff or committee members were declared ineligible. This was a hard and possibly an unwise thing to do, but at the time we thought it the best policy.

The remaining pictures were carried to Secretary of State Thad Eure, who was asked to select the nine beauties which to his mind were outstanding. At first he argued and hemmed and hawed, saying that such a task was an impossible one, but in the end he agreed. These pictures we present on page nine, realizing that without your aid we could have done nothing and thanking you for your kindness in letting us take your pictures and keep them until final selections could be made.

BEAUTY . . .

Late one night almost a hundred years ago an old gentleman sat working on a book which, whether he planned it or not, was to grow into the present-day *Webster's Dictionary.* He had already finished the *a's* and was busying himself with the *b's* when, we can imagine, he suddenly stopped to whistle softly to himself. He had come to that word called *beauty.*

What he wrote then we do not know; the wordbook today tells us that beauty is "that quality or combination of qualities which gratifies the eye or ear, or which delights the intellect or moral sense by its grace or fitness to the end in view."

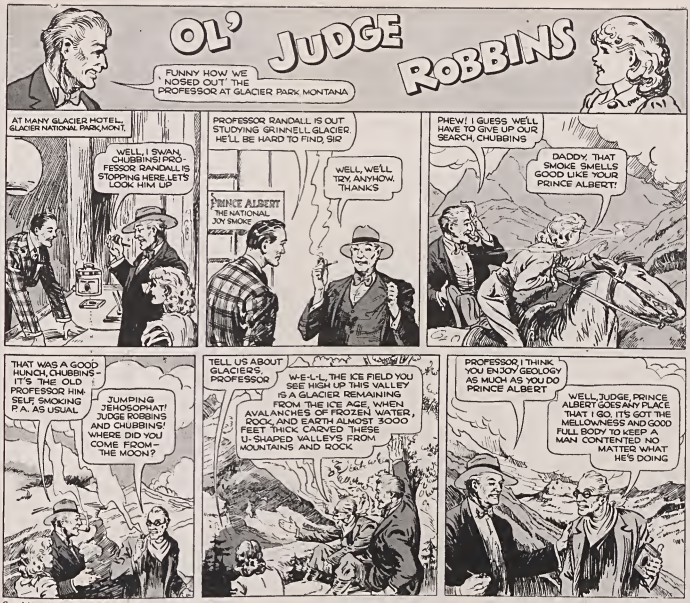
When we first began to consider beauty, which was naturally a long time ago, we could have told you without the slightest hesitation exactly what it is. It would have been the easiest thing in the world to do. But lately, when we began looking at it from the lexicographic angle (which is quite an angle to look at it from), we decided that beauty is not a thing to define. Rather, it is a thing to have. . . .

With all respect to Mr. Webster and the definition he gives us, we feel that there is more to be said for beauty than just that. In the first place, beauty itself would not be half so beautiful if all things were beautiful. It would drift into the category of the commonplace. For beauty is a rare thing, enhanced by the ordinary setting in which it is found: the marvelous is made still more unforgetable by the emphasis. Even the ugly has its place in the world of beauty—beauty is a pure white lily made even whiter because it arises from stagnant black muck.

But beauty is an evanescent thing, here for a short while then gone, but leaving behind memories that are at once both sad and sweet—sad because it is no more, sweet because it has been here. And just as it is made more beautiful by contrast, so it is enhanced by retrospect. Only when beauty has fled do we appreciate fully just how lovely it was.

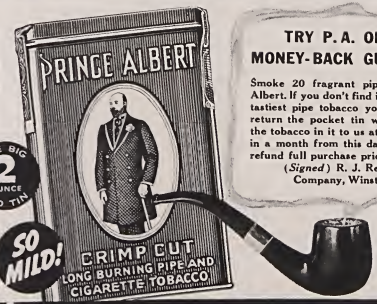
Too often beauty is of a superficial sort, existing only for the eye. This is especially true in the case of human beings. But it should not be so, for real beauty is not merely a carnal thing. It should exist in mind, in personality, in one's whole being. For this reason we deny the truth of that axiom, "Beauty is only skin deep," which would have us believe that, in so far as concerns beauty, one's face value is his only asset. If this is true—if bodily beauty is mine-

(*Continued on page fourteen*)



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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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HOW THEY

Elizabethans

CHERRY-RIPE

There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow which none may buy
Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do inclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow;
Yet them no peer nor price can buy
Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

—Thomas Campion.

SONNET CXXX

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why they her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

—William Shakespeare.

LOVE ME NOT FOR COMELY GRACE

Love me not for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart,—
For these may fail, or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever:
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why—
So hast thou the same reason still
To dote upon me ever.

—Anonymous Elizabethan.

Pre-Victorians

A RED, RED ROSE

O my luve is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O my luve is like the melodie,
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only luve!
And fare-thee-weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

—Robert Burns.

Pictures—

A visitor to the living quarters of nearly any student at Wake Forest or any other college will no doubt be struck by the number of pictures of the fairer sex that adorn the desks and walls. Cynical oldsters say—as they have from time immemorial—that such "interests" tend to distract the student from his work. Others, who have not forgotten their own youth, merely smile knowingly—and a bit tenderly, too, as if the memories were sweet.

It is for those who hastily condemn such "art-collecting" practices as the modern student indulges in that this analysis is intended. Purely for convenience, the term "friendship" will be used, regardless of the degree of intensity, for some pictures are tokens of deep and lasting love; others are merely reminders of pleasant hours of companionship; still others are just memories.

Friendship is necessary. In at least two instances students on this campus have as their inspiration for better work, pictures of beautiful girls. In one of these cases, sentiment is far removed, for the motivating force is one of rivalry—in extra-curricular honors as well as grades. It would not be fair to say that the picture is altogether responsible for the desire to work, but it would be equally unfair to overlook its influence entirely.

Friendship is pleasant. Even stern admonitions from home fail to prevent the average Wake Forester from dating during the week-end, and even the casual observer can distinguish on Monday morning those who have had dates. As

SAID IT:

Victorians

SONNET 43

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life.—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

College Students Today

HE WROTE:

I love you still with all my heart,
I love you now as when,
In sweet surrender you gave yourself,
On yonder lonely strand.
I paced the shore; I marked the time;
My heart cries out in discontent,
My soul is sick; my heart is faint.
I forgive you now for your Kress perfume,
My little dime-store saint.
I see your face in the setting sun,
Shaped in golden lustrous hues,
And I remember when I kissed your cheek,
And burned my lips with acrid rouge.
I wander alone this cloudless night,
And draw deep breaths of salty air,
I beat my breast; I tear my hair,
And give myself to black despair.
Come back, dear girl, to me!

SHE WROTE:

I loved you once with all my heart,
But times have changed since then,
And even the brass is shining through
Your phony fraternity pin.
I loved you for your deep bass voice,
And your wealth of lovely words;
The ones you quoted as your own,
And forgot to mention the Bards.
I loved you for your raven locks,
I loved you for your grace and ease,
I loved you in spite of your silly laugh,
And your hair that reeked with grease.
So on other nights as you keep your pace
On the sands of that lonely shore,
Turn your heart to other girls,
And think of me no more;
For words that once were honey'd
Are now to me a bore.
You keep your brass and grease,
I'll keep my Kress and rouge,
And if in despair you would drown yourself,
Be sure it's not in booze.

"Friendships"

a rule—depending much on the kind of date, however—the daters face blue Monday smiling and jolly. Those who have sat at home glaneing spasmodically at books are usually grouchy and grumpy.

More often than not there is a picture of the "cause" of these pleasant week-ends somewhere around.

Friendship is exciting. Everyone is familiar with that unusual tingle, that swelling of the chest, that top-of-the-world feeling that always precedes and follows a date with that certain person. And very few have missed the desire to sock bosom buddies, to trounce over the shrubbery, to throw books across the room hard enough to dislodge the plaster—when matters are not going so smoothly with that same certain person.

Friendship is strange. The world at large has never ceased to wonder at the antics of friendship. It can be pursued, but never caught; it can be cultivated to a certain point, but then there must be added that "something" to make it ripen; it can be had for nothing, and may easily be strangled by money; it may be reasonable, and again, it may not.

Friendship is lovely. It is lovely to experience and lovely to remember. True friendship is a product of care, refined by difficulties and polished by memories. For a man, there is nothing more pleasant than to sit with his pipe thinking over past friendships—friendships perhaps called to mind

(*Continued on page fourteen*)

On The Rock

By
PHILIP EDWARDS

With a bit of "Hearts and Flowers" obligato, please—all stops out



A viscid sphere of deep-tone honey floated gently up over the etched horizon. From it, in the gentle rhythm of the ground-swell, the riches of the world — precious metals, platinum-set gems — floated inshore and were tumbled carelessly at her feet as she sat on the Rock. The tiny clatter and rattle of pebbles interspersed among the huge stone formations added to the illusion of a heavenly thesaurus bestowing an effervescent hoard. It was low water.

It would have been wrong to say that she seemed as part of the Rock. The Rock was part of her, just as the sea was a part of her, and the sand, and the marine growths, and the lisping pines that ringed the margin of the cove. All these and many more things native to the coast had been her most beloved playfellows when she was younger. Their ways fell in with hers, and hers with theirs. They were congenial, they were akin.

The villagers around this vicinity easily explained her love, her passionate longing to be near the ocean — hadn't she been born at the full of the moon at flood tide? The moon does funny things to people near the coast, strange things, inexplicable things — and to be born at such a time — well, it was just a foregone conclusion that they, she and the sea, should be close.

Desdemona her father had called her over the vigorous protests of her mother. The latter, perhaps because she herself had been dubbed Abigail, had held out long and vehemently for Mary Jeanne, but in one of his rare spells of adamancy her father, to whom Shakespeare was life, reality, deity itself, had crushed opposition, and Desdemona she was christened.

The name suited her peculiarly. The odd ring of the name of Othello's bride, especially when pronounced slowly with the next to the last syllable stressed, seemed to imply better than any words could express, the eternal mystery and magic and magnetism of the ocean. Desdemona Winthrop.

Apparently she sat on the Rock with as little animation as a statue, but her mind was a vortex of whirling snatches of thought. Love, she thought, love, love, love. Desperately she tried to concentrate on love. It might have been any word — love or sandal or soap-chips — anything, *anything* for a pylon to which she could moor her brain for a moment so that she could try to get things shipshape aboard. She must think coherently!

An almost imperceptible off-shore breeze drifted silently by and dared to caress and kiss her face. A moment later the never-sleeping pines began to whisper some more, a little louder than before, commenting on the audacity of the vagrant breeze. She arched her beautiful body a little at the affectionate caress and gazed upwards at the stars. First they were a blur and then slowly they slid into focus. A phrase from somewhere back in her high school days reached an arm out of the whirlpool of her thoughts and through the symphony within her came a dulcet undertone, ". . . in the infinite meadows of heaven blossomed the lovely stars — the forget-me-nots of the angels."

She gazed fixedly at the celestial jewels for awhile and slowly the cauldron of her brain ceased its seething, only occasional bubbles breaking through to the surface. One by one the bubbles trembled and broke as the kettle cooled, releasing their vapor; hurriedly at first and then more slowly, slowly. . . .

Desdemona fairly flew through her childhood: the low white cottage of a Cape Cod type; the family airedale, clumsy and affectionate; the early days in school; her seemingly eternal feud with Bob Prentice; the choir practice on Sunday night. At her graduation from grammar school the bubbles burst more slowly — things stood still for a moment. The glory of her first gown, sparkling and white; the tears in her mother's eyes, the fluttery Miss Jenkins, the principal, who was in her glory at times like this; the weak punch; the sheer ecstasy. . . .

Then high school with its different methods of holding classes, and real home work, and occasional dates, sometimes with Bob and sometimes not . . . the little blisters on the surface increased the tempo of their popping once more.

And then graduation from high school and the pomposity of that redoubtable educator, Mr. Van Nock, the headmaster, as he pontifically indicated the world that was to be theirs tomorrow . . . and the graduation dance that night. The boiling was slowing again. That night with Bob and the color and gaity of the dance floor and then . . . and then the quiet of the piazza with the background of Berlin's latest syncopation . . . and Bob saying with all the adolescent sincerity and earnestness that he could put into his awed voice, "Desdemona, you're so — so darling! I guess — I guess I love you."

He usually called her Mona, as did her classmates. Perhaps his unconscious use of her full name made the

(*Continued on page seventeen*)



RUTH SMITH



SALLIE ARNOLD



FRANCES PRICE

SELECT PULCHRITUDE

From the large number of photographs presented to me I am asked to select the nine most beautiful. It has been hard for me to make the discards, because none of those discarded should be eliminated from a beauty contest. It may be that some have been discarded which would rank close to the top could I see all of them in person. However, from the photographs submitted, I select those which I have designated.

THAD EURE
Secretary of State



JULIA REDDICK



BECKY NORMAN



MITTY LOWRANCE



MILDRED JENNINGS



REBA GRADY



LENA ROWE

A Tribute to Ugliness

• Napoleon makes lucid comments on etchings submitted in "The Student's" contest to find the most striking etchings in campus trash-cans.

by Napoleon XVII

[Editor's Note: In his alleged column, *This Collegiate Generation*, Winchell Wells some weeks ago issued an invitation to all students desirous of entering the pictures of the girls of their choosing in THE STUDENT's beauty contest to leave these portraits in the repository just left of the main entrance (or exit, depending upon which way you're going) of the local Postoffice. However, this request was slow in getting itself noised abroad (proof that nobody reads T.C.G., don't you think?), and no pictures were left in the P.O. trash can until all the other pictures had been judged.

Nevertheless, we felt that these pictures should be considered too. Therefore we set about to find an appropriate judge, finally settling upon a man known by all of you—your friend and my friend—Napoleon XVII, now in exile at Dix Hill. When his selections came in, the following article was attached, explaining exactly why each winner was so selected.

It is with pardonable pride that we present the work of this eminent man.]

Dix Hill, N. C.

LAST week when Mister Rufus Crater returned to his preparatory Alma Mater here to arrange for post-graduate work after leaving Wake Forest and to make reservations for a nice, upholstered room for use while working on THE STUDENT, he asked me to select what I considered the prettiest girls from a batch which he proffered me. Removing my right hand from my walst-coat and cocking my tri-cornered hat at a more dapper angle with my remaining paw, I smoked 'em over. For a moment I was amazed, for not since Russia had I seen such a collection of miscreants, such a bunch of pictures displaying such a disgusting ineptitude at attempts to achieve impossible beauty. They were downright ugly.

Stunned though I was, I still had enough of my wits about me to refuse to try to find any bit of beauty in that crew. It would have driven me into that state which is technically known as nuts within the short space of a moment.

I refused.

BUT then I learned with pleasure that Mr. Critter (Ed. Note: Crater's the name.) (Author's Note: Pleased to meet you, Mr. Crater.) had by mistake handed me pictures of a group of Wake Forest guys which, he said, Mister Smith Young of the W. F. *Growler* had asked him to bring to Raleigh for some reason or another. He never was very clear about that point. . .

When he showed me the pictures that he wanted me to look over and label in order of beauty, thusly: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, (Author's Note: Bingo!) (Ed. Note: Hold your cards, folks, there may be a mistake), I agreed readily. For right there before my eyes was pulchritude such as I have never seen before, and may never see again—I hope.

Together with the pictures he gave me were letters from the boys entering the pictures, and—as you shall see—these letters played a large part in helping me make my final decisions.

THE first letter which came into my hand was that accompanying the picture of exotic Hortense Thundermugg. I quote:

Dear Mr. Prettiest-Girl's-Picture-on-the-Campus Editor:

I wish to submit to you a picture of my one and only girl. Her personal pulchritude is excelled by none of my acquaintance, and her only fault is talking baby-talk. When talking baby-talk she puts the sweetest expression on her face, sort of kittenish (Author's note: When she grows up I suppose it'll be catty), as you can see in this picture. The photographer snapped it as she playfully lisped to him, "Lissen ya mug, if dis ain't a good p'ture we me I'm gonna shove it down yer t'roat, wid yer teeth as a chaser!"

Oh, Mr. Editor, if you could only see her! We have so much fun together, too. Our favorite sport is shuffleboard, and because she is a rather big girl she generally gives me a handicap—she uses a 27-pound crowbar and manhole covers as her equipment. The last time we played we had a little accident: she pushed a little too hard and knocked a manhole cover through the side of the building, killing 13 people. But as Hortense said, "It's all in de game, big boy, it's all in de game."

Won't you please consider my girl? If you aren't convinced of her lovelincss I'll send her around to see you to prove it.

Most sincerely yours,
JAMES COPPLE.

If I had ever had any doubts about this piece of feminine pulchritude, that last paragraph convinced me that I was mistaken. Even Napoleon knows when discretion is the better part of valor, so Hortense gets the nod.

ENTRY number two was from one Miss Lynn Durham, who offered Miss Thelma Twitchintwaddle, a retouched photo of a pretty, sweet, unspoiled girl evidently in her late forties. May I quote the letter? Thank you.

Dear Mister Editor:

I would like to enter a picture of my girl, Thelma Twitchintwaddle. I had great difficulty in getting her to pose for this picture. She is an intellectual type as you can see by the wide expanse of forehead (Author's note: Reading from left to right, I suppose?) Note the soulful expression. (Author's note: Soulful or adenoids?) She was in the midst of writing a thesis for her Doctor's degree when I interrupted her, and she was reluctant to sit for her portrait.

Unfortunately she was unable to find her lower teeth and tried to fill in the gaps with plastic wood, which gives her mouth a sort of Mona Lisa twist. One of the ways in which she always brings me around to her point of view is by crying and sobbing, which leads me to offer the theory that in her MOna LIsa secret of her success—heh, heh.

Mr. Editor, I hope you don't mind a little pun in this letter. I think it was very funny, and some day when I happen to get a court case I intend to use it again. In short, as this lady is PRIMA INTER PARES, I think it PRO BONO PUBLICO that she be chosen as one of the prettiest on the campus. Those Latin kittensish I learned in Law School. My professor complimented me the other day and told me that I was an ANGUIS IN HERBA, and although I haven't figured out what he meant yet, it is obvious how much he thinks of me. And that I should offer this picture to you shows how worthy the lady really is to be selected among the elect.

LYNN DURHAM.

P. S.: Thelma has one wee fault which I think it my duty to make you cognizant of — while at the dinner table she has the habit of thoughtfully cleaning her toe-nails with a tooth-pick, but as this does not show in the picture I think that it should have very little bearing on your decision.

Thelma won.

A composite letter was sent to me by David Morgan and Arch McMillan, who wished to enter their girls, Gertrude Totempole and Clarabelle Motoroil, respectively. It was very long and I feel that I must condense the first part of it. It seems that Gertrude is the more educated of the two. She got to the fourth grade before leaving school to work in a coal mine. But soon the intellectual spirit within her rebelled at this low labor, and she is now working much higher up in the world. About two thousand feet higher up, in fact, for she has set up a business at the head of Shaft D and takes in washing on the side. "Some-

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The Lure of the Sea

by . . .
ED GAMBRELL

• Why do men go to sea? Is it for love or money or adventure or what? Here's the answer as given by one who knows.

Why do men and boys go to sea? "What is this thrilling glamour of seas and skies, of wind and waves, of strange lands and lurid tales, of a free soul and starry nights?" is the usual efflorescent form of the question. I don't squirm at this question any more than I do at the ridiculous and stubbornly romantic literature that presents sea life to the public.

That sea life is vastly romantic is a well-set stereotype. Leave it to the innumerable starry-eyed poets and novelists to confirm and reassure the public of this delightful and fantastic lie whether they know better or not. Leave it to them to take invigorating walks around the battery or along the beach on a clear brisk day, listen to sailors and their Gargantuan yarns, longingly watch ships ply in and out of harbors, and then, inspired, turn out garbage cans full of literature depicting the sea as the most romantic of romantic places. These writers give gauzy answers to the question of why men go to sea; but their mystical innuendo hardly hides an appalling ignorance and a thorough disregard for facts. That there is some unfathomable romantic lure that seizes the souls of men so that they must away to the land of the sea and the sky is so much mythical bosh.

I went to sea. I was a sailor and I lived with sailors as a sailor. I was admitted to that chaotic disorder of sea life and seamen, that the ethereal romanticism I, as just another squirmy reader, had entertained for such nomadic existence was somewhat ruthlessly dispelled, and I had the opportunity of answering first-hand for my own satisfaction the question of what is this lure of the sea. The answer is not one but many, and the "lure" is a group of plain, understandable reasons that are no more mysterious, though perhaps more readable and logical than the reasons a fellow has for being a street car conductor.

I have lived in various fo'c's'ls with men from almost every conceivable environment, from the back hills of North Carolina, the movie colony in California, the lumber camps of Oregon, the slums of Pittsburgh, the Ozarks of Arkansas, Columbia University, a New Jersey farm, the Bowery in New York, a small town in South Carolina, Edinburgh, Scotland, a Swedish island in the North Sea where hundreds of bodies from the Battle of Jutland washed during the World War, the Kroo tribe near Freetown, Sierre Leone, a Portuguese town in the Canary Islands, the fishing village of Gloucester; and I could go on and on. I have lived in the same fo'c'c'l with a man who had been a bodyguard and double for Francis X. Bushman; with a young professor of chemistry in a prominent Texas college who goes to sea each summer for his vacation; with a Lithuanian who was once a representative of an American oil company in the middle of equatorial Africa; with an old rheumy-eyed Greek whose father had owned a fleet of Greek schooners on the Mediterranean in the old days; with a cultured young man who is wanted for murder; with a high school boy who had run away from a stern father; with a Duke University student who had gone to sea to escape a shot gun wedding; and again I could go on and on.

One of my principal curiosities about the men with whom I have lived and worked, as well as hundreds of others I have met and palavered with in Union halls, shipping agencies, flop houses, and waterfront hotels was their reasons for going to sea and remaining at sea. Not once did I find a seaman who loved the sea itself or felt in it any strange irresistible pull.

II

Of all ways of life the sea stands out as one of the most realistic. I didn't meet the fellows of fiction who ran away to sea because of its poetical lure, and I am sure that any who did, after one touch of the sea's disillusioning realism, scuttled back home where things are friendly, where there are trees and protection from the weather, where there are better places than barrooms and disreputable houses to while away unoccupied hours and days, and where somebody gives a damn about them.

In most cases I found that these sailors were taking advantage of the enormous freedom of conduct afforded them by sea life to escape the restrictions that even our semi-barbaric society imposes upon those who would live in it. Here I am not speaking of those who go to sea for a short period but of those who spend their lives at sea or who go to sea intermittently with bumming.









• Pictures shown here were taken by the author while he was knocking about the world last year. Top photo shows author, left, with a pal.

Perhaps no group has as much moral freedom as seamen have. Drinking, carousing, and, in some cases, fighting are the normal and anticipated shore life of most sailors. The notoriety of water-front districts is adequate evidence of this. Who you are and what you have done are inconsequential matters just so long as you're one of the crew and appear to believe in and conform to their ideas and ways.

Occasionally one hears the old belief that once the sea is in a person's blood there is no returning from it. The truth in this is that many of those who go to sea take advantage so flagrantly of its release from responsibility and social decency that they could be nothing but miserable misfits if they attempted to conform again to the social standards they had observed on land. I don't mean to suggest that all is confusion at sea. There is a certain camaraderie among seamen as there is the so-called honor among thieves, but it is quite as undependable.

To a certain extent, sailors make sea life what it is, but the sea life with its gross instability and its lack of moral discipline and civil law certainly makes a world in which it is very easy for men to sink lower than they already had on land where they had either felt or had been forced to accept some measure of moral responsibility. Our maritime commerce is certainly not without a price. Silk stockings, rubber tires and insulation, coffee, mahogany and travel are possible, even to the most righteous of us, only through the maintenance of this large body of sailors who inevitably fall into the seemingly natural excesses of the lives they must lead.

There is usually some particular reason that has impelled most seamen to take up the life of the sea in order to enjoy its vast freedom.

The law is very lenient with seamen. In some respects the merchant marine is a foreign legion where offenders of the law can live without being harassed by justice.

One seafarer I knew had been a Baltimore gangster. He had nearly killed a beautiful police woman when she had attempted to put him and a friend of his on the spot. Another seaman told me that he was wanted in South Carolina for several robberies.

Perhaps the most interesting case of law evasion with which I was acquainted was that of a very decent and cultured young man. He read quite a few detective magazines, most of which he kept locked in a suit case and refused to lend to anyone else in the fo'c's'l. This was somewhat unusual, for it is customary for magazines in a fo'c's'l to become common property of a sort. One day he left a few of these magazines on his bunk. In one was his picture but under a different name from that he was using. He had murdered a man and there was a $500 reward for information leading to his capture. On finding that he had left the magazines exposed, he became very nervous and evidently sensed that we had recognized him in the reward notice. As soon as we touched the next American port he jumped ship without even getting his pay.

Few sailors are married and still fewer so much as pretend to help in supporting their families, though with what they make and the instability of their work there is little that even those who so desire can do. Several fellows I knew used sea life as a means of escaping their wives or of steering a clear course around ex-wives who clamored for alimony.

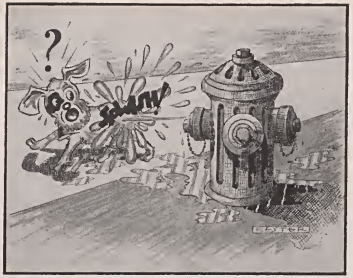
The evasion of shot-gun weddings sends a number of young men to sea. Two of the boys I met who had gone to sea for this reason had returned home once only to scamper seaward again under identical difficulties.

Some boys run away to sea to escape parental authority, to get away from school, or to escape the squalor and hopelessness of subversive environments. One of the best friends I had at sea had run away from an austere father and in true story-book fashion had stowed away on a ship. He remained concealed in the ship's hold for three days before hunger ran him on deck where he found he was on a five-month cruise to Africa. He had to work for nothing the whole five months of the cruise.

A large body of sailors are intermittently bums and seafarers; that is, when ashore they become transients, ride the tops and blinds, live in hobo jungles, in flop houses and along the Bowery, go west to work in the wheat fields, go south to work in canning factories, follow the more leisurely eleemosynary pursuits, or live in some water-front hotel until their "grub stakes" (money) are exhausted. Then for sundry reasons they go back to sea for several trips. Featuring largely among fo'c's'l tales are those of transient life on land, of fights with railroad "bulls" and "dicks," of some girl hobo, of life in the "jungles," etc.

Every summer American water fronts are beleaguered with college and high school boys out to see something of the world. Many of them are filled with a youthful restlessness and fantastic dreams wrought from story-book acquaintances with the sea. Most of them, usually because of ignorance of how to get a job on a ship or because of some acrid taste of realism had on the water front, return

(*Continued on page nineteen*)



BEAUTY . . .

(*Continued from page four*)

companied by beauty of the other type—then mere bodily beauty is hardly worth the having.

Finally, beauty is a personal thing, a matter of one's own opinion. To us a thing may be horrible which to another would be adorable. Nietzsche explains this when he says, "Beauty exists . . . both in the experience and in the effect upon the experiencer." Each of us has his own standard of beauty, and each of us should adhere to that standard as best he can, but remembering always that the other fellow probably is not in complete agreement with him.

You ask what is beauty? We can't tell you. But we can tell you that one's personal conception of loveliness, a contrast with the mediocre, a graceful and intelligent whole, a certain indefinable rhythm and harmony of being—that is the stuff of which beauty is made.

The lady of the house was engaging a man of all work.

"I want a man to do odd jobs, to run errands, one who never answers back and is always ready to do my bidding."

"Lady, you don't want a hired man, you want a husband."

Then there was the bald-headed man who used to stand before a mirror and declaim, "Toupee or not toupee, that is the question."

"Is that a real bloodhound, Mr. Hunter?"

"A real bloodhound? I'll say. Here, Rover, bleed for the lady."

The old chiseler limped painfully up to the bar and leaned against it in an attitude of dejection.

"What's the matter?" asked a sympathetic friend. "Have an accident?"

"No," replied the chiseler, "I've just had a touch of the *yoors*."

The sympathetic guy scratched his ear. "What's yoors?" he asked.

"I'll take a whiskey straight, thanks."

Warden: So you think you are sane now? If we give you your liberty, will you leave liquor and women alone?

Inmate: I sure will.

First lunatic: You'd better stay here. You're still crazy.

PICTURES — FRIENDSHIPS

(*Continued from page seven*)

by pictures given him long ago.

Friendship is satisfying. Like rare old wine and a deep leather chair before an open fire, the satisfaction of friendship is invaluable. A hard day broken by the chance visit of an old friend is never quite so hard. And there's a great difference when one faces problems as "we" instead of "I."

But friendship is crazy. Else how is it that the dashing campus Romeo has his heart set on some quiet, demure little thing, in whose presence he is actually shy? Or how is it that that bespectacled book-worm dates the whizzy blonde—and keeps up with her so well that she's practically stopped dating anyone else?

All in all, ain't it wonderful?

Customer (in fish store): One of those live lobsters, please.

Clerk: Yes, sir. Shall I wrap it up for you?

Customer: Why, yes, you might. I'm not sure it's tame enough to follow me home.

Anybody can play bridge, but it takes a cannibal to throw up a hand.

"Having an heir is just a breeze"—Papa Dionne.

"But having five is quite a blow"—Mama Dionne.

Early to bed and early to rise
Is the motto of old John Hamley;
It's not made him healthy, nor wealthy, nor wise,
But it gets him away from his family.



"I'd Love You if You Didn't Have a Scent."

Pueribus kissibus
Sweeta girlorum;
Girlibus likibus,
Wanta somorum.

Pateribus girlibus
Enter parlorum;
Kickum pueribus
Exit duorum.

Nightibus darkibus,
Nonus Lamporum;
Jumpibus fencibus,
Pantibus torum.

It's better to be broke than never to have loved at all.

French college students don't have to attend classes. All they need to do is pass an examination. Now if only some other country that we can think of would do away with examinations. . . .

At a social whirl and giddy pace
The bedbug makes a dour face,
Because he's in an awful plight
If people don't come home at night.
—*Low-Low.*

Ed Wyatt was among the group of freshmen taking astronomy. The first meeting of the class was held in the observation tower late one evening. When the class had been accounted for, Professor Carroll went to the telescope and began to make an observation. Just then a star fell. Ed gasped. "Golly ding, that was a fine shot," he said, with great admiration. "Why, you hardly had time to take aim at it!"

Even his best friends wouldn't tell him, so he flunked the exam.

"Mary, did I hear you kiss someone in the kitchen?"

"Well, Ma'am, the junk man said he came in for a little oven."

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

Why does Swiss Cheese have all the holes when Limburger needs the ventilation so badly?

—*Scripts 'n Pranks.*

Little Peter Altimeter
Flew his plane into a cedar.
Tree's in pieces,
Plane's in pieces,
And in peace is little Peter.

And then there's the APO who took three grains of aspirin and a pinch of insect powder because he had such a lousy headache.

Imagine our embarrassment the other night when we finished clipping a joke for youse guys only to find it credited to The Student.

Settlement worker: I can see good in all things.

Anybody: Can you see good in a fog?

—*Panther.*

Cop: How did you happen to puncture this tire?

Driver: Ran over a milk bottle.

Cop: Didn't you see it in time?

Driver: No, the kid had it under his coat.

The one-ring circus was visiting a town in the hills. The folks there recognized all the instruments of the band except the slide trombone.

One old settler watched the antics of the player for quite some time, then, turning to his son, said:

"Don't let on that you're watching him. There's a trick to it somewhere —he ain't really swallerin' it."

Country Lass: Does the train stop at Grand Central Station?

City Lad: If it doesn't there will be one heckuva wreck.

A tiny ant stood looking helplessly and longingly at the carcass of a dead horse, wondering if she could nibble some of it to take home. A truck filled with cases of liquor passed by and a bottle fell out near the ant and broke. The ant took a sip and then another and pretty soon began to feel revitalized. Grabbing the horse by the tail, it started shouting, "Come on, big boy, we're going home!"

—*Varieties.*

A colored gentleman had not survived the automobile accident and the insurance adjuster had called to investigate.

"Did Washington Johnson live here?" he asked the weeping lady who opened the door.

"Yassah," between sobs.

"I would like to see the remains."

The dusky widow drew herself up proudly.

"T'se de remains, sah!"

"Are you going to take this lying down?" boomed the candidate.

"Of course not," came the reply from the rear of the hall. "The shorthand reporters are doing that."

FAN'S PIPE MAKES CLEAN TACKLE!



...then he switched to the brand of grand aroma



IT sure looked like a touchdown run, till the old grad's pipe laid the halfback low. A stinky pipe *always* spoils the other fellow's fun! Be a sport! Clean out that sludge and try a fragrant-smelling tobacco you and those around you can enjoy. We recommend Sir Walter Raleigh. Words can't describe this mellow blend of fine burleys from the famous Blue Grass country. You'll have to try a tin and see why a million men swear by it. 15¢ buys two full ounces.



UNION MADE

PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureau of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos as a *majority* of these colleges.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his Famous Orchestra NBC Blue Network, every Friday 10:00 P. M., E. S. T.

AGAIN

We Have at Your Disposal
a Complete Line of

FOODS GROCERIES
MEATS HEAVY GROCERIES

At

BREWER'S MARKET
AND
GROCERY STORE

"Lady, if you'll give us a nickel my little brother'll imitate a hen."

"You mean he can cackle like a hen?" asked the lady.

"Naw," replied the boy in disgust. "He wouldn't do a cheap imitation like that—he'll eat a worm."

—*Awgwan.*



He drank the nectar from her lips
As under the moon they sat,
And wondered if another had
Ever drunk from a mug like that!



They claimed he married her because her uncle left her a million dollars, but he claims he would have married her no matter who left it to her.



Have you ever had that cooped-up feeling as if you were in a very small cell? Have you ever felt that closed-in suffocating feeling? Have you ever found yourself talking when there was actually no one present for you to talk to? Were you worried by this condition? Then why in heck didn't you get out of the telephone booth?

—*Punch Bowl.*



Waiter: Soup, soup, sir?

Diner: I don't know what you're talking about.

Waiter: Well, you know what hash is. Well, soup is looser.



Mrs. X.: Does your husband talk in his sleep?

Mrs. Y.: No, and it's terribly exasperating. He just grins.



I sneezed a sneeze into the air;
It fell to ground I knew not where,
But hard and cold were the looks of those
In whose vicinity I snoze.

The family parrot of a village parson had acquired such an unprintable vocabulary that the minister felt it part of discretion to blanket the cage on Sunday.

One Monday afternoon a brother clergyman called unexpectedly. The maid was ordered to put the muffler back on the bird. During a lull in the conversation of the Dominies, Polly gave vent to her indignation as follows:

"Strike me! It's a damned short week."



An agitator was addressing a band of strikers.

"Only $12 a week!" he cried. "How can a man be a Christian on $12 a week?

"How," yelled a voice, "can he be anything else?"



He loved the girl so much that he worshipped the ground her father discovered oil on.

—*Yellow Jacket.*



Fraternity man: Would you be interested in joining a fraternity?

Freshman: No, thanks. I've got enough clothes of my own.



In the game its grit.
In spinach its terrible.



Cal Kinney says that a hillbilly songbird is a crooner who sings through his nose by ear.



A simple countryman saw a gaudy-plumaged parrot on the roof of his cottage.

He climbed to capture it.

The parrot looked at him and said sharply, "What do you want?"

The countryman touched his cap, "Beg pardon, sir. I thought you was a bird."

To Capture YOUR Helen of
YOUR Troy, You've Got to
Look the Part

KEEP YOUR CLOTHES
FRESHLY LAUNDERED

at the

WAKE FOREST LAUNDRY
AND
DRY CLEANERS

We Deliver : Wake Forest, N. C.

ON THE ROCK

(*Continued from page eight*)

occasion all the more dramatic. The full moon made a halo of her lustrous hair as she guessed she loved him too. They exchanged all kinds of promises and without daring to admit their uppermost thoughts each was envisioning a little cottage somewhere in the future with just them . . . and the glorious summer that was like a chapter from the book of heaven . . . and the heartbroken good-byes as she started for that glamorous zenith of life, New York, where she was to start college and live with her aunt . . . and the entirely new planet that was New York.

She got home twice or so a year, always finding the faithful Bob waiting. After the second year he had had to drop his college education. Business wasn't so good and it was cheaper for his father to have him work than for someone outside of the family to help . . . and then suddenly her junior year —Raymond! Scion of a rich family, Princeton educated, suave and smooth, yet gay and interesting. Glamorous was perhaps the word. He had met her at a reception at her school and they had gravitated together like cream particles in a separator. He took her to the places she had read of — the theater, the opera, the Cotton Club, Jack Dempsey's.

They motored out over Long Island to see the polo matches, to Saratoga for the races, to Oyster Bay to sail. At Oyster Bay she found herself again with the sea and was supremely happy. The life back in Maine seemed like a quiet chrysalis stage — pleasant, but not like this butterfly existence.

Each time Desdemona visited her home and returned to the metropolis a few more strands which bound her to the things of her early life became severed — or so she thought. Or perhaps she *didn't* think until suddenly this new heavenly existence with Raymond froze immobile, like a bird dog snapping into his point. Raymond had whispered, "Desdemona, can't we be married as soon as you're graduated this June?"

The music of the band stopped — everything stopped . . . married? . . . graduated this coming June? . . . "Ray, I must . . . I . . . Ray, dear please take me back now."

She hadn't slept that night. She'd spent it trying to straighten things out. In justice to herself and to Raymond she'd cut down on their dates together until she could create order out of chaos. . . . Then June and graduation and flowers and speeches and presentations and music and then . . . she was back in Maine on the coast.

She'd talked with Raymond before she went, told him that she wouldn't be able to think straight nor coherently until she'd been alone near the sea again. With her characteristic frankness she told Bob the whole story . . . she could still see the tense, white look on his face and hear his low voice, unisonant, expressionless. "Dearest, you'll have to choose soon. I've a chance to go West and receive a year's training with an insurance company and then a job — a real job. I shall leave Saturday. Friday I'll have to know whether you're coming with me."

And then he'd gone, vanished, and Desdemona had been left alone to wonder, and think, and wonder . . . and then that telegram from Raymond— he was coming tomorrow, Friday, coming by plane to get her decision. ". . . surely you can know by then dearest stop love Ray."

A future with money and rounds of social doings and bright lights and a man who loved her . . . or a future with

(*Continued on page eighteen*)

MANY

ARE PROUD OF THEIR BEAUTIFUL CARS
ARE DELIGHTED BY MUSIC

OTHERS

ARE PROUD OF THE FOOD
THEY SERVE ON THEIR TABLE

IN ORDER TO SERVE DELICIOUS MEALS WITHIN YOUR LIMITED BUDGET IT IS NECESSARY THAT YOU BUY WHERE QUALITY AND PRICES ARE IDEAL

YOU CAN ALWAYS DEPEND ON THIS AT

HOLLOWELL'S CASH FOOD STORE

PHONE

WAKE FOREST, N. C.



Overheard in the Kentucky Mountains: "Pour me out the interest on that mortgage, Hauk."

—*Awgwan.*

OUTLIVER

Sam Smith: Yes, sir, that Liver-Kick sure is powerful. Best stuff we have for the liver. Make ya peppy.

Customer: Well, can you give me any specified references—I mean somebody who has taken your medicine with good results?

Sam Smith: Well, there was an old man living next to me who took this Liver-Kick three years.

Customer: Well, does it help him?

Sam: He died last week.

Customer: Oh, I see.

Sam: But they had to beat his liver with a stick for three days after he died before they could kill it.

Freshman: You certainly have a barrel chest.

Freddy Williams: Yeah, I raised it from a pot.

ON THE ROCK

(*Continued from page seventeen*)

hard work for a time . . . with a man who also loved her . . . who would some day perhaps be able to give her the things that Ray could give her now . . . perhaps . . . the bubbles began to bubble faster, faster . . . couldn't the sea with its vast age and knowledge and experience help? . . . oh, God . . . what? . . . which? . . . she choked . . . coughed. . . .

. . . . . .

Bob and Raymond stood side by side, heads bowed in a common, mortal grief, as the old fisherman stepped out of his dory and tenderly laid his lifeless burden on the sand. He looked at them momentarily; then, hat in hand, he shuffled away, his sea boots making swishing noises and leaving dinosaur tracks as he walked in the packed sand.

"Poor girl," the village talk ran. "must of fell asleep on the Rock, for she was sech a good swimmer that it couldn't a caught her awake."

"The tide comes in so dern fast. Sam, that at best it's a wonder that more people ain't caught by it. And then at full moon, you know, water gits up mighty far. Line of kelp was nigh up to dry ground this morning."

The sea said little. It gurgled and sucked and swished about the rocks and the beach as it had for centuries, completely ignoring the knowing gossip of the pines above the kelp-line. . . .

A member of a psychology class on tour asked an inmate his name.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"But," said the perplexed lad, "last time we were here you were Abraham Lincoln."

"That," said the inmate sadly, "was by my first wife."

A TRIBUTE TO UGLINESS

(*Continued from page ten*)

times," writes Mr. Morgan, "she is quite funny. The time, for instance, when I showed her the first bath tub she'd ever seen—she suggested that we take it down to the lake and put my outboard motor on it, and asked where were the oarlocks."

Mr. Morgan seems to think she's inventive, too. Listen to this: "A contractor friend of mine was out to supper one night and had some of her deep-dish apple pie. After he got out of the hospital three months later he patented her recipe and has now retired on the proceeds. More than 5,000 cubic feet of it were used in reënforcing the new San Francisco-Oakland Bridge."

CLARABELLE Motoroil is Mr. McMillan's girl, and was brought up in Stall 7 of her father's livery stable. She is very strong. intimates Mr. McMillan, as anyone will attest who has been within several feet of her. (Author's note: Sorta horsey gal, so to speak?) He requests that the long scar on her left cheek be overlooked. That occurred, he says, when she attempted one night to hit her little brother, Perseverance K. Motoroil, on the back of the head with a full coal-hod. She had just reproached him for wearing the same underwear through the spring season that he had worn all winter. Young Perseverance impertinently returned, "Swish, Mazie." Then she swung. Perseverance ducked and the coal bucket fractured her father's skull in four places and broke his hip on the recoil. Thrown off guard, she was wide open for her mother's counter-blow with the upper half of an *Old Mr. Boston* bottle.

Her sister promptly created a cessation of hostilities by temporarily incapacitating the combatants with a medium-sized miner's pick. Mr. McMillan argues that as anyone is likely to fly off the handle under stress, the scar should be ignored. (Author's note: Okay, keed, we'll forget the scar, but do you have a cigarette?)

Also I might add that Mr. McMillan admits that he may be slightly prejudiced in favor of Miss Clarabelle Motoroil, because of late he finds that more and more he has been looking at things through Rhodes-colored glasses.

MR. Pratter (Ed. Note: Crater's the name. Remember?) (Author's Note: Your face does look familiar. Haven't I met you some place before?) also brought along five or six other pictures, but I can't remember where I put them. 'S funny, they were right here a moment ago. Or was that somebody else?

Or am I crazy?

The Friendly Place

IS

THE COLLEGE SODA SHOP

Trade With Fellow Students
Who Appreciate Your Trade

FRED WILLIAMS BEN ELLIOTT

ALL STUDENTS WANTS

THE LURE OF THE SEA

(*Continued from page thirteen*)

home a little abashed but frequently quite wiser and more suspicious of the integrity of the fiction they had read on the wonders of the vagrant life of the sea.

Several college boys I met at sea were seeing the world and something of life while saving money on which to return to school. As far as I could see, they put up with the unpleasantness of the maritime world principally for the education it was giving them and the short fling they were having in its vast freedom.

A wiper from South Carolina and an ordinary seaman from Canada with dreams of buying a peaceful little farm had left home with a carnival or a circus and had eventually gone to sea to get away from the hard life of the road.

The sea attracts many abnormal people to its ways and is cruelly adept at bringing out abnormalities in apparently normal persons. One fellow I knew kept a suit case of rape clippings. Another had been at sea all his life trying to forget his seduction of a girl; one night he castrated himself with a razor and nearly bled to death. Drinking is one of the chief pleasures of seamen and it is not unusual that many seafarers are dipsomaniacs. At the end of a long voyage it is quite usual for an entire crew to be exhibiting abnormalities of one sort or another.

Occasionally there are men who have sincerely chosen sea life as their profession. They are frequently Scandinavians and Englishmen who have managed to get on American vessels, but more often they are Americans from some seafaring coastal region of the United States. They study navigation and history and mathematics while at sea. Some day they will become mates and then captains of ships. It takes a determined and hard-working man to rise out of the free and undisciplined ways of the fo'c's'l.

III

The more questionable a man's reason for going to sea the more legitimate it seems to be considered in most fo'c's'ls.

Not only are the stereotyped ideas of the lure of the sea grossly fallacious but also is the idea that those who make their living by the sea have a deep affection for the sea itself. However completely indifferent the sea may really be, the sailor is constantly fighting its ravages. He curses it and the way of life that holds him. There is no caressing.

I am not suggesting that sailors are immune to the exquisite beauty that the sea often affords. Many seamen have a deep appreciation of this beauty. It makes life more bearable for them. But the sordidness and ugliness and extreme lonesomeness of sea life and the mercilessness of the weather at sea make for a hatred and not a love of the sea itself.

If a sailor returns home and goes Masefield with "I must down to the seas again," it is no spell of the "lonely sea and the sky" but rather the expansive freedom of the "vagrant" life that draws him seaward.

If you would like to go to sea or if you are a dreamer or an avid reader of the romantic stuff that is supposed to represent sea life in fiction, listen a moment. If you want to love the sea, don't live with it. The sea is at its best late at night in a comfortable arm chair drawn up by an open fire.

The ethereal blue of the Caribbean, the magnificence of the Congo by moonlight, beautiful harbors, pleasant adventures ashore are only tiny flecks of color in a maelstrom of monotony, lonesomeness, drunken sailors, whores, fights, bed bugs, cockroaches, disease, endless night watches, blue eggs and soggy pancakes, stenchy barrooms, suffocating calms, icy gales, dangerous work, and madness.

Dream away about the sea, but remember that dreams aren't real no matter how much you would like to think so and no matter how much fiction might confirm them. They may bring to one the ecstasies of existence such as the flaming beauty of a Neopolitan sunset and even the lips of a Venus, but they are a sad flop at conjuring up the misery of a tired body trying to sleep on a lumpy mattress amid a hundred bedbugs or the acute torture of standing a night watch in a winter gale.

(*Continued on page twenty*)

TOP OFF THE DANCES

WITH

- DELICIOUS FOOD
- PROMPT SERVICE
- REASONABLE PRICES

Dine at the

CAPITOL RESTAURANT

RALEIGH, N. C.

Meet Here After the Dance

Warden: What made you beat up your cell-mate the way you did?

96854: Aw dat guy gets wise wit' me.

Warden: What's he done now?

96854: Tore de leaf off de calendar and it was my turn.

Mr. Cohen: Ikey, stop putting your fingers to your nose.

Ikey: Aw fader, can't I have some fun on my own hook?

—*Pointer.*

HAVE YOUR REPAIR WORK DONE

AT

GREY JONES JEWELRY

(In Front Brewer's Market)

When Buying Watch for Christmas

. . . Give Her an ELGIN

Her lips clung tenaciously to his—she forgot to remove her chewing gum.

Irate parent: I'll teach you to make love to my daughter!

Young man: I wish you would, old boy, I'm not making much progress.

Amorous Al: Say you love me! Say it! Say it!

Simple Sal: You love me.

THE TRUTH, SO HELP ME . . .

(*Continued from page three*)

know how they do it now. The game has changed, the rules have changed, the uniforms have changed, the schools have changed, yet there still remains after thirty years of competition, the same friendly spirit, the same close relationship which Wake Forest and Davidson have always had with each other.

Much has been said about "Davidson Spirit," but frankly, it seems to be more noticed by outsiders than by the Davidsonians themselves. If nothing had ever been said about it, I would never have known that the spirit here was any different from that found on other college campuses of the country. However, it may be true that there is an elusive and indefinable something which permeates Davidson and distinguishes it from other schools—I don't know. But if there is such a something, it is no doubt largely due to the traditions which have been built up here during the last hundred years, and which are handed down unconsciously from one group of students to another.

It seems that Wake Forest also has this abstract and evanescent thing called spirit which distinguishes it among our colleges. You have this deep-rooted and traditional quality which shows itself in every action and attitude which you take—which shows itself in every athletic contest in which you participate—which shows itself in every contact which you have with the world outside your college walls, as well as in your own life on the campus. That is why Wake Forest and the Deacons are admired and respected everywhere that they are known.

First Old Maid: I shiver every time I think of a handsome young man kissing me.

Second Old Maid: And here I've been thinking you had St. Vitus dance all these years.

"And strategy," defined the West Pointer, "is when you keep right on firing and don't let the enemy know you're out of ammunition."

Notice on bulletin board the other day: "FOUND—roll of five-dollar bills. Will the owner please form a line at the north entrance to Wait Hall."

THE LURE OF THE SEA

(*Continued from page nineteen*)

Remember that your dreams are only the musings of some unreliable idealistic part of yourself that would correct what you no doubt consider your unromantic life. But don't let your dreams betray you. If you would go to sea, remember that your dreams are much more pleasant and satisfying than the sea at its best.

When you feel the exhilarating changes of the seasons, especially in the spring, do not misinterpret the volatile feeling as any irresistible call of the sea unless you're fairly tough, are accustomed to brisk treatment, and don't mind running the physical risks of the sea as well as the chance of possibly becoming such a misfit on land that you must accept the awful lonesomeness and instability of sea life to get its freedom.

If your knowledge of life has been principally taken from books, I would suggest that you make yourself comfortable and go to sea with Conrad, Sabatini, MacFee, Melville, and Masefield as you have always done, that you lie on a warm white beach and gaze out over the breakers to the endless horizon, that you go to the battery and watch ships steam out to sea with all your roseate imagination. Revel in the white spaume, the windy spray, and the beautiful panorama of the illimitable sea and the sky and scudding clouds, but don't go to sea. Sea life is realistic and a ruthless dispeller of many a landlubber's favorite dreams—as it was of mine.

SHORTY'S

SANDWICHES - DRINKS

TOBACCOS

•

FIVE BILLIARD TABLES

TWO BOWLING ALLEYS

•

A Loyal Supporter

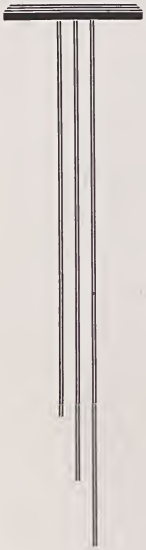
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TWENTY YEARS SERVICE TO STUDENTS

SHORTY'S, That's the Place

Friendly Business . . .



Good business is primarily based on fine quality and excellent service . . . there is still some truth in the "better mouse trap" story. . . . Good business means more than good work and good service . . . good business is also a friendly business. . . .

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RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

High School Annuals : Newspapers : Engraved Commencement Invitations

He Sings 1,790 Words a Night

LAURITZ MELCHIOR of the Metropolitan Opera finds Luckies gentle on his throat... even under this strain



LAURITZ MELCHIOR is known as the greatest Wagnerian tenor in the world. His roles . . . such as "Tristan"... are among the most difficult—and hence the most throat-taxing—in opera. So it means a lot to every smoker when Mr. Melchior says: "I prefer Luckies for the sake of my throat."

Luckies are the one and only cigarette that employs the "Toasting" process, the special process that removes certain throat irritants found in *all* tobacco — even the finest.

And Luckies *do* use the finest tobacco. Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts — auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc. — Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as all other cigarettes combined.

In the impartial, honest judgment of those who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco...who know tobacco best ... it's Luckies — 2 to 1.

WITH TOBACCO EXPERTS... WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST

It's Luckies 2 to 1



Luckies — A Light Smoke

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no. 3

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE
LIBRARY

THE STAMM





Camels

MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS

Give Camels for Christmas! There's no doubt about how much people appreciate Camels—the cigarette that's made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. A gift of Camels says: "Happy Holidays *and* Happy Smoking!"

(*right*) The famous Christmas package, the Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—200 cigarettes. You'll find it at your dealer's.

(*above*) Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—in gay holiday dress.

(*right*) A pound of Prince Albert in a real glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in prime condition and becomes a welcome possession.





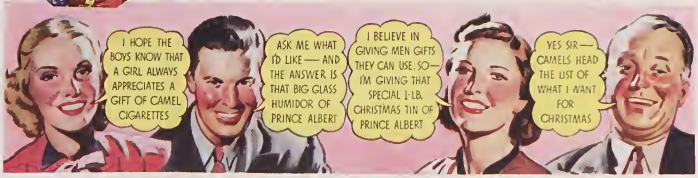
(*left*) One pound of Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—in an attractive Christmas gift package.

Prince Albert

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

If you know a man owns a pipe—you're practically certain to be right if you give him PRINCE ALBERT—The National Joy Smoke. Beginners like P.A. because it doesn't bite. Occasional pipe-smokers find it's extra cool. And the regulars think it's tops for mellow taste.

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Christmas Issue



Merry Christmas, Lads

MERRY CHRISTMAS

TOM'S

Complete Fountain Service
Better Buttered Sandwiches

BILLIARDS SMOKES

Students: Our staff wishes to express our appreciation for your patronage. You are always welcome at TOM'S.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Lecturer: Potts was a great man. At his death three towns were named after him—Pottstown, Pottsville, and Chambersboro.

Salt is what makes potatoes taste not so good if you don't put enough on them.

A sign seen ornamenting a Kentucky farmer's acres:

NOTIS

Trespassers will be persecuted to the full extent of two mongrel dogs which ain't never been to sociable with strangers, and one dubbl barl shotgun which ain't loaded with sofa pollows, DAM if I ain't gettin tired of this hell raisin round my place.

"Oh, keeper," said the middle-aged woman at the zoo. "Is that a male or a female hippopotamus?"

"Madame," said the keeper, "I don't see what difference that would make to anybody but another hippopotamus."

Barristers-about-campus like to tell this one on a prominent local professor who had subpoenaed a certain youngster as an important witness. No sooner had the little lad climbed into the witness chair than the lawyer started to fire questions at him.

"Have you an occupation?" asked the legal one.

"Nope."

"Do you ever do any work of any kind?"

"Nope."

"What occupation does your father follow?"

"None."

"Does he ever do anything to help support the family?"

"Odd jobs once in a while."

"Then tell me, isn't your father a worthless fellow, a loafer, deadbeat, and cad?"

"I don't know," answered the witness. "You'd better ask him; he's sitting over there in the jury."

Nurse: Sir, the stork has just left you a new son.

Absent-minded professor: Great! But don't tell my wife—I want to surprise her.

Our girl is so cross-eyed that every time she puts a penny in a gum machine, peanuts come out.

They laughed when I came out on the stage in my glove-tight shorts, but when I bent over, they split.

No, little ones, a neckerchief is not the head of a sorority house.

A colored soldier was stopped by a sentry one dark night.

"Let me see your pass paper," said the sentry.

"Ain't got none," returned the negro.

"Can't pass through here without a pass paper," declared the sentry.

The first soldier rolled his eyes, reached into his coat pocket, drew forth a razor and opened it.

"Boy," he snarled, "I'se got a Ma in heaven, a Pa in hell, and a gal in Blankville—and believe me, brother, I'se gwine see one of them tonight!"

Customer: This coat is not a very good fit, sir.

Tailor: Vell, vot do you expect for five dollars—an attack of epilepsy?

Fashion note: There will be little change in men's pockets this year.

The warden was examining a new batch of prisoners.

"In this prison," he said, "we let the men work at the trades they know, at occupations they understand. You, there," he said to the first in line, "what was your business?"

"I'm a traveling man."

CHRISTMAS

TO MAKE THE LAME RETURN
TO THE FOLD
YOU MUST BURN OUR WOOD
AND COAL

CITY FUEL AND
SUPPLY CO.

WAKE FOREST : NORTH CAROLINA

Amongst the Nitwits



mascots . . .

Fraternity mascots must be the vogue this season. At least, indications would lead us to believe that they are. The APO's were the first to take such an animal to their bosoms, a nice little pest — four legs, two ears, cold nose, wagging tail, and goodness knows how many fleas. Nobody seems to know exactly where it came from; Sim Caldwell says he just "woke up, and that she wuz." The boys were up against it, too, when they set about to name the creature. Sappo Floyd suggested that they call it "Ben" in honor of brother Ben, and Ben it was — till the boys found out that she wasn't that kind of a dog. Then James (The Honest One) Mason suggested that they call her Ben Hur, but that must have been unsatisfactory too, for she was answering to the name of Hector the last time we heard of her.

By the by, it is our private opinion that Hector was the cause of the sudden up-shoot in blotter stock among the APO's, but you needn't quote us on that.

The Pi Gams have their own mascot now, too — a child squirrel that Fred Welch brought back from somewhere a couple of weeks ago and tossed into the bed with Smith Young, this year's editor of the *Campus Album of Familiar Farces.* The squirrel, Sig by name, must have got used to things all right, for he's still around. We haven't heard any particular complaints from any of the boys yet, except that he keeps the beds full of nuts all the time— but shucks, that ain't nuthin' unusual.

As long as we're talking about mascots, which is what we're supposed to be talking about, we might as well tell you something else we picked up in our dazed wanderings around. The Student itself has adopted, against its will, a couple of mascots of its own, and we can't get rid of them to save our souls. One of them is a life-sized elephant, all pink with mauve stripes and a rabbit's tail. The other defies description, but looks more like a superannuated garter-snake than anything else, complete with cloven hoofs and the smell of a besotted nanny-goat.

regulations . . .

For the benefit of both freshmen and students, we of The Student have subscribed (subscription prices quoted on request) to the following regulations as originally set forth by the *Yale Record.* With a few embellishments we pass them on to you, free for gratis. Although the Student Council has not as yet passed upon said regulations, we feel comfortably certain that it will do so as soon as it sees that The Student is fostering them.

1. *Conduct:* Any student who, by shooting, knifing, poisoning, or strangling the Faculty, or any member or members thereof, has become, in the opinion of authorities, detrimental to the welfare of the College, shall be dismissed at once, and a letter of disapproval shall be sent to his parents immediately.

2. *Marriage:* Any undergraduate may have two (2) wives and three (3) children, three (3) wives and two (2) children, or no (0) wives and six (6) children, but he may not engage in companionate marriage without a statement of approval from his parents (or guardian) and special permission from the Dean.

3. *Transportation:* No student may keep or operate a steam shovel on the campus, nor shall he keep or operate a Zeppelin over the campus. Neither shall he employ any form of tunnel-borer, or any other underground method of transportation, in, on, or about the campus.

4. *Fixtures:* Installation of dentist chairs, turbines, or roller-coasters must be made only with permission of the Dean and on condition that additions thus made shall become the permanent property of the College.

5. *Ladies:* Ladies may not be entertained in College dormitories at any time except by written permission of a class officer. The common plea, "She's no lady," will not be accepted as an excuse.

6. *Employees:* A decent respect for the employees of the College, as well as a sense of economy, should pre-

(*Continued on page ten*)

RUFUS CRATER, Editor

The
WAKE FOREST STUDENT
December 1937

RAY BRADY, Business Manager

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MEMBER OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

OUR XMAS GIFT TO YOU

(with apologies to the late Ring Lardner)

How utterly ridiculous you'd feel,
How much like cussin'—
If we just got a *card* from you
While you got a *gift* from us-uns.

But we know that no such thing
Will happen, semi-colon;
For all you're gonna get from us
Is this copy of jokes we've stolen.

A REPRINT

Sometime about the middle of September 1897, the following letter found its way into the sacred sanctum of the New York *Sun's* editorial offices:

"Dear Editor—I am eight years old.
"Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.
"Papa says 'If you see it in the *Sun*, it's so.'
"Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

"Virginia O'Hanlon.
"115 West Ninety-fifth Street."

A few days later, on September 21, 1897, there appeared on the editorial page of the *Sun* the answer to this childish query, an editorial which, of all the hundreds of editorials which poured from the *Sun* presses that year, is perhaps the only one that has not already faded into the limbo of the past. Grudgingly written by Francis P. Church, "Is There a Santa Claus?" is by far the most widely known and most popular of all editorials in the history of American journalism. Its popularity is proof enough that sincere emotion is the axis on which the earth turns.

At this Christmas-time, as hundreds of newspapers and magazines throughout the world are doing, we reprint it for you:

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

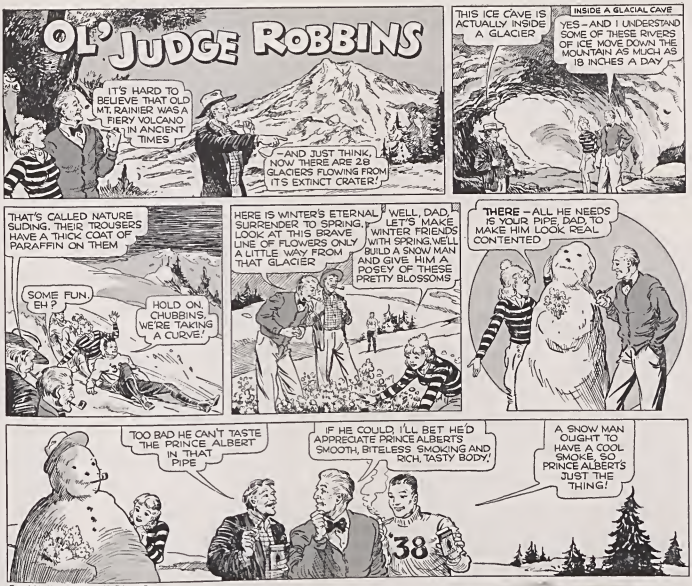
Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the

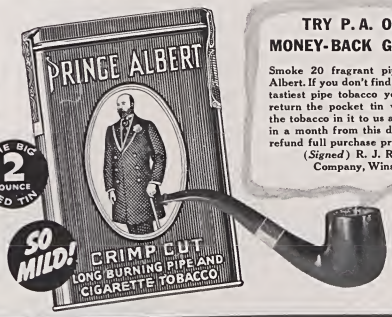
(*Continued on page twelve*)



Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

FIRST OF ALL, WE FELLOWS WANT MILDNESS IN A PIPE TOBACCO; YET WE LIKE **TASTY** SMOKING, TOO. PRINCE ALBERT GIVES US **BOTH**. IT'S **EXTRA-MILD** WITH **GOOD, RICH BODY!**





TRY P. A. ON THIS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

ALSO TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN WITH P. A.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

THE SULTAN SUSPECTS
OR
HAREM SCAREM

●

by those well-known eunuchs
Highfill and Helm

●

"So what?" growled the Sultan.

"But master," protested Ibn Ben Muggin, salaaming in the best Asia Minor tradition and kissing the bejeweled and highly aromatic big toe of His Supreme Sapience, "the women—"

"Well, brother to a camel flea, thriee-damned son of a profligate swine, what of the women—Allah leugthen their days," quoth the Sultan, piously keeping his fingers crossed.

"Oh, illustrious potentate, oh jeweled diadem of the morning star, shining like the tail-lamp of a ten-ton truck, oh—"

"Silence!" eried the Sultan. "Pry thy punch-drunk puss—er, countenance—from the dust so that I may more readily distinguish between thy dim-witted babbling and the gurgling of my hookah (water pipe). Say thy say and go get thyself deloused."

"The women, oh Lord, do squabble again. The woman Fatima has proeured for herself one first edition of that infidel scribbling, *Anthony Perverse* (Dabbleday-Doormat. $3.98 and is defending the montrosity of the unbeliever with all the fire of her admirable spirit against the onslaught of Fatuity, who has passed her sixteenth month, these nine days, on *Gone with the Gin.* What shall I do, oh favored of the Prophet? Thy faithful Eunneh awaits thy pleasure."

"Go to and soak thy head, thou sun of a misbegotten ass!" howled the favored of Allah. "Trouble me not with such trivial matters!"

"Bnt Lord," moaned the eunuch.

"Cease thy profanity and hear me, son of an anaemie louse," bawled the Sultan. "Art thou in truth so dopey that thou eanst not see that while my little prickly pear blossoms are tearing one another's hair over a book, you have no cause to worry?"

"Ghup!" the eunuch ejaculated staunehly.

"It is only when they gaze soulfully at movie magazines," continued the Lord of the Moon, "only when they fail to take their Sal Hepatiea before breakfast, only when they murmur 'Ah' and follow that up by murmuring 'Oh' that you have need of worry. Then you may know, nephew of the dim-witted hyena, that there is a serious problem—a man. Now get thee hence and can thy prattle!"

"But, Son of the Sun, I have not told thee all. Alas, thou mayest have mine ears if I speak not with veraeity—there is a man, a dragoman from far-away Tunis—a most exeellent appearing man, but a glib-tongued one."

"May thy hashish turn to snuff, porcine one! By the Liver of the Prophet, I will have these same ears spitted and roasted for thee to eat—how esme you by this foul intelligenee?"

"I had but been to the eorner drug store to partake of my daily Pause that Refreshes, oh giver of alms to the destitute, when I espied this omen of evil in human shape gaping through the window of the harem. He earried a sheaf of parehments beneath his arm—if I may be allowed, I humbly suggest that it was the writing of Omar Khayyam, poetry to discontent the heart of beauty."

"Didst thou not accost the shameless rogue and question him, oh sloth-witted swine?"

"Aye, noble master, I did my poor best, but he hastened away affrighted, when I made as if to detain him, and he vowed to put the slug on me if I didst dare to follow."

"Dared the foul infidel to thus address a servant of my supreme eminenee?" growled the potentate, splitting his infinitive nicely. "In very truth I shall have his head for this. But what said he to the women?"

"I know not, favored of Allah and Franklin Roosevelt," responded Muggin, "but Hassan Ben Wurkin elaims to have seen the monster prowling around the harem and—I hesitate to say it—winking at the woman Fatima."

The ruler sprang from his silken eushion, getting his beard tangled with the tube of his hookah (water pipe) in his extreme agitation. "Winking at Fatima?" he bellowed. "Why, the *-@½&5‡e**5$'/X ?!?*—⅞&6$()⅛@‡($$) F3—⅞/—7(e@&/!$7&)!"

Which is certainly no way for a Sultan to talk.

The eunueh trembled, after the aeeepted fashion of all good eunuchs when they faee their master's anger. "O bountiful bestower of baksheesh," he mumbled, "perhaps the woman Fatima likes not this man's attentions."

"Art thou an ass as well as the son and grandson and the great-grandson of a long line of asses?" thundered the Sultan. "Dost thou know so little of the ways of women that thou dost not realize that any woman beeomes goofy when a mangy dragoman or a long-haired poet or a beetle-pussed chauffeur breathes sweet nothings and halitosis into her pearly little ear?"

"There is a way to put to the test the fidelity of the woman Fatima," suggested Muggin timidly.

"How, oh eater of lizards?" inquired the irate ruler.

"In this manner, O shining one. Hassan Ben Wurkin will inform me when next the thriee-accursed Tunisian haunts the harem. We will allow the infidel to gain access to Fatima, and it will then be easy for your magnificence to surprise them while they are—er—conversing."

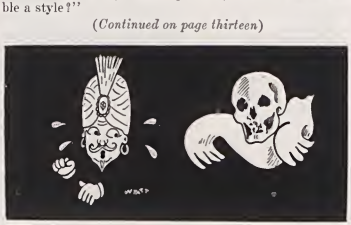
"Then attend me while I go to Damascus to consult my attorney, oh slave."

"It is well, master. Shall this humble being arrange for travel in the usual manner? Shall I fill the tank of the roadster?"

"Nay, I think that I shall hiteh-hike."

"May I be so bold as to make inquiry as to why thou choosest, one in thy exalted position, to travel in so humble a style?"

(*Continued on page thirteen*)



Harem Scarem

The Poets' Page

(The Poems, *Triad of Beauty* and *To Schubert* were sent to a Wake Forest student by Miss Evelyn Brock, who was graduated from Winthrop College last year. The other poems were written by Ben C. Fisher.)

Triad of Beauty

The deep autumnal glory of the mountains
Is infinitely more than colored tree leaves;
Is more, I think, than maple's golden garments,
And more than dogwood's vintage-colored foliage;

The symphony of wood-sounds is as lovely
As the great chords of color in the forest:
Crisp carpeting that crackles at a foot-step,
And music of the wind, like dryads sighing.

The fragrance of the woods is full of magic,
Sweet incense as tall fires ascended to heaven;
The musky smell of earth beneath pine-needles
Perfumes the spicy autumn-laden breeze.

Fair Proserpine, departing to her consort,
Is far more beautiful with nuptial blushes
Than in her gay return to Mother Ceres.
And, blind, one still could know her majesty.

●

To Schubert

Ah, Schubert! How we love thy music gay!
Thy songs with simple sprays of tune entwined
Around like rosebuds on an arbor vined,
(But without thorns); when weary people pray,
Thy beauteous "Hail, Mary" points the way
To heaven's gate. Men's souls bewildered find
Deep peace on hearing symphonies designed
Of gold-wrought arabesques of sunlit ray.

Thy art was not like masters who relied
On superficial ornaments to make
Their shallow melodies with glamour glow;
Thou knew'st, with Keats, that Beauty doth abide
In vain except she liveth for Truth's sake.
And from that marriage only can Art grow.

●

Ego

To live and live alone,
Is but to pull the walls
Of self upon thy head,
And lie beneath the ruins,
Crushed by Ego's ponderous stones.

Bobby Burns

Tain't for a simple man
With scace' a bit o' learning'
To read the great poets
If great they be,
An' still a heart-felt yearning;
Fer' company,
Fer' a lafe'
Fer' a frien'
Aye, Bobbie Burns, right weel ye kin,
Wi' common thought
Fer common men,
Now fill our hearts up brimming.

●

Beauty

(on watching a moth die in a cyanide bottle)

Winged Nymph,
Tho dost lie,
Shuddering, gasping,
Thy soft wings rasping,
In glimmering walls transparent;
Of thy own grace and beauty
Thou are victim;
Beautiful creature!
'Tis man's folly!
Buoyed by the winds
Thou hast floated
Beauty incarnate;
Thy palpitating body
In one last convulsion
Lies still, and beauty has fled;
Only the symbol remains
With fading colors to mock,
That which has been,
And now is not.

●

Shadows

Black clouds pass silently
Across the moon's bright face;
Spectral forms gliding,
Ghost-like over the deep;
As silently as they come they go,
Diffuse and vanish into the air.



HOLIDAZE

by

Ben C. Fisher

For more than a hundred years now Wake Forest students have looked forward to Christmas holidays, and in a few more days we will be leaving the campus by bus, rail, and thumb for many destinations in many states and counties.

The earliest record that we have of Christmas holidays goes back to 1867. Just two years previous to this the war between the states had been concluded at Appomattox, and the ragged soldiers of the Confederacy had scarcely returned to their poverty-stricken homes, to the fields wasted by invading armies and four long years of neglect. North Carolina, economically and politically destitute, faced the seemingly impossible task of readjustment, but one thing remained that even the ravages of war could in no wise abate, and to which Wake Forest College gave much—a spiritual fervency and a religious zeal that became the impetus for a New State.

We can imagine that those who celebrated the Birth of Christ did so with gravity and simplicity. Small in number but great in spirit and purpose, those few men cause us to bow respectfully in tribute. Thomas Dixon, perhaps the most famous of Wake Forest alumni, pays homage in his books *Leopard Spots,* and *The Clansmen,* to the spirit of the men who rebuilt a nation from the ashes of a great war.

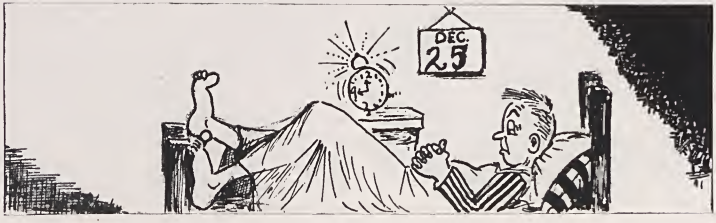
In the old days Christmas was the greatest occasion of the year, and preparations were made for weeks ahead. The houses were large and could accommodate many visitors. If the buggy and wagon wheels didn't sink more than three-fourths of the way up to the hubs, the roads were considered in fine shape.

Chickens, turkeys, and geese were fattened on milk and dough; hogs were killed and barbecued; pies, cakes, custards, cookies, puddings, tarts, jams, jellies, marmalades, preserves, and an unlimited number of different kinds of candies was prepared. The wood shed was filled with huge backsticks and fire-lengths which would later crackle and pop merrily as the family gathered around the great open hearth to roast chestnuts and bake apples. In those days the boys who lived too far away from a railroad to go home were sure to get an invitation to spend Christmas with one of their friends.

Times have changed so much since the war that, if one of those old fellows could come back, he would almost be a stranger. We have been revolutionized in industry, in politics, and in religion; the whole aspect of our national life has changed. The attitude toward this sacred and festive occasion has kept pace with the quickened tempo of the times.

In this age of speed everyone is thirsty for TIME. We petition for longer holidays. We implore the professors for more time to prepare for examinations. In the old days the students were contented with whatever schedule was arranged for them. Dr. Pascal, Professor of Greek, offers the following interesting material on the subject of holidays.

(*Continued on page twelve*)



Deer Sandy Klaws:

(Editor's note: A couple of weeks ago we purchased ourselves a horse's mane, whitewashed it and stuck it on our chin, filled our pantaloons with pillows and cushions, and told Miss Annie down at the Postoffice that we were Santa Claus and could we please get a box. After we had crossed her palm with a sufficiency of the filthy lucre she cheerfully—but somewhat skeptically, we fear—consented. Consequently for the past few days our box has been flooded with letters; below we reprint some of them.)

Mr. Santa Claus, D.D., LL.D., Ph.D., R.S.V.P.,
Wake Forest, N. C.

Dear Dr. Claus:

I have been a good little boy all year and have almost kept up with all the assignments Mr. Brainerd Currie has been so kind as to give us in Law School—honestly, Santy, I haven't used John Lawrence's carbons but one time, and I don't think that ought to count against me, 'eause I got everything wrong anyway. (But please, dear Santa, don't let Mister Currie know about this.)

You see, that time I went to Wendell on Sunday to call on my girl-friend—we'll call her Pansy Pearl on acc't of that's her name—and bumming wasn't so good coming back. I guess I should have taken my books along with me, but shucks, Santy, Pansy Pearl can always think up things to do that are so much more fun than studying.

So this Xmas I want you to please bring me a nice scooter-bike so I can get down to Wendell and back during the week-end, even in the rain. It doesn't have to be a great big expensive job—just anything that will get me to Wendell will do.

Eddie Knott.

P.S.—Please don't forget Pansy Pearl—she wants me for Xmas.

●

Decrist Sandy Klawse:

Awl i want is a side car to hook on two that skooter byke Eddy Not wrot u about. Then we can both go to Wendell and it won't cost neither wun of us no more. Witch jest goes to prove that 2 can love as cheep as 1.

I am gud boy.

Dickie Whisnant.

P.S.—My girl's prettier 'n his'n.

●

Dearest Santa:

I have been doing the best I can all year. Please don't blame me for that column I wrote in *Old Gold and Black*—Scoop Philipps got me to do that just so he could prove to his three readers that there is somebody in school who can pick winners just as wrong as he does. So you see I was just trying to be a good little Boy Scout and help da Scoop.

I'm not asking for very much this time. All I want is my lost youth back again. I know that you will be getting a lot of requests like this from boys in Law School, but I hope you will have enough to go around. If you don't, please arrange to get me some before you do Worley Earp.

I love you.

Fate Beale.

P.S.—If you would let me graft some of your whiskers onto my bald head, that'd be mighty nice. They tell me my head needs hair-conditioning.

●

Dear Claus:

I'm not going to ask you for any scoops this time—I think I have enough left over from the ones you brought last year. But I would like to have a few facts to brighten up my sports page—I asked you for some last time, but I haven't seen a one all year.

Also I would like to have somebody else to write my column for me. That little Ted Phillips is a nice boy and has written some mighty good articles under my name this year, but I'm afraid that I won't be able to keep him believing that G-o-r-d-o-n spells *Ted*.

But most of all I want an 8-by-10 engraving of my picture to run in the paper every week—don't you think I'm pretty? And besides making the page lots more attractive, that would be a good way to Philipp space.

I am not only a fine fellow but also the best sports editor in the world.

See ya, Mary.

DA SCOOP.

●

Dear Santa:

Please bring us bigger and better dances this year. If you could leave one right here in Wake Forest, that would be mighty fine, too.

Yank Green and the Pan-Hel Boys.

●

Dearest Chris:

Could you please contrive to bring me a first-rate collegiate newspaper? I could use one.

David Morgan.

Dear Sir:

Do you reckon you could bring me a calendar with longer week-ends? Also—what with the *Howler*, and different girls and people, and Bill Pittard to look after, and stuff and things—I could use a new Eight-Ball. This one I'm behind now isn't nearly big enough.

Your gum-bumping friend,

Julius Smith Young.

●

Dearest Santa Claus, Esq.:

You needn't bring me anything this time. I've got what it takes.

James Wadsworth Bizzell.

●

Dear St. Nick:

I've sold my supply of Liver-Kick. I could sell some more if I had some more—and if I had a medicine show to go with it.

Hopefully,

Sam Smith.

●

Dear Mr. Santa Man:

Please bring me a pair of stockings full of that nasty man who's been signing my name to notices like this:

MY NEW SUPER-HETERODYNE TRACTOR, ALL WOOL BODY WITH BUILT-IN TRAILER, WILL LEAVE TODAY AT HIGH TIDE FROM THE CORNERSTONE OF HARPER'S FILLING STATION, BOUND FOR SHANGRI-LA. WE WILL CAMP TONIGHT ON THE WESTERN HORIZON AND WILL ARRIVE AT OUR DESTINATION IN TIME FOR HIGH MASS TOMORROW.

TICKET BOOKS WILL BE HONORED IF YOU FURNISH YOUR OWN BLANKETS. OTHERWISE WE WILL EXACT FROM EACH OF YOU A NOMINAL SUM OF 13 3/4c AS COVER CHARGE.

R. M. BAREFEET,
Truck Dispatcher.

●

Dear Santa:

If'd be mighty nice if you'd let all the boys bring lots of old stale money back from home. And you can have back your old PAID IN FULL stamp—seems like we haven't got much use for it any more.

Ben & Fred.

●

Dearest Darling Santa:

I am trying out a new technique with the women. Please bring me results.

Lovingly,

Bill Pittard.



HELP! Send for the S. P. C. A. Notify the S.P.C.C. And let's start a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pipes! Smoking over-strong tobacco in a gummy bowl is a mean trick to play on a self-respecting briar. Clean it out and smoke a fine, mild tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh. Fragrant. Slow-burning. Blended of the finest burleys from the famous Blue Grass country. Two full ounces, as only a 50-pipeful tin of tobacco *could* be. Try Sir Walter!



PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureau of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a *majority* of these colleges.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his Famous Orchestra NBC Blue Network, every Friday 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.

AND ANOTHER GAME WAS LOST!

The football game was over and beside
the parlor grate,
The maid and log-haired youth were
lingering rather late.
They talked of goals and touchdowns,
but found it rather tame,
'Til Cupid put his nose-guard on and
ran into the game.

The youth was getting restless 'neath
the weight of new-found bliss,
And he kinda thought the scrimmage
ought to end up with a kiss,
So he charged upon the center—he
tackled left and right—
And the way they held that chair for
downs was simply out of sight.

He tried an oseulation, just an amateur
affair,
But he muffed it on a fumble, and in-
stead it struck the ear.
As it landed on her ear he heard her
say,
"You're penalized for holding, Jim—
likewise offside play."

Then with set teeth he tried another—
this time succeeded fine,
For he scored an easy touchdown on
the crimson two-inch line.
But as they sat there by the fire, com-
muning soul to soul,
The parlor door swung open, and her
father kicked the goal!

—*Selected.*

"At the prom last night, my suspenders broke right in the middle of the dance floor."

"Weren't you terribly embarrassed?"

"No. My roommate had them on."

And then there was the girl who was so modest she had to leave the room to change her mind.

She: Getting real cold, isn't it?

He (reflectively): Winter draws on.

She: Sir!

A teacher was correcting a boy who said: "I ain't going there."

"That's no way to talk. Listen. I am not going there; you are not going there; he is not going there; we are not going there; you are not going there; they are not going there. Do you get the idea?"

"Yes, ma'am. They ain't nobody going."

He: Only a mother could love a face like that.

She: I'm about to inherit a fortune.

He: I'm about to become a mother.

AMONGST THE NITWITS

(*Continued from page three*)

vent the mutilating of janitors, night watchmen, and policemen.

no soap . . .

The Foreign Correspondent offers this gem and we're passing it on to you, but we write it with our typewriter in our cheeks and our hand on the door.

It is said that a man (for the sake of originality we'll call him Jones rather than Smith) went to visit a freshly-married friend (to keep from gumming up the story we'll call him Smith instead of Jones) who had just moved into a new home. Now it would appear that all the furniture was new, and upon inquisition Jones learned that well-nigh all the living-room furnishings had been got for almost nothing.

"That's a mighty pretty rug," Jones commented upon entering. "Where did you get it?"

"That?" shrugged Smith. "Oh, that's a little thing I picked up with soap wrappers."

"And this chair—how much did it set you back?"

"Nothing much," was the answer, "I got it with soap-wrappers."

"And the couch?"

Smith smiled, for he had won that with soap wrappers, too.

So it was with all the furniture; chairs, curtains, vases (a large one and two slightly smaller), floor lamps—everything he had won with soap wrappers.

At last Jones asked to be shown the rest of the house, but Smith firmly denied him this privilege.

"Why not?" demanded Jones. "What do you have in there?"

"Soap!" came back Smith, "what t'hell do you think?"

Old Maid: Officer, this man tried to flirt with me.

Officer: Get along, buddy. I won't have any drunks on my beat.

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

What movie star should you think of immediately after sitting on chewing gum?

Sonja Henie, maybe?

The Wyrd's Vengeance

Like time and the river, and the book of the same name, Gambrell's sea stories seemingly have no end. Here's what we consider his best to date . . .

by ED GAMBRELL

A RAGING northern Atlantic blasted about the *Craven's* Old Man. Standing on the lee bridge he peered with hard weazened eyes into the heavy gloom of a slashing gale that whipped across the *Craven*.

Rain lashed the Old Man's rugged face and dashed against his wrinkled oilskins. Raising a hand he brushed water off his chin and tried to stop an icy trickle that rolled down his neck.

The wind howled and flung rain horizontally across the pitching seas. Cross currents would sweep across the *Craven's* deck with a whirring sound, a swift whiteness in the storm's darkness.

Tumultuous seas bashed against the *Craven's* steel plates and crashed over the vessel's bow as it surged ahead. Waves poured over the gunwales and smashed into spray and foam against the wenches and hatches. But always the *Craven* would rise, shake the water from her rolling form and run headlong into the next barrage of sea and sky.

The ship's screw, when her stern would rise high on a crest, would scream out in weird shrieks; the *Craven* would shudder and her plates would groan and creak.

The Captain knew that his vessel could take it. Twenty-five years as her master had given him that assurance. And but for this night and another he had never been out in the weather on her. The *Craven's* Old Man, to the knowledge of his crew, had never been on the bridge during a storm, no matter how bad. In the foc's'l the Captain's reclusiveness during foul weather was often discussed.

However, aside from this night there had been a night twenty-five years ago during which the Old Man had taken a watch on the bridge. That had been on the *Craven's* maiden voyage, and having occurred twenty-five years in the past, it had happened too long ago for anyone to normally recall—that is, for anyone but the Captain. He remembered it well, extremely well as he stood on the bridge and saw and felt the gale's fury. The memory haunted him.

* * * * *

STEPPING into the pilot house, out of the dark wet fingers of the storm, the Captain pulled the whistle cord. Resounding blasts, muffled slightly by the storm, bellowed in uncanny and ghastly sounds. The Old Man shuddered at them. For twenty-five years he had shuddered at the *Craven's* blasts. The eerie outbursting echoed and reëchoed in his mind. He shook.

The seamen at the helm saw the Captain's hand quiver as it jerked the whistle lanyard, saw him shake. The Old Man glanced around. The helmsman saw a blanched face, disturbed eyes. The Captain said nothing. He jerked the lanyard again, tried to bolster himself.

"Be ready to stir in a hurry, because the *Wyrd*—no, dammit, I mean a derelict has been reported about here." He had failed to steady himself, even before the helmsman. He rushed back onto the bridge away from observation, but into the obsessing bluster of the storm.

The man at the wheel wondered at the Captain, wondered if the ship were in some great danger. But the Captain's fright didn't seem to him the reflection of some immediate peril, but rather the expression of some deeper inward fear. And the seaman knew, according to foc's'l tales, that this was the first time the Old Man had been out during a blow. What was the *Wyrd* the Captain had blurted out when speaking of the derelict? Seemingly he wasn't frightened by the mere physical buffeting of the wind and the sea, thought the helmsman. Probably the "willies," the old boy had been drinking a good bit, he surmised.

On the bridge the Captain quaked as the wind and water streamed against him; he was haunted with recollections of a similar night twenty-five years in the past. It had been during the maiden voyage of the *Craven*.

This night, like that one had been, was in the northern Atlantic. Like that night there was a heavy gale blowing and the *Craven* was carrying a secret cargo of gold, a profitable shipment. Like that night the mate had been seriously injured and the Old Man had been forced to take the mate's watch.

The strange coincidence of these two night made the skipper's memory of that night twenty-five years ago all the more poignant and obsessing.

* * * * *

HE had wanted the bonus badly; he had had debts to pay. Then, too, he had not known that the *Craven* had disabled the *Wyrd*—the crash had been light, only a

(*Continued on page sixteen*)



"Well, officer, I see you raided that liquor still you were telling me about."

HOLIDAZE

(*Continued from page eight*)

"Before 1887 the average time allotted the students for Christmas holidays was from December 25 to December 26. The only holidays during the whole year were December 25-26, February 14, Anniversary Day, Easter Monday (after 1886-87), and in 1885 a Field Day toward the close of April.

"How patiently the students bore this year of work, with only a scant vacation of two days for Christmas, is indicated by the fact that it was on December 21, 1887, when the first petition for a longer Christmas—one full week—was presented to the faculty, who, doubtless having waited impatiently for such a petition, granted it and adjourned. From this time until the session of 1895-96 the formality of making and granting this petition went on. After that year the calendar provided for holidays."

If the student of today does not have the spartan attitude toward discipline, he certainly has the quality of persistence. For the last decade—that is, until this year—an annual petition for longer Thanksgiving holidays was presented to the faculty, who annually consigned it to the waste basket; but the boys kept hammering away until this year, when the iron will of the faculty broke.

For each individual student the holidays will have their peculiar meaning and purpose. To those who live so far away from the college that they have been unable to go home during the semester, it will mean a grand reunion with their families, relatives and friends. To others it will mean a chance to finish incomplete work and to review examinations. Many will find it a rest from the routine of college work which they hate. To a great number it will mean a period of speculation, and those with a flare for business will pick up enough money to start them in the second semester of school.

When Christmas day rolls around Old Sol will find most of these boys in bed, and there they will remain until the odors from the kitchen and dining room grow stronger than their love for sleep. For the sake of their parents, a few will reluctantly dress and go to church, where they will sit in utter boredom and consider themselves forced to listen to one far less intellectually equipped than they, but—in fairness to all—a few will go to church because they are impelled by a religious impulse.

When the holidays are over the students will rush just as madly back to school as they rushed away from it. For a few days everything will be in its usual state of confusion, but after that everyone will settle down to a little studying and chronic griping.

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(*Continued from page four*)

noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus? Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

The seven ages of a woman—the infant, the little girl, the miss, the young woman, the young woman, the young woman, the young woman.

CURED HAM

The actor decided not to go on a tour of South Africa after all. It seems that he got to reading about the country and discovered that the ostrich lays an egg weighing between two and four pounds.

—*Sour Owl.*

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Shorty's, That's the Place

THE SULTAN SUSPECTS

(*Continued from page six*)

"Thou mayest."

"Then why dost thou?"

"Ah, brainless one—canst thou never tie the flapping end of thy loose tongue to what serves thee for a brain? I'll wave my exalted thumb on the caravan road and get a lift with a camel—thou knowest well that camels never get on my nerves."

And so the Sultan set forth on his journey to Damascus to obtain the wise council of his lawyer and to wrangle with his broker over the plunge of Amalgamated Sheet-Iron. Twice the muezzin at evening blew his conch over the minarets of Istanbul, and twice the faithful of Allah spread their prayer-rugs toward the East.

Then the Sultan got a wire. Collect.

O CHOSEN OF THE UNIVERSE STOP FORTUNATE IS THE SON OF MAN WHO HAS FEW VEILS IN HIS HOUSEHOLD STOP THAT'S FROM SHAKESPEARE STOP WHILE THE FELINE IS AWAY THE CRINGING RODENT WILL PLAY HELL STOP THAT'S FROM THE SCREEN PLAY OF THE SAME NAME STOP AND WHAT A RAT IS PRESENT IN THY ERSTWHILE PEACEFUL DOMICILE EXCLAMATION MARK THE RAT NIBBLES AT THY FAVORITE FATIMA STOP GIRD THY THRICE-HONORED LOINS AND HASTEN WITH THE SPEED OF THE DESSERT WIND TO THY ABODE HURRY DON'T STOP.

THY MISERABLE AND OBEDIENT SLAVE
HASSAN BEN WURKIN

"Stop!" yelled the Sultan! "By all my concubines, who will pay for this epistle? The royal treasury is as flat as an automat sandwich and Consolidated Outhouses Preferred has fallen twenty-three points since lunch!"

"This lowly person advises your quick return, O Supreme and Colossal Everything." murmured an innocent bystander. "A day-dreaming woman is as uninteresting as yesterday's beer. It would be expedient for thee to obliterate this ant in thy supreme pants at once, before it hath time to do thee much harm."

"Thou dost presume, O goat-pussed one, in advising me. Nevertheless, thou art pardoned if thou dost arrange sleeper-plane accommodations for me at once, my fran."

"It is done."

And so it was.

Thus the Great One betook himself back to Istanbul.

To find an helluva a mess.

Hassan Ben Wurkin met him at the airport in a state of great agitation and vexation. The dragoman had come and gone several times during the Sultan's absence and even then was in the harem. With great haste and stealth the Prince went back to the Palace and crept unnoticed into the wing where his expensive pleasures lived.

With the majesty of the sandstorm and all the stealth and grace of an elephant in a hot-house, he knelt before the key-hole of Fatima's door and listened.

"By the wrath of Allah," he muttered in his beard to Ibn Ben Muggin, "my knife shall taste of blood this day. I shall have the imposter flayed and stuffed and hung in the market place by the heels, as an example to those who would dare my potency to be blessed with the favor of my women."

"It is good; so be it," whispered Ibn the Yes Man.

"It is not good, O worthless deceiver. It is too mild. Rather will I have him hung in the square by his toe-nails so that kites may pick at his eyes. Or perhaps tied under a dripping stream (which reminds me, dog, why hast thou not seen to it that the plumber has been called to mend the faucets?), so that he may go crazy with the constant tapping, or the soles of his blasphemous and athletically inclined feet tickled until he die in agony. But listen, the the vulture speaks even now."

The deep resonant voice came through the ivory door, clear as the bell of the flock-leader, insistent as the down-beat in "Slap That Bass," as smooth as a '38 Cord: "Come, my beloved. He loves you not. Desert this slavery

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and fly away with me to Chicago, where we can be happy —just us two. . . ."

"The ill-graced dim-wit isn't even grammatical," said the Sultan in disgust. "'Just us two'—poo! And yet another poo! How do such cross-grained imbeciles ever win women away from men of my golden attributes? And am I not as handsome as he, slave?"

"Yea, master."

"And as convincing?"

"Yea, master."

"And have I not more personality, more grace, more charm?"

"You said it, kid."

"Then how does he do it? Ah, I'll have his secret or he'll be dragged by wild horses!"

"Would that I knew for certain, O master. But I suspect—"

"What dost thou suspect? Tell me, ere I pin thee to the wall like a tapestry."

"Only this, O Merciful One: I found a copy of Mister Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People* where the knave had dropped it."

"Listen, jackal, whilst the lion speaks. Knowest thou that a Charles Atlas course in the man is worth two in the book? So it is with the works of Mister Carnegie. A man of his low degree of learning can't have memorized the rules."

"Nevertheless, Master, I fear."

"Fear what, offal?"

"Fear, O Bountiful One and Wonderful, that the woman Fatima has fallen for his line. Ecoutes!"

The lovely, lilting voice of Fatima crept under the door and affronted the ear of the Sultan: "I accept thy proposition, O persuasive one."

The Sultan's fingers crept around the handle of his knife. "Follow, O stable-dregs. Catch up a stout cudgel and follow thy master! We will pluck off this rascal's head and toss it in his incapacitated face!"

And muttering foul oaths, the Sultan cautiously opened the door and stuck his head inside, prospective mayhem lighting up his eyes.

But his caution was all to no avail. Fatima saw him and her face betrayed her surprise and chagrin. "Alas," she sighed, "I wanted you to know nothing until after I had completed the bargain with this vendor of rare merchandise. But is this not a wonderful gadget which I have just purchased? 'Tis called a radio and pours into one's ears beautiful love stories sponsored by the Krinkly Krunchy Kracker Kumpany."

"Well!" said the Sultan. . . .

"Don't it beat hell!" said the Devil as he gazed soulfully up at Paradise.

"Smile like that again."
She blushed and dimpled sweetly.
"Just as I thought—you look like a chipmunk."
—*Sulphur Spray.*

"Now, children," said the teacher who was trying to boost the sale of class photographs, "just think how you'll enjoy looking at the pictures when you grow up. As you look you'll say to yourself, there's Jennie—she's a nurse; there's Tom—he's a judge; and—"

"There's Teacher," said little Bertie, "she's dead."

Drunk (phoning his wife): Thash you, dear? Tell the maid I won't be home tonight.

"There goes another pupil," sighed the professor as his glass eye fell out.

He's so dumb he thinks stagnation is a country for men only.

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"My sweetheart," he sighed,
"Is delicious."
And he swore
By all the skies
To
Be
True.

"My bride," he sighed,
"Is capricious."
And he swore
By all the skies
To
Be
True.

"My wife," he sighed,
"Is suspicious."
And he swore
By
All
The
Skies.

—*Showme.*

"Next to a beautiful girl, what do you consider the most interesting thing in the world?"

"When I'm next to a beautiful girl, I don't bother about statistics."

"Are you married?"
"Of course not."
"What a lucky thing for your wife."

—*Sundial.*

"The doctor will see you inside," said the nurse as she helped the patient on the operating table.

Gypsy Rose dressed very thin.
Gypsy Rose sat on a pin.
Gypsy Rose.

A homely girl approached the information desk at a tourist park and asked for a road map.

"Here you are," said the clerk.

"Well, I hope I won't go wrong," replied the girl.

"With that map you have," retorted the attendant, "you can't possibly."

As the worm said to the sparrow on the last swallow: "I'm about all in."

The train came to a grinding stop and all the passengers stopped.

"What has happened, conductor?" cried a nervous lady.

"Nothing much, madam, nothing much. We just ran over a cow."

"Was it on the track?"

"No, madam," the conductor sighed. "We chased it into the barn."

PHILOSOPHY DEPARTMENT

A girl can be very sweet when she wants . . . the average co-ed thinks that a flat tire is all right if he has the jack . . . the difference between an insane asylum and a university is that you have to show improvement to get out of the asylum . . . you've never been around until you've been through a revolving door. . . .

The Doctor: So God has sent you two more little brothers, Dolly?

Dolly (brightly): Yes, and he knows where the money's coming from. I heard Daddy say so.

Politician: The people won't elect me because of my youth.

Supporter: But you are fifty and your youth is spent.

Politician: That's the trouble. They found out how I spent it.

There was a young woman named
Snyder
Who drank a bowl of hard cider
So that when she arose
To powder her nose
She powdered the lady's beside 'er.

They say that every tabloid reporter believes that two wrongs make a write-up.

Then there was the lazy playboy who asked the girls if they had any etchings in their apartments.

So many of the girls we know have school-girl complexions that have graduated.

A really observant fellow was the guy who noticed that Lady Godiva had a horse with her.

Archibald visited his friend, who was in prison, and asked him if he wouldn't be glad when his sentence was up.

"I don't think so."

"Why not?"

"I'm in for life."

"Just one kiss and I'll be off."

"If that's all you want, you must be off!"

First student: I've been trying to think of a word for two weeks.

Second likewise: How about fortnight?



WYRD'S VENGEANCE

(*Continued from page eleven*)

glancing contact as the *Craven* had swung—and that the ship had had passengers including women and children. The *Craven* had rammed a ship on a stormy night, and a Norwegian passenger ship, the *Wyrd*, that had been crossing the northern Atlantic at the same time, had disappeared.

That dreadful night and the possible fate of the *Wyrd* and her seventy-eight passengers flashed through the Captain's memory vividly. The gold cargo, the mate with the broken leg, the driving gale and his watch on the bridge was all as it had been. The sailor on lookout had gone aft for coffee.

In the bashing wind and water the black shadow of a ship had appeared across the *Craven's* bow. "Hard to port!" the Captain had yelled to the man at the wheel and he had signaled "slow speed" to the engine room. But there had been a crash, the *Craven* had shuddered and veered to port, clearing herself of the other vessel. He had pulled down the *Craven's* whistle. The other ship had vanished in the dark.

The Old Man had reported a collision with an ice floe, and finding no damage done to his ship, had ordered full speed ahead. He had gotten a good bonus. It had been the bonus.

Later the *Wyrd* had been reported missing. Then one of her lifeboats had been picked up. In it three gaunt, frozen dead men had been found. One had evidently been killed and butchered by the other two. This was the only clue ever found of the tragedy of the *Wyrd*.

So every storm and whistle blast obsessed the Old Man with ghastly horror. The possible fate of the passengers on the *Wyrd* would become rampant in his imagination as it was this night.

There was the *Wyrd*, drifting helplessly, wallowing without the least steadiness, a horrible mad house, with people slowly starving and thirsting to death, going mad, possibly murdering and eating their shipmates, and mothers and children in it all.

There was the *Wyrd* sinking, full lifeboats capsizing into the merciless, icy Atlantic, a mother, drowning, clutching frantically to her child whose cries have been stopped by several breaths of sea, screams, prayers, people mad in drifting lifeboats, freezing, starving, thirsting to death, slowly, torturously.

Such grisly panoramas had harrowed the Captain for twenty-five years. During storms he had receded to his cabin, covered the ports and tried to escape all evidence of the angry elements outside. He drank heavily, but nothing kept the *Wyrd* from coming to haunt him, from coming to torture him, from coming to gnaw at his sanity.

And now this night, worse than all the haunted nights, when he had to be on the bridge with the gale close and raw about him, the inevitable *Wyrd* was reaching out for him, his mind, his body, his very soul with unrelenting, mocking tentacles.

* * * * *

THEN to the Captain there came a sudden lull in the screeching storm. He ferreted the icy, dripping darkness.

A shadow loomed to the starboard, moved through the spray and the rain. It evolved into a peak of rusty plates. It was a derelict.

The Captain stood paralyzed. His effort to give the helmsman an order that might prevent a collision was futile. His eyes clung to the slowly moving derelict.

The black hulk barged toward the *Craven*. A crash was inevitable.

In a faint flicker of thought that detached itself from his insane obsession the Captain wondered why the lookout on the weather side of the bridge didn't do something about the derelict.

Raised on a swell the derelict swept close on the *Craven*. It moved with the slow steadiness and unfaltering determination of a murdering madman.

On the rusty bow plates the Old Man made out *W-Y-R-D*.

"Come for its vengeance at last!" the Captain grasped a stanchion on the bridge and laughed horribly, and all the harrowing obsessions of twenty-five years welled up in him to a frenzied resignation of the *Wyrd's* vengeance. The Captain glared silently at the onrushing catastrophe and laughed hysterically again.

* * * * *

THE helmsman heard the Captain's laugh mingled with the unabated howling of the wind. And he saw the blur of his figure, always close to the pilot house door, fade out toward the end of the bridge into the darkness that engulfed the ship.

The clock behind the helmsman's head struck eight bells. The helmsman relayed the strokes to the ship's bell outside by pulling the cord above his head.

From the lee side of the bridge the second mate stepped into the wheel house. He glanced out the door on the weather side. Then he looked in the chart room.

"Where's the skipper?" he asked the man at the wheel.

"He was on the lee bridge." The helmsman wondered.

"Well, he's not there now."

"Maybe he's in his cabin?"

"He ain't there. I looked coming up."

"Last I heard of him was about half an hour ago. He laughed out dopey like and moved out on the bridge. He's been acting damn' queer like he was scared all watch."

The helmsman's relief stomped into the house shaking water from his oilskins and blurting, "Damn' if it ain't clearing up all of a sudden!"

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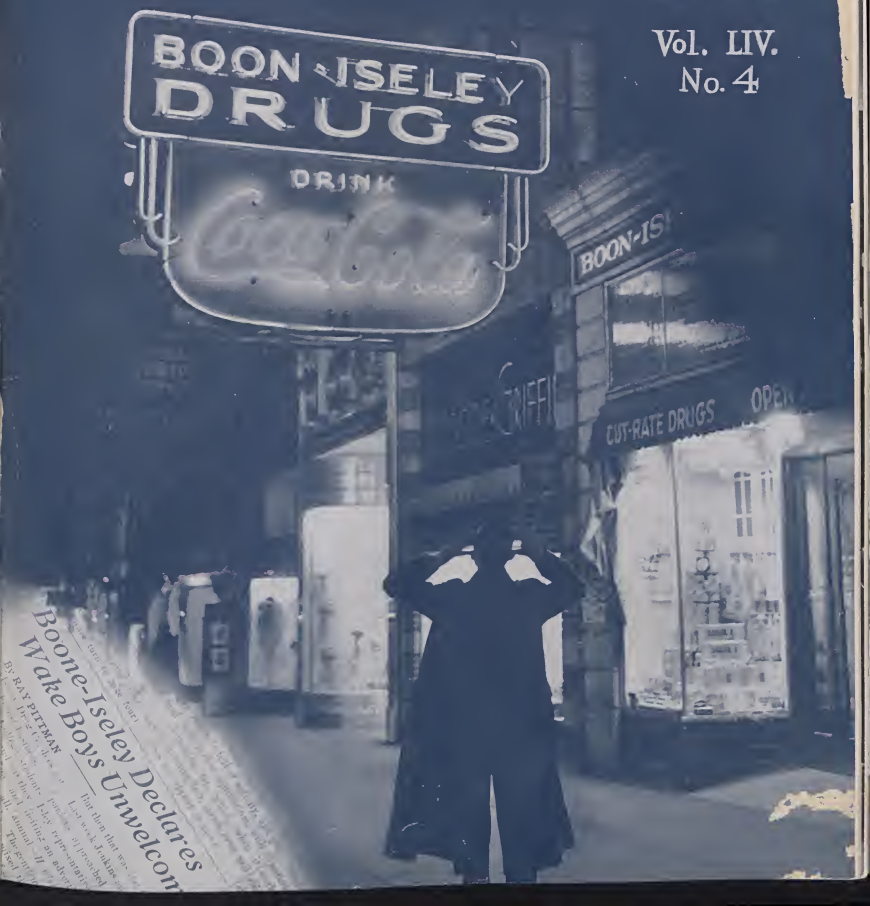
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THE STUDENT

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COMPLAINT ISSUE

Vol. LIV.
No. 4



Boone-Iseley Declares Wake Boys Unwelcom

By RAY PITTMAN

"I AM ONE OF THE MILLIONS WHO PREFER CAMELS" says RALPH GREENLEAF

WORLD'S CHAMPION IN POCKET BILLIARDS



"HEALTHY NERVES ARE A MUST WITH ME!"

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And America as a nation shows the same preference for finer tobaccos that Ralph Greenleaf does! Camels are the largest-selling cigarette in America



Fencing experts, too, appreciate Camel's finer tobaccos. As BELA DE TUSCAN, the famous instructor, says: "The fast action in fencing is very tiring, and I welcome the 'lift' I get with a Camel."



JAMES L. CLARK, famous scientist and explorer, says: "I choose Camels for steady smoking—always carry plenty of Camels with me into the wilderness. I'm in step with the millions who say: 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!' Many's the time I've actually done it."



"I'm devoted to Camels," says HELEN HOWARD, top-flight spring-board diver, of Miami, Florida. "They're my *one* and *only* cigarette! They don't irritate my throat. Most of the girls I know smoke Camels, too."



"The way these light boats bounce around is enough to knock the daylights out of my digestion! That's why I enjoy Camels so much at mealtime. They help my digestion to keep on a smooth and even keel," says MULFORD SCULL, veteran outboard motorboat racer.

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The Student complains

Her (at prom): Wait right here for me, Bill, while I go powder my nose.

Her (three dances later): Been waiting long?

Him: No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact.

—*Wataugan.*

Hell hath no fury like a woman so popular that everybody thought it not necessary to ask her.

—*Calif. Tech.*

Eve suspected Adam of unfaithfulness so she counted his ribs every night.

God encouraged puzzles by making his last work an unsolvable one.

"John, dear, I wouldn't let anyone else kiss me like that."

"My name isn't John, lady."

Here's a toast to the girl who steals, lies, and swears—steals into your arms, lies there, and swears she loves you.

—*Log.*

Men are generally true to their first love; that is why so many wives are unhappy.

Most women would rather be loved too well than too wisely.

—*Log.*

When women speak of love, how they love to speak.

—*Log.*

"What kind of work is your sister's boy-friend engaged in, Willie?"

"I think he prints free theatre tickets."

"You think he prints free theatre tickets? What ever gave you such an idea?"

"Well, I heard Sis say he was always making passes."

—*Widow.*

Things To Complain About:

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Jokes	What jokes?

Kissing a girl because she lets you is like scratching a place that doesn't itch.

—*Wataugan.*

Professor: I'm letting you out ten minutes early. Go quietly so as not to awaken the other classes.

—*Exchange.*

Roommate: Have you got a picture of yourself?

C. J. McInnis: Yeah.

Roommate: Then let me use that mirror. I want to shave.

Infancy: Ye-e-Oooow blub!

Puerility: Mama, tin I have some more wawa?

Puberty: Jamey, buy me a soda.

Adolescence: Chollie, I'd love a coke.

Young Womanhood: Another shot of gin!

Maturity: Whiskey, and make it straight.

Senility: Giv'er a double shot of embalming fluid, Spider; the funeral's at four o'clock.

—*Voo Doo.*

FRUSTRATION

I gazed into her eyes
(Deep blue),
An touched her tiny hand
(Thrills flew),
Her sparkling silver dress
(so thin)—
My steaming senses swam
(Bad gin).
I whispered something low
(So sweet),
Collapsed enamoured
(At her feet);
On crimson lips a sneer
(Like ice),
She raised her lacy mask—
My wife!

—*Lampoon.*

Father (surprising daughter and boy-friend): Has this sort of thing been going on very long?

Daughter: Certainly, Adam and Eve started it.

—*Widow.*

Then back to the hotel, and he gets into his dinner clothes, takes a quick shower, and appears in the banquet hall looking as fresh as if he had been resting all day.

—*Boston Post.*

But probably a little wet.

—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

Jack Hutchins: I had a mustache like yours once, but when I realized how it made me look I cut it off.

Jack Moore: I had a face like yours once, but when I realized that I couldn't cut it off I grew this mustache to cover it.

I met a little lady
I took her out to dine,
Which may have been polite of me,
But very asinine.

I don't know much about her,
But I have a little hunch
She must be fond of autos from
The truck she ate for lunch.

—*Wataugan.*

4TH ANNIVERSARY
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THE SHOW THAT HAS EVERYTHING
the greatest cast of stars ever assembled, Ben Hecht's gayest story and Gershwin's glorious song hits.

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Directed by George Marshall

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"LOVE IS HERE TO STAY"
"LOVE WALKED IN"
"I WAS DOING ALL RIGHT"
"SPRING AGAIN"
"I LOVE TO RHYME"
"PUGSY, PUSSY"



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and
ANNABELLA
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"The BARONESS and the BUTLER"

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with
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Directed by Walter Lang
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Based on a play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete
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The year's gayest and brightest romantic comedy sensation!

A Tactless Attack

• The year's Number One attack on Wake Forest men, and the defense as set forth by

JACK SAWYER

●

"Jim, what is a boycott?"

"I don't know, but I can make a sentence using it."

"O. K., shoot."

"At the dance a boycott drunk."

While Jim is being chased out, here is the situation that brought up this conversation:

Recently, advertising agents for the Wake Forest *Howler* attempted to solicit advertising from the manager of Boon-Iseley's in Raleigh. He was most vehement in his refusal, and had things to say, to wit: That he didn't intend to give any advertisements to Wake Forest publications for the simple reason that he didn't want the Wake Forest business. He said that Wake Forest boys were rowdy, ill-behaved, and that he wished that he had some way to keep them out of his store. Consequently, the Wake Forest students suggested a boycott on the store. The manager said he thought it was a good idea.

When the boys had finished chasing Jim, and all had settled down for the continuation of the bull-session, George said, "Gosh, think of what might happen now! Suppose that soon I read in the *Old Gold and Black* an article like this: 'Business manager Herby Mencken of the *Howler* today reported that, when approached about an advertisement, Manager E. Dupont Spiler of the College Book Store flew into a rage, broke a new set of secondhand golf clubs over Mencken's head, and then picked up the soda fountain, after first draining all the Coca-Cola (adv.) syrup from it, and threw it at Mencken who easily ducked it, as all publications officers soon learned to sidestep and dodge the issue. Mr. Spider then said, 'I don't want the Wake Forest business. I merely serve them for accommodation, and make all my profits off sales to Meredith, St. Augustine, and the local high school students'.' "

"Suppose that would happen—where would we go then to play bridge?" asked Jim.

"Then," continued George, "suppose that next we saw another item such as this: 'Postmaster Diggings today said, when asked if he had any comment to make concerning the location of the new postoffice, "If I had my way about it, the Wake Forest postoffice would be located in Wilmington. That's a pretty town, and we want to get away from the Wake Forest boys. We don't want their business. They don't even keep their postoffice boxes dusted out. The other day a moth flew out when Rufus Slater opened his box—or was it his pocketbook? But, anyway, tell the Wake Forest boys to stay out of the postoffice—they create too much disturbance and keep other customers out".' "

"I get the idea," said Jim. "I guess Doc Hardware's statement would read something like this: 'Since the new underpass was built, I have so much more business that I don't need the student trade any longer. Woo-wooooo'!"

Fred, another of the group, broke in with "Say, fellows, this is a little off the subject, but have you heard how much trouble the *Old Gold and Black* has had in getting news?"

"No, tell us about it."

"Well, they just haven't been able to find any news, so they've almost become desperate. The other day Ted Fulhup was detailed to write an account of the dissection over in med school. He was very ambitious, then, and went to his work several hours before time for dissection class. Before the group assembled he saw a corpse on a table. To kill time he began writing a description of the corpse and the room. All at once he was startled to see the cadaver move, sit bolt upright, and then speak.

"'Who are you?' asked the corpse.

"'I'm a writer for the *Old Gold and Black*. I've been sent here to describe the dissection.'

"'What are you writing about now?'

"'I'm describing the appearance of the room and the corpse.'

"'O, pshaw, young man, you're too late for that. I sent that to the *Nuisance Disturber* yesterday'!"

After this the conversation shifted about, but finally got back on the subject of Boon-Iseley's.

George said, "They showed as little tact as did the hackman in a story told by Mark Twain. According to the story, when Judge Bagley tripped and fell down the courthouse stairs and broke his neck, it was a great question how to break the news to poor Mrs. Bagley. But finally the body was put into Higgins' wagon and he was instructed to take it to Mrs. Bagley; but to be very guarded and discreet in his language, and not break the news to her at once, but to do so gradually and gently. When Higgins got there with his sad freight, he shouted till Mrs. Bagley came to the door. Then he said, 'Does the widder Bagley live here?'

"'The Widow Bagley? No sir!'

"'I'll bet she does. But have it your own way. Well, does Judge Bagley live here?'

"'Yes, Judge Bagley lives here.'

"'I'll bet he don't. But never mind, it ain't for me to contradict. Is the judge in?'

"'No, not at present.'

"'I jest expected as much. Because, you know—take hold of something, mum, for I'm agoing to make a little communication, and I reckon maybe it'll jar you some. There's been an accideut, mum. I've got the old judge curled up out here in the wagon, and when you see him you'll acknowledge that an inquest is about the only thing that could be a comfort to him'!"

"Yes," agreed Jim. "They should have used some tact if they didn't want us. Instead of almost ordering us to stay out, they should have been polite and made the angels of Meredith, the doves of Peace, and the belles of St. Mary's stay out—then we wouldn't have any incentive to enter."

And the bull-session ended. But gosh—"the boycott drunk"—ain't it awful!

RUFUS CRATER, Editor

The
WAKE FOREST STUDENT
February 1938

RAY BRADY, Business Manager

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MEMBER OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

COMPLAINTS AND PROGRESS

We have set aside a day to celebrate our independence, one to honor our mothers, another to pay tribute to the Flag, *etc., ad infinitum*. Today we are going to turn this time over to make complaints.

Most people have the wrong ideas about complaints. They feel that a complaint is nothing more than an envious belly-aching on the part of the complainant. Of course this is true in many cases, but in the majority of cases it is not the rule.

We feel that complaint is one of the main components of progress. Primitive man probably complained because he was tired of eating wild berries and vegetation, with occasionally the residue of a long-dead animal. Because of this complaining he searched until he found means of killing the larger animals to provide the meat course for his meals.

During the Middle Ages nations complained because they had not enough land to satisfy their ego. Thus, expeditions were sent out to discover new lands. If they had not complained thusly, where would we be today?

In the last half of the 18th century the American colonies complained because of excessive taxation and other abuses heaped upon them by England. Hence the Revolutionary War. From complaints rose one of the world's greatest nations.

Complaint has had much to do with our means of transportation. According to some, the ancient anthropoids evidently became tired of swinging from limb to limb, and began walking upright. After many years of steady change, they reached their present form—Man. Is it too much, then, to say that Man, in his present form, is here because of complaint?

Then, dissatisfied with walking, Man complained until he had found some means of transportation. He hitched crude, wheel-less carriages to the beasts of burden. When he started complaining of the rough ride, he developed the use of wheels. Then, grumbling about the slowness of this means of transportation, he invented the automobile.

Still not satisfied, he complained because he could not glide through the air like the birds. Ergo, the airplane.

He was dissatisfied with his habits of living. Because of these dissatisfactions he found ways to make life easier.

In short, progress increases in direct proportion to dissatisfaction, which is another way of saying, "As ye complain, so shall ye grow."

Therefore, think not hard of the person you hear complaining about conditions. He is only expressing a natural desire for something better, and it is a lazy one, indeed, who has not enough ambition to complain about that with which he is dissatisfied, and to try to improve his conditions.

Thus, with a flourish and a bow, we turn this issue over to those wanting to complain, and we find these complaints, for the most part, logical and noteworthy.

COMPLAINTS, A HISTORY OF

Don't tell us—we know we are not starting anything new. Yes, this is a complaint issue, but complaints have been in vogue since the beginning of time. The old adage, "There's nothing new under the sun," certainly holds true in regard to complaints. Incidentally, that adage itself is a compliment, now, isn't it?

We can trace these complaints from time immortal to the present. Remember, Adam complained that Eve had tempted him with the apple. Then later, we read of the complaint made by the brothers of Joseph. They became dissatisfied over the extra filial affection they thought he was receiving, and sold him unto Egypt. Many other instances may be found in the Bible, and one reference shows that even the most perfect One complained briefly.

(*Continued on page twelve*)



P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. ***(Signed)*** **R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.**

Archie McMillan: Let's teach that dumb blonde the difference between right and wrong.

Doe Brannock: You teach her what's right.

WARNING—This Is Terrible:

"Is that the English Department over there?"

"Yes, that's our Department of Commas."

FOR SHESME

There was a young sport from Duquesne
Who found himself caught in the resne.
Said the young fella,
"I need an umbrella,
Instead of this nobby new quesne."

—*Stoic.*

After considerable cogitation we have decided that war determines not who is right, but who is left.

Would-be employer: Have you any references?

Would-be employee: Sure, here's the letter—"To Whom It May Concern: John Jones worked for us one week and we're satisfied."

Boy: Is my face familiar?

Girl: No, but it's trying to be.

—*Scripts 'n Pranks.*

"That's a hot number," murmured the steer as the glowing brand was pressed against his tender flank.

The members of an exclusive hunt club decided to hold a fox hunt, and instructed the members to bring only male dogs. However, one influential member owned only a female, and she was allowed to run with the pack.

The morning of the hunt they followed the dogs for an hour then lost them completely. One of the hunters saw a farmer in a field and questioned him.

"Have you seen anything of a pack of dogs and a fox?"

"Sure, just a minute ago. They were going that way."

"What were they doing?"

"Wal," said the farmer, "the last I seen, the fox was running fifth."

—*Pell Mell.*

"Let's go to the dance."

"Naw. Let's go to the movies."

"You guys forget we have an exam tomorrow."

"We'll toss a coin then. Heads we go to the dance. Tails we go to the movies, and if it stands on edge we'll study."

—*Exchange.*

Doe Morehead: You seem to cough much easier this morning.

Smith Young: It isn't any wonder. I've been practicing all night.

Dear Miss Dix:

I'm very much in love with my girl, but I can't get anywhere with her. How can I get her to marry me?

Answer:

That's easy. Just introduce her to a Kappa Sig boy, and if he falls in love with her your troubles are over.

Purely Poisonal Piffle

By

W. H. BROOKS

As I contemplate the multitude of troubles besetting the youth of today it is quite apparent that civilization is on the down grade and that nothing can be done about it, no man being able to do more than make the world a better place to regret having been born into. There are those who will storm out at the injustices of life and variously at war, love, marriage, and sundry conceptions of divinity. But of more vital concern are those things which happen here at home to disrupt the domestic, as well as the universal, harmony. Because of this I have taken the liberty to point out some of the more outstanding defects of our own little corner of creation.

Heading the list of things I am dissatisfied with is this question of religious discrimination. The Jews and the Seven Day Adventists are being grossly insulted by our present attitude toward Sunday picture shows. I agree with those that BE that there should be a day set aside for fasting and whatnot, but it should be apparent that the rules of one religious sect should not be binding on other sects, and if they are, then certainly the reverse should be true. Since we are all agreed that there really must be a day of rest and paying homage to our Lord, it is only fair to the other denominations that their Sabbath be observed in like manner. The theatres must remain closed from midnight Friday through midnight Sunday. After that they are on their own, unless other sects find cause to object.

Perhaps of equal importance is the problem afforded by a certain official refereeing at most of our basketball games. Particularly do I deplore his pronunciation. To be explicit, it is his pronunciation of the word "pushing" which grates. I do not mind so much for myself. I can stand it. It is the college I am thinking of. Suppose a prospective student were in the audience and he were to hear this referee person bellowing, "You are POOOOSHING!" Although he would surely realize, if he reflected upon it at all, that the college is not to blame for such misuse of language, there would nevertheless be an association of the incident with Wake Forest, an unfortunate association and one not to be tolerated. We must either insist that the referees be more careful with their speech, or we must eliminate basketball from our athletic program.



"If they only knew what we MEN go through!"

Another think which needs to be corrected is the action of the blinkers at the bumming corner and at the underpass. As they blink in almost exactly the same manner, they are a source of constant and increasing danger. Even casual consideration indicates the foolhardiness of such an arrangement. Suppose, for instance, that a student were driving home in a dense fog (tiny droplets of water suspended in the atmosphere) and could not see his hand in front of his eyes (even if he could see it he probably wouldn't recognize it). All of a sudden he might see a light blinking cheerily through the murkiness of the night. "Well," he would think, "here is where I turn to the left and then to the left again to go to the post office after my mail and a ham sandwich." Can you imagine his consternation when he finds that he has mistaken the light! Something should be done about it. We could change the color of one of the lights, but then returning students might become bewildered and go on to the next wide place in the road. All things considered, the most sensible thing is to change the number of blinks per minute of one of the blinkers. Even that has its disadvantages. Suppose the student can't read? Heigh-ho, the world weighs heavy on my shoulders.

The next thing I would touch on is our attitude towards the yankee. There has been entirely too much misapprehension regarding the position of this species in the animal kingdom. Some observers place the animal (if, indeed, it may presume to such a status) between the louse and the Siberian Jabberwock, which last is an odd creature having very nearly the ability to talk, seeming to express much of almost human caliber in his attempts at conversation. However he too strongly resembles the portraits of Sherman to be human (cf. Al Baner—I know that we were supposed to shy away from all mention of personalities in this issue, but it is at least doubtful whether or not the yankee has a personality). Still

(*Continued on page thirteen*)

paragraphia . . .

staff strike . . .

The COMPLAINT ISSUE is getting off to a bad start, beeause right off the bat the staff has struck and we are left with nothing much to complain about.

Now we'll have peaee and quiet and an empty offiee—well, practieally empty: just us and Corinna Corona the typewriter—in which to cut out and paste up this issue, and how could anyone complain about anything in a Utopia like this? At least we won't be fretted into constant ebullition by guys who proudly call themselves "the staff" but whose only efforts toward putting out this rag consist of asking us for more stationery or whether they're going to rate the annual Gridiron Banquet.

We'll admit we were rather amazed at an *active* derelietion of duty: up 'till now it has all been *passive*. We were beeoming aeeustomed to nobody's doing anything, but when they started making a fuss about doing nothing—well, 'twas something new under the sun.

Tidings of the strike were borne us by one of the staff members, from whose idiotie features beamed all the intelligenee of a Kallikak. It seems that the lads took to heart the suggestions we made for the theme of this issue: we asked for a complaint issue and the staff did its darndest—it munehed sour gripes eontinuously and for two whole weeks it moped around with its faee screwed up like a eow chewing briars. Finally it eame down of its own pizen; it got its heads together and deeided that it had so many complaints against us that it wouldn't be doing right by itself if it struek a liek of work. So it struck. Against striking a liek of work.

The boys ealled their action a "sit-down, walk-out strike" and hoped it would leave us in a bad position. But it reekoned unwittingly there—how could they imagine anyone in a worse position than that of trying to sit down and walk out at the same time?

It is our understanding that the striking staff has a list of complaints against us that would choke a bull, but as yet nobody has been able to enlighten our ignoranee eoneerning just what they are. However, two of the mediators—Luke McKinnon and R. M. Barefoot by name—did give us to understand that they are planning to present aforesaid complaints in writing as soon as they can find someone amongst them who has subdued the art of penmanship.

Then we'll reprint 'em here—providing we can find somebody who can deeipher that kind of handwriting.

The only thing we have against the strike is that its effect has been too far-reaching. It started with the staff, but it has spread like Rabelais in a prep-school. Ping-Pong Malone, the barber man, has threatened to raise the price of shaves if any more long faees show up. Even Sunny Jim Copple has grown dour and doleful —and Smiley always looks as if he had just found life to be a bowl of cherries. Now he seems to think it's just a jar of pickled persimmons.

But all in all, we are definitely in favor of this strike. If there's anything we can do to help the boys along, we hope they'll let us know. We'll do our best.

rhythmaires . . .

This is the week of the first of Wake Forest's BIG dances. (That is, this is the week, providing this album comes out aeeording to its belated schedule.)

For the first time in the history of the College, the fraternities on the eampus have pitched in to seeure a "name" orehestra for a set of dances.

The *Rhythmaires*, originators of the NBC "Sophisticated Swing"

(*Continued on next page*)



The Professors:
"We complain."



The Students:
"I complain."



The Censor:
"I'm agin it."

program and regular broadcasters over *Station KVW*, are coming this week-end to Memorial Auditorium in Raleigh to play for the Spring Dances, sponsored by the Pan-Hellenic Council for *all* Wake Forest men, regardless of social affiliations —if any. Non-fraternity men are just as necessary to the success of this dance as the "brothers under the pin." Without the coöperation of both groups, the dance can not and will not go over.

It is, as most of you will admit—and have admitted many times—a pity that this set of dances, as well as all dances given by Wake Forest students, can not be held in the gymnasium. There's not a better place in existence for Wake Forest dances; it is the only logical place for Wake Forest dances. There, where the faculty could be in easy attendance, the "evils of the dance" which anti-dancers are continuously harping on would be wiped out before they were begun.

But since the powers that be have decreed that our gym shall be for gymnastics and gymnastics alone, and that none shall "tread the stately measures of the squirm" therein, the Pan-Hellenic Council is doing the next-best thing. It is doing everything in its power to see that nothing untoward shall occur at its first attempt at big-time social activities, and that because of these dances, none shall have cause to complain about the sinfulness of dancing. And withal, the Council is determined that a fine time shall be had by one and all.

Faculty members are to chaperone both dances. Admittance will be denied those muckworms, usually non-collegians, who so often degrade college dances and give dancing in general the bad name which some hold for it. Good music is being provided, and a good floor for dancing. Everything is being done to make this the first of a series of good, big-time dances, but it can not be a success unless everyone who attends falls in line with the policy set forth by the Pan-Hellenic Council—"a good dance that is *good* in every sense of the word."

mystery of the missing walks . . .

Following its unprecedented annual custom of fostering a contest of sorts, The Student today proffers a magnanimous reward to the person (a student in no wise affiliated with this almanac)—who turns in the best answer to our Question of the Year. The reward will consist of one grateful smile and our eternal gratitude, and will be delivered immediately upon receipt of the winning answer.

This year's question is, "What in the name of thunder is the purpose of all those piles of brick and sand which are strewn along the cow-path leading from Alumni to the Med Building?"

In order that we might be more competent judges of the answers submitted, we devoted the past month to interrogating first one person and then another about the matter. But in no case did we find anyone who was able to get nearer the answer than a bare statement of the *original* purpose.

One of the old-timers harked back for us and remembered that when they were first imported the bricks were intended to become walks that would get students out of the mud. But that was long ago. In our scholarly opinion, as they now stand the bricks as "out of the mud" utensils would be useful only to a human grasshopper. And a mighty long-legged grasshopper at that, else he wouldn't be able to make it from one pile to the next.

There, now, we've given you contest-fiends a hint—of what we *do not want*. You carry on from here. Prizes will be awarded for merit alone —first come, first served.

In addition to the original prize described above, we are offering yet another one. We stole the idea from our contemptuary, *Old Gold and So Forth*, whose recent sensational polls and essay contests have set the entire campus agog. Therefore, for the best paper (of not more than five thousand words duration) written on the subject, "The Laying of Walks, and How To Get It Done," we offer the *grand prix* of one pair of rain- and mud-proof galoshers, suitable for wear to and from classes, to the Post Office, and to and from meals.

i beg your pardon . . .

The Kappa Sigs—we can remember when they were just plain Pi Gams, and proud of it—are getting mighty serious about this business of going national. Every season is rushing-season, and the lads are dead sot on getting the bag limit every time they set out.

All of which is a sort of preamble, prologue, cocktail, or what-have-you to a story we heard the other day. According to our informer, who happened to be one of the participants, go-gettem-boy Rabbi Sykes recently accosted one of his History-classmates, pumped his hand in friendly fashion, and smiled what some folks would call a disarming smile. He draped one arm about the other's shoulders in true political style and fingered his friend's lapel longingly, as though there were nothing in this world he'd rather do than pin a Kappa Sig pledge button on him right then and there.

"Sykes is my name," said the Rabbi, "*John* Sykes. I don't remember your name right off-hand, but I've seen you walking around the campus and I admire you a lot. I like the way you walk—manly, sort of—the way you talk, and the way you get along with everybody.

"Now what you need to do is get in with the right bunch of boys and you'll go places before you get out of here. We're having a little get-together—nothing formal, you know; just a small group of hand-picked men—down at the Kappa Sig house tonight, and I'd like to have you come along. If you'll tell me where you room, I'll be glad to come and get you."

(*Continued on page thirteen*)

Bill of Rights

We the undersigned, erstwhile members of the staff of THE STUDENT, realizing that the Complaint Issue of the magazine will furnish the best occasion for OUR complaints, do hereby declare:

1. That the editor, Rufus Crater, has asked us to write articles for this issue, but, being Latin students, we decline, leaving him holding the rag.

2. We have worked faithfully now since the beginning of the year, and some of us even longer. But what do we have? Callouses on our fingertips, gallouses over our shoulders, our minds in the gutter, and—but why go one? We couldn't even get our girls in the beauty issue.

3. We have burned antesmidnight, midnight, and postsmidnight oil in literary efforts at which the censor takes offense, the editor will condense, we have no recompense after being all tense on the fence with an immense store of nonsense, hence we shall take ourselves thence and commence with sense, not dense, to quit, stop, cease, discontinue, or otherwise desist.

4. We have had our articles, true literature that they are, butchered to make way for insidious editorial effusions, and such insipidness as this:

Lilies are white,
Violets are purple,
Poppies are trite,
But Four Roses gurgle.

5. We resent, as what nice young college man wouldn't, the intrusion at all hours, especially after midnight, of the aforesaid and aforementioned Crater, into our respective rooms. He will enter the room, in search, presumably, of material for his magazine, and go into a modified version of a sitsdown strike, only he lies down on the bed, and refuses to leave until he has gotten something from us for his magazine. Since he wants a sitsdown, or liesdown, strike, we follow suit and hereby declare a letsdown strike.

6. Crater won't do any work himself.

7. He will see a staff member at 2:00 p.m. and say, "Deadline is 3:00 p.m. today. Have a 5,000 word short story ready by then, and it'd better be good." Oh, well, at least the students are not being fooled.

8. There are but three bridge players on the staff. How can we have a sociable staff meeting and put out a good magazine if Crater won't give us another good bridge fiend?

9. He has taken cracks at the staff members underhandedly, lefthandedly, singlehandedly, underhandedly, and secondhandedly.

10. He gave us the privilege of putting names on the mailing list, which we did in good faith, working long to get up our list. Along came the first issues with their lousy jokes, and SHE didn't get them. (Either one, the magazines or the jokes.)

11. Therefore, we demand: (a) That Crater work some, (b) That Crater work some, (c) That Crater work some, (d) That, if we write articles for the Complaint Issue, we be allowed to insert an author's note telling just what we think of THE STUDENT and Crater, (e) Keys signifying work on THE STUDENT (no door keys, this time, please!), (f) Access to the exchanges so we can see a GOOD college magazine for a change, (g) That Crater work some, (h) Free press passes for Barefoot's excursions, (i) That Crater work some, (j) No more dirty cracks about us, (k) That Crater work some, (l) That Crater work some, (m) Privacy (Ed. note: Would I be Chic Sale, no?), (n) A certified mailing list, (o) A certified check (Ed. note: and a certified public accountant to look after the business manager), (p) That Crater treat our stories with more respect than heretofore, (q) That Crater work some, (r) More chance for artists—more pictures, (s) A photography section (with our pictures and those of our girls), (t) An autographed picture of Dorothy Lamour, (u) A replica of Charlie McCarthy to remind us of Crater (Ed. note: wooden that floor yew?), (v) That Crater work some, (w) A staff banquet (at the expense of Crater), (x) A chicken in every pot (at the expense of Crater), (y) That Crater work some, (z) That Crater work some more.

These resolutions more or less cheerfully submitted this twentyseighth day of February, nineteen hundred and thirtyseight. At home after March 1—or something.

But anyway, Crater, you'd better pay attention to these demands, or the volcano of our wrath will erupt and pour forth molten lava over the Crater (then we'll lava good time), (Staff note: we lava good pun like that), blood will flow (on Gore Field), and the revolution will commence to begin to start. The sign of the Red Hand will get you if you don't watch out!

(Signed) THE STAFF.

Their marks: (5) (&)
(") (*)
(#) (F) (Ed. Note: On English)
(¢)

P.S.—Helm & Highfill resent being called Eunuchs.
(Ed. note: Eunuch kidding me!)

Sworn at and subscribed to the "Old Gold and Black" under our noses, this twentyseighth day of February, in this year of disgrace, nineteen hundred and thirtyseight.

SCOOP PHILIPS,
FAT BEAL,
JAMES WOOsWOOTEN BISTLE,
Notorious publics.

Classes?—Naw!

• Here's a criminal assault on the biggest bore in college, with the exception of the Editor of this almanac — classes. And it's done by a lad filled clean to the gills with class prejudice.

By PHIL HIGHFILL

•

Now we don't want to seem too radical in what we're about to propose. The truth of the matter is that we're old-fashioned enough to believe that even in this age of regimentation and suppression the majority is entitled to its voice in affairs. And the student-body frowns almost unanimously on this worst—and some people even feel that it's necessary—evil of college life.

We are ready to concede that there was once a time when a class here and there was not out of place in the general scheme of things. But it is generally admitted by those in the know about undergraduate affairs that they are a little outmoded. Like all emancipators, we who take it upon ourselves to expose this pernicious parasite which clings to the *corpus descipulorum* will no doubt be persecuted for our views by those who have so blinded themselves to progress as to cling to the archaic belief that tuition is paid for the privilege of nodding through lectures. There are those who will take the stand for classes that in the interest of tradition we should retain one or two a year. But we cannot compromise our consciences and break faith with those of you who believe in us. There are others who will oppose the innovation we have to offer because they fear the faculty will be left with nothing to do but play golf, and such a move, they contend, will be disastrous. Now we realize the danger. The woods along the fairways would be strewn with the corpses of student golfers and nature-lovers who have fallen prey to faculty slices. The days would be filled with cursing and the nights made hideous with moaning. But the solution is simple: Bar the faculty from playing on the course at all. Simple, yes? No.

The major evil which we see in classes is the fact that in most the professors have fallen into the annoying habit of calling the stude out of his slumber with little consideration as to whether he is dreaming about blondes or bathing-beaches. After all, things are come to a sorry state indeed when one gets so little sleep out of an eight-o'clock class that he has to shoo the twerps away from his room at three a.m., right in the midst of a bull-session on the foreign policy! It's downright detrimental to education. There must be reason, we feel, in all things. And it seems to us that when the serious student is forced, by the very nature of the present system, to choose between sitting up all night and listening to Sammy Kaye and going to his morning lecture then some changes must be made.

Then there is the student's health to think about. He may wander innocently into the room, with a cheery hello to his classmates and the professor, and sit down to play tick-tack-to with the man in seat 27, not suspecting that a fate worse than death awaits him. The professor will then leer, saunter over to the blackboard, and inscribe thereon an interrogation reading thus: "What happened to the Papal States after the Italian War of Unification?" The student pales. He has never heard of the Papal states or the Italian War of Unification. Furthermore he doesn't give much of a damn. But well he knows what a three on one pop can do to the old average.

This sort of thing drives men to drink and Meredith for consolation. It weakens the morale of the student-body. And it exposes the professor who has unwittingly committed the worst blunder in the book to muttered threats and sudden assassination on dark nights. There are one or two students in the country who, in response to a nation-wide poll, have admitted that on occasion they have been driven to read over the lesson the night before instead of playing bridge in the Book Store. But the most conservative of you will admit that this is a profound indictment of the American system. Sacrifice bridge to book-lore? Never!! Totally aside from this consideration is the fact that the American Medical Association estimates that eighty-seven and two-thirds per cent of all tuberculosis is a direct result of examination week. Much has been said about this foul practice of coercing students into submitting to a written test of knowledge. But still the insidious thing continues. How, we ask, in all reason, can a college man be expected to remember things that took place weeks and months before, even if he had been there in the first place? And nobody ever really is—there, we mean. In body, perhaps, but in spirit, oh no.

We respectfully submit that classes foster dishonesty in the college student's spirit. Who has not sat in Religion I, asking himself how long he can get away with answering for John Jones, which bosom buddy has not appeared in class these many moons due to a slight tendency to oversleep? And who has not affirmed solemnly on an excuse-slip that he did not show up in Biology II last week because he had a bad cold and was afraid of contaminating the goldfish?

We have shown you wherein classes err. It is up to you to cut. It is the only way by which we will ever bring about our collegiate utopia—cut! Cut till it hurts! Cut till you have no cuts left! Then cut some more! Cut till the bottom drops out! Use your schedule as something to sleep by!

In short, *CUT!*

We could go on and on, but we have a class now, and if we don't get there on time we won't be eligible for the *Purple and Pink Perfect Attendance Platter* awarded tercentenarily to the boys and girls who don't forget to go to class. We do so want *something* to show for our year in college!

First Customer: Pie, me boy.
Secynd Customer: Coffee, me boy.
Third Customer: Hamburger, me boy.
Fourth Customer: I'll have a glass of milk.

—*Caveman.*

Wirt Corrie: You walk as if you own the street.
Pedestrian: You drive as if you own the car.

Advertisement: Eskimo Spitz pups for ten dollars apiece.

—*Ad in newspaper.*

Editor's note: We'd pay twice that just to watch him.

From the Chemistry Department comes this little story. It seems that in summer school after the lone feminine member of a "Quant" class had made a low mark in an exam she went to see Dr. Black after c ass.

"Do you grade on curves?" asked the young maid demurely.

"I do not," sputtered the Doctor. "I grade on what you put down on your paper."

"Are you the man who gave my brother a dog last week?"
"I am."
"Well, mother says to come and take them all back."

—*Pell Mell.*

Lovers, like all people who are blind, develop a wonderful sense of touch.

"So you desire to become my son-in-law?"
"No, I don't, but if I marry your daughter, I don't see how I can get out of it."

—*Pell Mell.*

At a dinner recently, a man sitting next to a lady was, to say the least, inebriated. He leered at her and commented, "Shay, you're the homeliest woman I've ever seen."

With a show of spirit she replied, "Well, you're the drunkest man I've ever seen."

"I know, madam," the souse answered, "but I'll get over that in the morning."

We heard of a guy who sent his girl two telegrams every day for three years, and then she went and married the Western Union boy. Poor fella'; he must have been a Kappa Sig.

Two girls were standing on a downtown corner. After they had been standing there for a while, one of them said to the other, "I think we had better walk on to the middle of the block; they seem to think we are waiting for a bus."

—*Pell Mell.*

She: Do you want to stop the car and eat, sweetheart?
He: No, pet.

—*Log.*

What class?
1938.
I graduated that year, too. Swell class, wasn't it?
Yah.
You a frat man?
Yah.
Which one?
Theta Kappa Nu.
Why, hell, I was a Theta Kappa Nu, but I don't remember you. Are you sure?
Yah.
Where'd you sit at the meetings?
Second row.
Oh, that accounts for it. I was in the balcony.

Judge: Do you consider the defendant a reliable man? Has he a good reputation for truth and veracity?
Witness: Well, to be honest with you, your honor, that man has to get somebody else to eall his hogs at feeding time. They won't believe him.

—*Watauqan.*

Mary had a swimming suit
Quite pretty, I've no doubt.
But when she puts herself inside
The most of her stays out.

—*Watauqan.*

"Has that girl lost her dress, or am I seeing things?
"Both."

—*Yellow Jacket.*

A man in the insane asylum sat fishing over a flower bed. A visiting Marine approached and, wishing to be jolly, remarked, "How many have you caught?"
"You're the ninth," was the reply.

—*Shipmate.*

Then there is the fellow who lives on the fat of the land—the girdle manufacturer.

—*Owl.*



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THE MEN'S STORE

SAM SIDENBERG, Mgr.

WAKE FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA

COMPLAINTS, A HISTORY OF

(*Continued from page four*)

Coming up to modern times, we find that Decartes, the French philosopher and mathematician, when complaining of his lack of proof of existence said, "What do I know?" Of course, the tone of this would determine whether it was a complaint or not, but, after studying the character of Descartes, one would infer that he was complaining against the neo-helplessness of the thoughts of man.

Shakespeare had many complaints in his works. Everyone is familiar with "Alas, poor Yorick," and "Parting is such sweet sorrow."

Complaint has its place, too, in historical events. All of us have learned the old story of "For want of a nail the battle was lost."

Then, Nathan Hale made a mild complaint, of course only rhetorical, as he was being hanged. According to historians he said, "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

One of the most tragic complaints in literature is in Edward Everett Hale's "The Man Without A Country" when the hero says that he is tired of hearing the name "United States," and wishes that he may never hear it again.

Then we have humorous historical complaints, such as that which the governor of South, or was it North, Carolina made to the governor of the other Carolina: "It's a h—— of a long time between drinks!"

Once, Sitting Bull was interviewed by the Quaker Indian Commissioners at the Red Cloud agency and was asked if he had any grave complaint. At first he was silent, but at last he clutched his tomahawk and said: "Indian very sensitive. Indian no like being lied about. If Indian ever get back to the white man again, he'll scalp the white-livered son of a gun who's been telling around that Sitting Bull graduated at West Point!"

Again, when the Quaker Indian Commissioners were being appointed, President Lincoln called in Secretary Stanton and explained what kind of man he wanted to appoint.

"Gentlemen, for an Indian commissioner I want a pure-minded, moral, Christian man—frugal and self-sacrificing."

"I think," interrupted Stanton, "that you won't find him."

"Why not?"

"Because, Mr. President, he was crucified about 1800 years ago."

During the Civil War, General Price's army was about worn out at Pea Ridge. His soldier straggled all over the field. Price rode up in the midst of all the disorder and shouted:

"Close up, boys! d——n you, close up! If the Yankees were to fire on you when you're straggling along that way they couldn't hit a d——n one of you! Close up!"

Nations began complaining because of their cramped conditions and began their quests for new territory. Hence the Great War.

We don't know what complaint Landon made in 1936, but it must have been something worth hearing.

So, we see that complaint was here, is here, and shall be here so long as there shall be any "here" in existence.

J. W. S.

The real unraveling at the end of a mystery picture isn't done by the sleuth in the picture. It's done by the couples in the back row.

PURELY POISONAL PIFFLE

(*Continued from page six*)

I must say that I find the classification to be somewhat in error. From many years of exhaustive experimentation and from contemporary literature on the subject I have come to the conclusion that he is at least one step above the common louse. I know that some of my stronger minded compatriots will be almost fanatical in their claim that the yankee is truly the missing link between animal and vegetable matter and will insist that he is of no use at all. My one claim in arguing the superiority of the animal under discussion to the afore mentioned louse is that the yankee is of some value as a basis for scientific investigation. In all fairness, though, so is the louse.

There is a tree on the northeast corner of our campus which offends my ideas of artistic symmetry. I would not mention this here were it not of such immediate importance. I am positive that the whole tenor of the college would be improved if only this unsightly dog-wood were removed. I beg of you for the good of your own souls and for the sake of dear old Wake Forest to hie immediately home and write a letter of protest to the dean expressing your opinion on the subject, using not more than fifty words. Also enclose one dollar to cover the cost of converting the tree into houses for the convenience of various of the assorted squirrels present on the campus.

The last thing I shall consider is, I think, the most important of all the things wrong with our college. It is paramount. Because of it hundreds of souls are being yearly sent to the depths of perdition. I am so overcome with feeling that I can scarce go on, but bear with me. As you all know there is a bitter dispute constantly going on in our midst between the large majority of the students, who have a "taxation without representation" complex, and an all powerful small minority who claim that "What we do we do for your own good." There have been veiled threats of the majority to withdraw en masse, as did the American colonists of old, to sunnier climes and a broadened horizon, which eventuality is entirely satisfactory to the minority. Then they would have only to consider the salvation of the world at large.

There appears to be no way to reconciliate the two groups mentioned above. Perhaps, after all, it is better that they be separated by distance as well as by modes of thought. The heighth of parasitism is the following of the conscience of another, and the heighth of egotism is to assume that one's personal philosophy is in any way superior to that of others. These two together would form a slimy, slithering thing, sickening to the mind and eye alike of those who think.

[Note: In case there is any misunderstanding about this article, let me emphasize that no reference to any person, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred. Any similarity to such persons is purely coincidental. However, should there be cause for complaint, all actions must be presented to my lawyers (lawers?), Williams and Elliott. (Att'ys' note: no need to sue; our client is insolvent.)]



"Hey, you guys! Where are you carrying that fellow? Is he drunk?"
"No."
"Sick, maybe?"
"No."
"Oh, just a gag, huh?"
"No, no gag."
"I know, he has dizzy spells!"
"Nope, been healthy all his life."
"Very tired, I guess."
"No."
"Well, what the h—— is the matter with him?"
"He's dead."

—Wataugan.



"How many cigars do you smoke a day?"
"About ten."
"What do they cost you?"
"Twenty cents apiece."
"My, that's two dollars a day! How long have you been smoking?"
"Thirty years."
"Two dollars a day for thirty years is a lot of money."
"Yes, it is."
"Do you see that office building on the corner?"
"Yes."
"If you had never smoked in your life you might own that fine building."
"Do you smoke?"
"No; never did."
"Do you own that building?"
"No."
"Well, I do."

—Blue Jay.



Lydia had four children and named them Eenie, Meenie, Minie, and Edgar; because she didn't want no Moe.

—Pell Mell.



Statistics show that Yale graduates have 1.3 children, while Vassar graduates have 1.7. Which only goes to show—if it shows anything—that women have more children than men.

PARAGRAPHIA

(*Continued from page eight*)

But fortunately the Rabbi's well-roted speech was useless. The man whose name he didn't remember right off-hand was one of the APO boys, Frank Hester, who holds what is probably the most important office in the whole of the Alpha P. Omega fraternity—collector of telephone bills.

P.S.—Guess which one was *not* our informer . . .

not yet . . .

LATE NEWS FLASH — [By leased wire from our special correspondent stationed in side-room 3 of the APO House, Wake Forest, N. C., Wake County (which voted wet in the last election).]

The Alpha Phi Omega fraternity voted tonight in secret session to reject with its best compliments the lucrative offers tendered one of its members as regards going national. The secretary was ordained official communicator of aforesaid news. Despite rumors to the contrary, APO did NOT hold what it termed "this most unfortunate incident" against Collector Hester, and did NOT drop him from the roll. When last seen, Hester was cornering Sherwood—alias Dogwood, alias Shirley Temple, alias "Oceans of Fun"—Staton in an attempt to extort $0.35 from him for a call to Greensboro. Staton refused to come across, stating that he always made such calls collect. That is all.

WE THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW DEPT.

"The function of the stomach is to hold up the petticoat."

—from Biology quiz paper.



Prof.: What color is best for a bride?
Stude: I'd prefer a white one.

—Pointer.



Yank Green: Do you wear nightgowns or pajamas?
Young Lady: Neither!
Yank: My name is Yank, lady; Yank Green.

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Some people still have morals but they are stretched beyond recognition.

A bird in the hand is bad table manners.

—*Pell Mell.*

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed,
" % # & X X $ % % & @ @ ? ? ? "

There had been an accident and the State Police were interrogating the survivors.

"Who was driving when you hit the other car?" asked the officer.

The drunk raised himself up on one elbow and leered triumphantly. "None of us. We was all in the back seat."

—*Log.*

Judge: Where is your husband?

Defendant: I ain't got no husband. He been dead onto ten years.

Judge: Are those all your children?

Defendant: Yassuh. Dey's mine.

Judge: But I thought you said your husband is dead!

Defendant: Yassuh; he's dead, but I ain't.

—*Widow.*

"Now," said the lad to his father at the college football game, "you'll see more excitement for two dollars than you ever saw before."

"I don't know," replied the old gent, "that's what my marriage license cost me."

—*Kitty Kat.*

Modern ideas are certainly spreading. A prominent shiek in Arabia has just installed air-conditioning by converting his harem into fan dancers.

Definition: A snap course is one in which the professor does not check the roll, make assignments, gives failing grades, and is non-existent.

Jonesy was happy. He was engaged to a beautiful girl. But then tragedy struck. She died. Jonesy was broken up by this to such an extent that he couldn't sleep nights.

One night as he lay awake trying to sleep, he saw a beautiful moth fly into his room. It was by far the most beautiful moth he had ever seen. In fact, it was so beautful it reminded him of his dead loved one. This was so comforting that he dropped off to sleep.

The next night the moth flew in again, so Jonesy captured it so that he could be comforted. He carried the moth around all the time in a special cage, and the beauty of the moth attracted the attention of many of the townsfolk.

One day Jonesy noticed an advertisement of a contest to determine who had the most beautiful moth. Urged by his friends, he entered the moth which promptly walked off with first prize.

The same thing happened in the state and national contests.

The international contest was to be held in Paris with the representatives of all the countries there.

Jonesy's moth was placed next to the moth representing Egypt, each in its clean white stall. Each was supremely confident that he would win. When the judges had finished their inspection, only the American and Egyptian moths remained. The American moth knew that it couldn't lose under any circumstances. So when the judges brought in a verdict in favor of the Egyptian moth, the American moth was very, very unhappy. In fact, he started to cry. And, gentle reader, have you ever hear a moth ball?

SAWYER.

SPRING IS HERE!

With the coming of Spring our thoughts turn to Dances; but, in order to enjoy the dances you must be dressed as only we can dress you.

Don't Spoil Your Evening — Drop By and Let Us Fix You Up—

Complete Line
TUXEDOS and TUX SHIRTS
Tux Formerly $22.50, Now $17.50

AROUND
THE GLOBE
(WITH UNCLE CHARLIE)
Corner of Wilmington and Exchange Streets
RALEIGH, N. C.

WHY I NEVER JOINED A SORORITY

1. I wanted to think for myself and not be led around by a bunch of sisters.
2. I never went in for women's organizations at home.
3. I didn't want a bunch of fraternity boys calling on me at night.
4. I never danced with a man in my life and didn't want to start.
5. I didn't like the idea of rooming with one girl for a whole semester.
6. I didn't look well in sleeveless, low-cut gowns.
7. I am a male.

—*Exchange.*



"How bashful you are," a pretty young girl said to a young man.

"Yes, I take after Father in that respect," he said.

"Was your father bashful?"

"Was he? Why, Mother says if Father hadn't been so darned bashful I'd be four years older."

—*Bison.*



Ding: The people in our part of town are watching the result of a very interesting conflict.

Dong: What is it?

Bell: An irrestible blonde has just met an immovable bachelor.

—*Pup.*



Judge: On what grounds are you seeking a divorce?

Brown: Extravagance, Your Honor.

Judge: Extravagance—how's that?

Brown: She kept on buying ice after I installed a frigidaire.



Many a man has made a monkey out of himself by reaching for the wrong limb.

—*Punch Bowl.*

NOTICE

THERE IS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT WE HAVE A COMPLETE LINE OF THE BEST GROCERIES IN TOWN . . .

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PHONE 1189

Impatient diner: Hey, waiter, hey—

Waiter: All right, sir, but we'll have to send out for it.



He: We certainly had a big time last night for ten cents.

She: Yes, I wonder how little brother spent it.

—*Log.*



With a brush and a mixture of whitening, an enterprising florist decorated his front window with a large sign which read, "Plants For Sale."

When the florist had closed the store for the night, a mischievous boy carefully erased the second letter of the first word so that the sign read, "Pants For Sale."

"Ha, ha," laughed an onlooker when the florist opened his shop the next morning. "That's a funny sign for a flower store. What kind of pants do you sell?"

Looking at the sign and then taking the situation at a glance, the florist replied, "Bloomers, my friend, bloomers!"

—*Reserve Red Cat.*

FLOWERS!

ARE ALWAYS APPRECIATED

Get Your

CORSAGES FOR THE DANCE

—AT—

ART FLOWER SHOP

MEMBER F.T.D.

PHONE 207

24 West Hargett Street

RALEIGH, N. C.

Personal appearance means so much in your life these days . . . and hair always neatly and correctly cut is important.

CITY BARBER SHOP
B. J. POWELL, Manager

Once: I met a girl in a revolving door, and now we go around together.

Twice: That's nothing. I got engaged to a girl with a wooden leg, but I broke it off.

Jones: How is your son getting along at college?

Somebody else: He must be getting along pretty well in languages. I just paid for three courses—$10 for Latin, $10 for Greek, and $100 for Scotch.



French Sentry: Halt! who goes there?

Voice: American.

French Sentry: Advance and recite the "Star Spangled Banner."

Voice: I don't know it.

French Sentry: Proceed, American.

—*Puppet.*



"When I was young, a boy and a girl had to have a real case before they could kiss."

"Gawd, man, it just takes a half pint of this synthetic stuff today."

—*Caveman.*

GREEN GRILL

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WALGREEN'S

WAKE FOREST STUDENTS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME

Marriage is an institution. Marriage is love. Love is blind. Therefore, marriage is an institution for the blind.

—*Duke 'n Duchess.*

LOST—One fountain pen . . . by blonde, blue eyes, height five feet, weight 112, age 20, very good dancer. Reward if returned. Dial 45983.

—*Tiger.*

Sorority girl: I think it's positively disgusting the way those fellows in the fraternity house across the street go to bed every night without pulling down the shades.

Her roommate: But looking down from the window I didn't see anything.

Girl: I know, not from there. But put that chair on the desk, get on it and lean way over to the left and tell me what you see.

"Crop failures?" asked the old-timer. "Yep, I've seen a few of 'em in my time. Now in 1884 the corn crop was purt' nigh nuthin. We cooked some for dinner one day, and paw ate fourteen acres of corn at one meal."

NOTHING LIKE IT!
NO GETTING AROUND IT, THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A VISIT TO OUR FOUNTAIN WHEN YOU GET THAT HUNGRY FEELING!

★

The Boys You Like—
BEN! FRED! SMUT! BILL!
See Us After the Dance

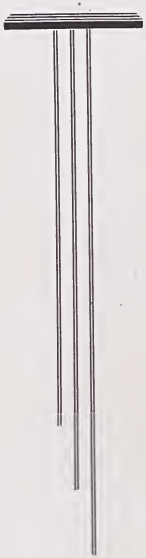
★

THE PLACE TO SEE AND TO BE SEEN

★

COLLEGE SODA SHOP

Friendly Business . . .



Good business is primarily based on fine quality and excellent service . . . there is still some truth in the "better mouse trap" story. . . . Good business means more than good work and good service . . . good business is also a friendly business. . . .

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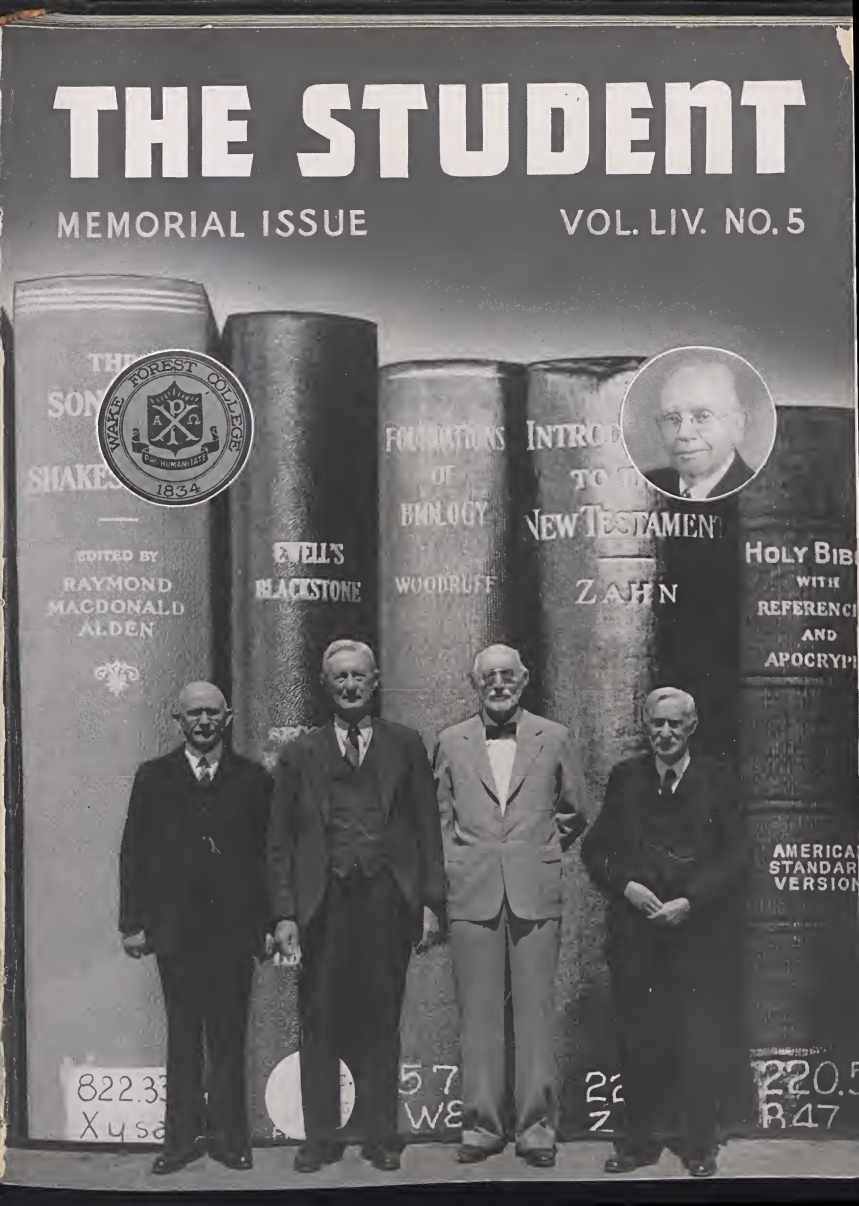


They'll give you
MORE PLEASURE

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THE STUDENT

MEMORIAL ISSUE VOL. LIV. NO. 5



MEL KOONTZ—FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD ANIMAL TAMER—WRESTLES A LION!



Here is Mel Koontz alone in the cage with four hundred and fifty pounds of lion. The huge lion crouches—then springs at Koontz. Man and lion clinch while onlookers feel their nerves grow tense. Even with the lion's jaw only inches from his throat, Mel Koontz shows himself complete master of the savage beast. No doubt about *his* nerves being healthy!

"I'll say it makes a difference to me what cigarette I smoke"

says **MEL KOONTZ** to **PENN PHILLIPS**



PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE **COSTLIER TOBACCOS** IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE **LARGEST-SELLING** CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

MEL KOONTZ was schooling a "big cat" for a new movie when Penn Phillips got to talking cigarettes with him. Perhaps, like Mr. Phillips, you, too, have wondered if there is a distinct difference between Camels and other cigarettes. Mel Koontz gives his slant, above. And millions of men and women find what they want in Camels. Yes, those *costlier tobaccos* in Camels *do* make a difference!

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic



ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER...

"Camels agree with me"

"We know tobacco because we grow it.....We smoke Camels because we know Tobacco"

TOBACCO PLANTERS SAY



"I know the kind of tobacco used for various cigarettes," says Mr. Beckham Wright, who has spent 19 years growing tobacco—knows it from the ground up. "Camel got my choice grades this year—and many years back," he adds. "I'm talking about what I *know* when I say Camels sure enough *are* made from MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS."



Mr. George Crumbaugh, another well-known planter, had a fine tobacco crop last year. "My best yet," he says. "And the Camel people bought all the choice lots—paid me more than I ever got before, too. Naturally, Camel's the cigarette I smoke myself. *Most* planters favor Camels."



"I've grown over 87,000 pounds of tobacco in the past five years," says this successful planter, Mr. Cecil White, of Danville, Kentucky. "The best of my last crop went to the Camel people at the best prices, as it so often does. Most of the other planters around here sold their best grades to Camel, too. I stick to Camels and I *know* I'm smoking choice tobaccos."



"My four brothers and I have been planting tobacco for 21 years," Mr. John Wallace, Jr., says. "Camel bought up every pound of my last crop that was top grade—bought up most of the finer tobacco in this section, too. I've been smoking Camels for 17-18 years now. Most other planters are like me—we're Camel smokers because we know the quality that goes into them."

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The Student: Memorial Issue



PROFESSORS AT LARGE

DR. N. Y. GULLEY, DR. B. F. SLEDD, DR. W. R. CULLOM, DR. J. W. LYNCH . . .

These four have served the College long and well; each has made his unique and valuable contribution to Wake Forest. They have earned their rest. They have earned our sincere gratitude and esteem.

These have outgrown the limits of the classroom and now accept the entire campus and community as their forum. The late President Woodrow Wilson gave utterance to the belief that the best part of one's education is obtained after the close of one day's work and before the beginning of the next. Accordingly, in these informal contacts, we are now to enjoy fuller benefits of their experience and wisdom.

Every alumnus joins in wishing for them a brimming measure of happiness and peace.

THURMAN KITCHIN.



Dr. N. Y. Gulley

"Six Characters an Author"

Dear Mr. Crater:

When I sat down to write a calculated estimate of the six professors I found I simply couldn't do it.

But I had promised you something, so I have written, not an estimate, but a little eulogy. It may not be at all what you want, and if that is so please do not hesitate to throw it out, for I am much too fond of all these men to wish to do anything in the slightest degree inappropriate.

I therefore leave it entirely to your judgment.

With regrets that I couldn't do better, I am

Sincerely yours,

Gerald W. Johnson.

"I HAVE seen the Spring come in Kentucky"—the old Chapel at Wake Forest, strangest of churches, up a long flight of stairs and adorned with portraits of stiff and formidable worthies of the long ago, was filled with the light of a Spring Sunday morning in the year 1909, and it picked out with extraordinary clarity the rugged face of the man behind the lectern that was made to serve for a pulpit in those days. He was a tall man, with a Lincolnesque touch about him: handsomer than Old Abe, but like him loose-knit, yet giving an impression of power that was inescapable. He was James William Lynch and he was beginning one of his last sermons before surrendering the college pastorate for another field.

"I have seen the Spring come in Kentucky"—the musical cadence of that opening sentence went through the congregation like an electric shock and riveted the attention even of the somewhat mangy Newish just turning into an even mangier Sophomore that was I. Never have I heard Dr. Lynch soar to higher flights than he reached that day, and when he soared, oh, boy, how he soared! A great deal of his sermon was far over my head, but not even I could escape "the surge and thunder" of its poetry. Sometimes I am half persuaded that he was a bad preacher for the reason that he completely spoiled a lot of us for ordinary preaching. After hearing Lynch who could listen patiently to some poor fumbler none too certain of his English grammar, and totally ignorant of the grace and dignity of the English language when it is handled by a scholar with the soul of a poet? All the same, for nearly thirty years one Wake Forest student has carried the memory of that sermon in his mind as one of the rare occasions when one lifted up a banner upon the high mountain, that we might go into the gates of the nobles.

AND now the editor of THE STUDENT writes me that this year Dr. Lynch is to retire, and with him Dr. Sledd, Dr. Gulley and Dr. Cullom, with Dr. Gorrell to follow them probably within a year or two. And the editor would have me write about them, and about Dr. Poteat, for whom already all the trumpets have sounded on the other side. Well, I was once editor of THE STUDENT, and I, too, called on people to do impossible things; so, if only as a courtesy to a fellow-craftsman I must endeavor to accede to his request. But I cannot write an article, I can only enter a caveat; for I do not know by whom the thing can be done.



Dr. Benjamin Sledd



Dr. J. W. Lynch

in Search of

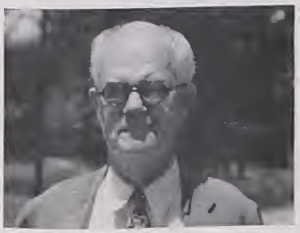
By Gerald W. Johnson, '11

The reason is simple, but sufficient. He who would write of these six men must be a biographer of the spirit, must have a subtlety that enables him to portray, as well as perceive, the intangible; must, in short, speak with the tongue of all philosophy. The man of action can be described, for he operates in the physical world—so many elections, or battles, won; so many kingdoms, or cathedrals, erected, so many poor devils hanged upon gibbets or strewn upon fields of battle, so much hell loosed upon earth. So is the tale of the man of action told, and anyone with information and a little imagination, can do it.

Far more difficult is it to set forth in terms that the world can understand the greatness of men whose material is the human spirit. The architects who never touch stone, the conquerors whose hands are stained with no man's blood, the explorers within the four walls of a library, are frequently among the greatest of their kind, but the man who would reveal them must share much of their own greatness; so, for the most part, their deeds go unrecorded for lack of an author great enough. Thus it must be,



Dr. W. R. Cullom



Dr. J. H. Gorrell



Dr. W. L. Poteat

I fear, with the six gentlemen of Wake Forest; to borrow —perhaps to embezzle—Pirandello's phrase, they are six characters in search of an author and here, alas, they have not found him.

IT is not the technical, the professional work of these men that their old students ponder, now that they are about to withdraw from active service. Gulley, for example, has written much of the law of North Carolina, but his important writing is the way he has written "Justice" indelibly upon the minds of young men. Cullom, the theologian, is to me not in his books and commentaries, but in the long life that silently preached one doctrine: "goodness is the only creed worth while." Lynch is no artificer, but I have stood in the Sainte-Chapelle, that jewel of architecture, where the incomparable glass makes the dullest day blaze with the glory of God made visible, and have felt the same emotion that his eloquence could stir.

Gorrell and Sledd are language men, but who cares now what they have done with grammar and lexicon? The important thing is that they were explorers, Stanleys capable of driving undaunted through the tangled jungle of an undergraduate mind, forever hopeful of finding buried somewhere in the heart of darkness a man who was great and good. This was a creative hope; I know that many a man, honored by their friendship, stirred by their confidence, actually made some effort, however futile, to be a Livingston. Any such effort is in addition to civilization; but no cartographer can chart it on his maps.

Only a little while ago Willim Louis Poteat

> . . . gave
> His body to this pleasant country's earth,
> And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
> Under whose colours he had fought so long,

but no Wake Forest man can think of this group without including him, its chief for a generation. Yet what is there for the scribe to set down? He was a biologist,

(*Continued on page thirty*)

RUFUS CRATER, Editor

The
WAKE FOREST STUDENT
April 1935

RAY BRADY, Business Manager

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A COURSE IN PERSONAL RELATIONS

Just a few more days now and four grand old men of Wake Forest will dismiss their classes for the last time—four men who have gladly given the greater and better portions of their lives to the service of the College and College men, four professors who for so long have stood as the epitome of all things good and beautiful and righteous. Four men are writing finis on their class work, are stepping down from behind the teacher's desk, are going home to stay.

These men are officially completing another cycle of their work, but they are not through. One field of endeavor covered, they go forth into another. They are not severing connections with the College or with College men. They are not breaking away from the things they have loved so long. Rather, they are taking up another course, one that they can conduct unhampered by the rigors of classroom work.

You won't find this new course listed in the College Catalogue. Mr. Patterson won't include it on your schedule when you pre-register. You can't get credit for it on your major, and no amount of hard work at it will entitle you to a "laude" on your diploma. But it will fit you for service in that great intangible, LIFE; it will give you an equipment you can get nowhere else.

It's a course in Personal Relations, and it will be conducted at your convenience in the homes of these four. There are no set hours for meetings: you may go when you want to, leave when you desire. Books are not required and there is no tuition fee. Discussions will cover the things that interest you most: personal problems, literature, morals, history—anything. Though you may want nothing more than an hour of personal enjoyment, relaxation and interesting conversation, this course is for you.

For years these men have been conducting just such a course, but until now they have been handicapped by their classroom instruction. Teaching is a profession that requires much time, both in preparation and in execution, and despite their eagerness to give time to their boys, these professors have been unable to do as much as they should like, their classes have stood in the way.

But now that deterrent is being removed. Now these professors will be able to throw themselves whole-heartedly into the business of serving their students personally. Where before they could serve them only as a group, now they can help students individually. Now, in their own homes, free from the strain of active teaching, they can talk to their boys, can give to them another portion of the great wealth of information that is theirs.

Gulley, Sledd, Lynch, and Cullom—the Faculty of the School of Personal Relations! And how qualified are they to conduct such a school! Years of experience with this thing called Life, years of scholarship and leadership, years of devotion to the cause of youth, years of happiness sometimes tinged with sadness, years of glorious Christian living!—these are qualifications which fit any man who has them to handle such a course.

Personal Relations—a course in man-to-man contacts, a course where student meets Master first-hand, and is benefited. It's an elective—not prescribed, but highly recommended. The only prerequisite is your interest; make your mental registration now. The course is open to all; you will be a wiser and happier man for having had it.



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P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

'Twas Ever Thus . . .

Several professors were discussing what they would like to do after retiring—what they would be fitted for.

"Well," said Dr. Lynch, "I'd like to be superintendent of an orphan asylum so I'd never get any letters from parents."

"I've a much better ambition," exclaimed Dr. Gulley. "I want to be warden of a penitentiary. The alumni never come back to visit."

—Student, February 1928.

Dr. Sledd: The boys are mighty bad about getting my papers at night. Just two or three nights ago, I looked out my back door, and saw a crowd there. I would have shot, but I was afraid I might hit one.

"You should have shot, Doctor," suggested a bystander. "You wouldn't have hit much."

"I know," said Dr. Sledd, "but sometimes the less you hit, the more fuss it makes."

—*Howler*, 1916.

Dr. Poteat: Mr. Warhorse, how much money did you win the first night you played poker?

Warhorse: I won thirty-nine dollars, Doctor.

Dr. Gorrell (springing from his seat): Mr. Warhorse, please explain the game to me!

—*Howler*, 1913.

Dr. Sledd on English Class: Mr. Covington, have you ever driven a mule?

Mr. Covington: Yes, sir, Doctor.

Dr. Sledd: Well, then, a mule always knows when a jackass has hold of the reins, doesn't he?

—*Howler*, 1925.

Dr. Poteat (making announcements in chapel): I shall be glad to hear of the death of any Wake Forest alumni.

—*Howler*, 1918.

Dr. Sledd was ten minutes late in reaching the English II class one day. On seeing the few who had not left, he said, "Well, gentlemen, I see we have a survival of the unfittest."

—*Howler*, 1916.

Dr. Poteat (on Biology): What is heredity?

Pittman: Something a father believes in until his son starts acting a fool.

Howler, 1920.

Dr. Sledd: I wonder what sort of stone they will give me when I am dead.

McCutcheon (softly): Brimstone.

—*Howler*, 1912.

DR. W. L. POTEAT

A Man of Seeming Paradoxes: Pioneer and Preserver, Teacher of Biology and President of the Baptist Convention, a Man Who Could Talk With Equal Ease to Scholars and Freshmen.

By A. M. McMILLAN

Dr. William Louis Poteat was a distinct individuality. There has never been anyone else like him and there never will be. Little mannerisms like clearing his throat and licking his lips, which seemed delightfully natural with him, have never been successfully imitated.

Though Dr. Poteat's life was consistent throughout, there were many apparent paradoxes. He was a pioneer in science but a preserver of old-fashioned morality. He was president of a strait-laced denominational college and yet had the courage to defend evolution in dangerous days when his contemporaries were running for cover. The church once threatened to crucify him but later voted him highest honors. Though a giant in mind and spirit, he was democratic and kept "the common touch." In spite of his greatness, Dr. Poteat was always genuinely interested in the meekest freshman who ever sat at his feet. Although many demands were made upon his time, Dr. Poteat was always glad to talk with visitors and could always be found in the local church whenever the doors were opened for any sort of meeting.



DR. POTEAT AS PRESIDENT, ABOUT 1920

I feel utterly incapable of sketching the life of one so great, so bewilderingly versatile. At best I can give only fleeting glimpses of this prohibitionist, bass singer, evolutionist, golf player, churchman, and teacher of biology. Some day really capable writers should take the abundant material Dr. Poteat has left behind and weave from it true pictures of the whole man.

In writing this sketch, I am particularly indebted to Charles F. Hudson of Durham, Hoke Norris of Raleigh, and Gerald W. Johnson of Baltimore, Maryland.

CHILDHOOD

William Louis Poteat was born October 20, 1856, at his grandmother's home in Caswell County, though when he was three months old the family moved to beautiful "Forest Home" two miles east of Yanceyville in the same county. His father, Captain James Poteat, head of the militia and owner of over 100 slaves, was tall, handsome, plain-spoken, and quite a sport. He would go courting dressed in the height of fashion and driving a double team of horses. Though the captain did not have much formal education, he was a strong-minded man, one who thought for himself and stood steadfastly for what he considered right.

By his first marriage, to Miss Roberta Roberts, the captain had three sons and two daughters. By his second marriage, to Miss Julia Anise McNeill, four children were born: William Louis, Edwin McNeill, Ida, and Emma Lindsay. All have passed on except Miss Ida Poteat, professor of art in Meredith College. The late Dr. E. M. Poteat served for 15 years as president of Furman University. The family name was formerly spelled "Poteet" until one of the relatives decided that it looked better with an "a."

Captain James Poteat's second wife showed her practical ability in directing the work of the slaves and in making out of that plantation an independent social unit, with shoe-maker, blacksmith, carpenter, drivers, and plowmen. She received a good education at the Oxford Seminary, helped take charge of the Sunday school, and had a deep religious spirit which was largely responsible for William's joining the church at the age of 12. His first education was received under a governess at home, but later he attended Dan River Academy and the private school of Miss Lizzie Lowndes, both at Yanceyville.

COLLEGE

At the age of 16, young Mr. Poteat came to Wake Forest, during the presidency of Dr. W. M. Wingate. His studies consisted mainly of Greek, English, history, philosophy, and science, the last named being taught only by recitation without any laboratory periods. After losing a year on account of illness, Mr. Poteat received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Wake Forest in 1877. Both the distinguished Poteat brothers, it seemed, loved home more than learning, for when the time came to start their college education, they both begged to stay at home. Many years later Dr. Poteat testified that his most profitable hours while a student were spent in the Euzelian Literary Society hall, where members would sit wrapped up in overcoats debating questions till one o'clock in the morning, even in the dead of winter. Among his closest college friends were Dr. Edgar E. Folk, Charles W. Scarborough, James W. Denmark, Erastus B. Jones, and R. B. Jones.

Following graduation, Mr. Poteat went home and began the study of law but was glad to accept the call back to Wake Forest as teacher of natural science. In addition, though, he gave instruction in Latin, Greek, English, and other subjects. Elected professor of biology in 1883, Mr. Poteat was the first teacher in the South to introduce the laboratory method and was teaching evolution 15 years before Professor Richard Henry Lewis dared mention it to

(*Continued on page twenty-one*)

CHRIST AND RACE

Being Two Excerpts From the Last Address Which Dr. Poteat Prepared, and the Only Speech for Which a Recording Has Been Made Preserving His Voice

PART I

And now we turn to Him, for He is our wisdom as well as our redemption. The consciousness of Jesus is the holy of holies where shines the light of God. Draw reverently just a little that veil of blue and purple and scarlet, and you will make two discoveries—the reality and nearness of the spirit world and God himself in the beauty and tenderness of "Father." In these dominant conceptions lie the hiding of His power, the perpetual contemporaneousness of His teaching, and His authority in the life of mankind. What Christ said about God is unquestioned and standard everywhere. The way He felt toward the defenseless, the sinning, the outcast, is the true and noble attitude. The life He lived among men and the work He did of rescue and help for all who had need, without social or racial discrimination, makes the one unmarred and wholly beautiful page of the long human story. He legislates for the modern world, and the modern world accepts His law as supreme. His mind, His moral attitude, His life, fix the authoritative standard from which there is no dissent or appeal. He is at once the judge and the hope of the world. The universal indignation at Italy in Ethiopia and Japan in China proves it, and they themselves protest they do not violate it.

EDITOR'S NOTE: On February 17, 1938, hardly a month before his death, Dr. William Louis Poteat was asked to record for the archives of Wake Forest College a selection from one of his addresses. He chose, from his last prepared speech, the following two passages, which he considered representative both of his style and of the content of that particular address.

This was the Presidential address, prepared to be delivered before the North Carolina Baptist State Convention, which met in Wilmington last November. However, just before the Convention was to meet, Dr. Poteat suffered a slight stroke of paralysis and was forced to ask R. N. Simms of Raleigh, Vice President of the Convention, to read the address to the assembled Baptists. Later, his strength partially regained, Dr. Poteat made the recording for the College. This is the only one of Dr. Poteat's addresses for which there is a recording in his own voice.

Dr. Poteat expressed his willingness that copies of this record be made available for any of his friends who desired them. Copies are now being made and will be available at commencement time. The recording is in the characteristic style of Dr. Poteat and preserves faithfully those mannerisms which generations of Wake Forest men have come to love.

PART II

I wonder if we do not come here into the valley of decision, the spot and point of testing where hesitation shadows loyalty and denial rcënacts Calvary. We are called to recognize our brothers under all the disguises which nature or conceit or ignorance or prejndice has invented, and to discharge the obligations of brotherhood, barriers or no barriers. These obligations extend across social barriers. The rich may not despise or oppress the poor. The poor may not hate the rich. The only hope for peace in industry lies in the employer and the employee becoming Christian and the two men with different kinds of wealth working together as brothers in Christ.

The obligation of Christians to love one another as brothers and to coöperate in making the will of God prevail transcends theological barriers. We shall never agree in our opinions. Let the differences be. Allow to others the liberty of opinion which you claim for yonrself. We are at length discovering—some of us—that it is possible to differ in Christian philosophy and coöperate in Christian work.

And brothers across racial barrier. We shall have to admit that the gifts of God to mankind are widely distributed, and that any of us would be poor without the contributions of all of us. Holding racial integrity to be inviolable, we shall be respectful to racial endowments and racial achievements. We shall be willing to judge the race by its best specimens. Judge the quality and promises of Negroes by Washington and Moton and John Hope in education, by DuBois, Dunbar, and Cotter in letters, Pearce, Roman, and Carver in science, Burleigh in music—by the vanguard of the race, not the raftag in the rear, precisely as we prefer to be judged by our Washington and Lincoln and Lee and Wilson, by Elliott and Emerson and McDowell and Sargent, and not by our millions of defectives, anti-social and incapable of unsuperintended labor. Will not racial brotherhood open the door of opportunity in education, industry, and the public service, and guarantee justice in court, equal public accommodations for equal money, and a decent wage North or South? We are here together, and if either group is saved, both must be. The corn and beans of our succotash will remain distinct, but they are boiled in the same pot. If to racial brotherhood the obligations of Christian brotherhood are added, light breaks through our clouded sky, and it becomes possible for peoples who are so diverse as whites and Negroes to live together successfully in our fair land, participating in its blessings, mutually respectful, mutually helpful and coöperant in advancing the common well being. Negroes are willing and we are committed.

LAST BOOK

Youth and Culture, the last of six books published by Dr. William Louis Poteat, will be published by the Wake Forest College Press the latter part of this month.

This volume will consist of Dr. Poteat's inaugural address and his baccalaureate addresses from 1905 to 1927, the period of his presidency of Wake Forest College. The excellent portrait painted by Henry Rood, Jr., in 1935 will be used as a frontispiece.

Dr. Poteat, who prepared the manuscript for the press and wrote the preface several months before his death.

(*Continued on page thirty-two*)

THE GENTLEMAN AND SCHOLAR FROM VIRGINIA

By Ben C. Fisher

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western Islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

WITH these four lines Keats opens one of his greatest sonnets and with these same lines any who wants may open the entire volume of romantic lyricism which is Benjamin F. Sledd. Through these few lines which "Old Slick" has been quoting to his classes day in and day out for fifty years is projected, softly but effectively nevertheless, and with a perfect blending of shades and colors, the whole picture of Dr. Sledd—a traveler in realms of gold.

He is a traveler in the most realistic sense of the word, but his meanderings over the top of the globe are as nothing when compared to the excursions he even now takes daily in his own mind. Every day he moves swiftly through this country and that, living this moment in the hurly-burly world of today and the next in the fabulous lands of mythology, conversing now with the literary giants of our own day and time and then with Venus and Bacchus and Hymen and Pan—gods who a few moments of conversation with Old Slick assure us not only once existed but are very much alive today. For him they are alive, just as alive as you or I or the robin that comes to his window to talk to him every spring morning; he talks to them and they tell him funny stories and amuse him, and they are real.

LOOKING at him in passing, watching him as he walks about, talking to himself, in a large measure cut off from the world about him, able only to half-see and half-hear so many of the things we call beautiful, we are apt to pity him for a lonely man. But listening to him lecture, talking to him and watching the happy smile that plays about his lips as he goes along talking to himself—"because," he once said, "I like to talk to an intelligent man and I like to hear an intelligent man talk"—reading his poetry, watching him as he putters about his garden, talking to his Dryads and watching the elves and fairies that scamper among his flowers, we cannot find it in us to call him lonely. No man can be called lonely who has this whole world and yet another to live in, who has built for himself a world all his own—built it on the foundation of his own experiences and the exhaustive study of the great literature of all time, a world woven out of the stuff of his infinite imagination. That man is anything but lonely. He is the happiest man on earth.

When we have sat day after day listening as he lectured on the great men of American letters, the leaders in English and French and Italian and German literature, as he discussed the world's classics of art and music, as he touched on astronomy and the languages, then we come to be assured that Dr. Sledd has always been and ever will be an expeditionist, both in this world and in the world of literature and art.

Our conclusion could not be otherwise. Literally, he has traveled the world over. He has explored Palestine and the Holy Land. He has wandered through little cities in Italy, homes of the great. He has stood before humble cottages out of which had come, long before, great literature. He has visited the centers of learning and letters scattered throughout Europe. He has talked to Bernard Shaw and upbraided him for not liking Americans, telling him, he says, "You'd better like us Americans—we're the only people on earth who'll read your books."

DR. BENJAMIN F. SLEDD—for that's his name despite the tendency of students to refer to him affectionately as "Old Slick"—was born in Bedford County in Virginia, and he remains true to his birthplace. North Carolina has been his dwelling place for half a century now, but Virginia he still calls home, proving the truth of the wag's slightly altered proverb that "you can get the man out of Virginia, but you can't get Virginia out of the man."

His boyhood days, spent on his father's expansive estate in one of the most beautiful sections of his native state, have influenced his whole life and are reflected in much of his poetry. It was there in the forests and fields that he learned the beauties of nature; it was there, sprawled in the shade of the giant trees with the great classics scattered around him, that he learned to love the great masters; and it was there, around the old slave quarters in the evening, that he listened to the tales of the darkies and enriched his mind with the folk lore of the Old South.

When it came time for young Sledd to go away to school, he chose Washington and Lee, and after he had received his Master of Arts degree there he went on to Johns Hopkins for further study. It was there his hunger for knowledge led to the permanent injury of his eyes, a tragedy which would have ruined a lesser man. From Johns Hopkins he came to Wake Forest to serve as Professor of Modern Languages. That was 1888. Four years later he requested that he be made Professor of English, the request was granted, and from that day to this he has been at the head of the English department.

AS a teacher, then, from 1888 to 1938, Dr. Sledd has traveled widely in the realm of inspiration. To the thousands who have sat at his feet and studied the beauties of the

(*Continued on page twenty-four*)



DR. BENJAMIN SLEDD

ISAAC

"Wood fur marster; kin'lin' wood."
—Negro Melody.

Where the pine-woods in the twilight murmur sadly of the past,
Singing goes he, with the fagots o'er his bended shoulder cast,
Poor old Isaac, of a vanished time and order, best and last.

And his song is of the master, many a year now in his grave,
Loved as brother loveth brother, worthy master, worthy slave.

"Wood fur marster; kin'lin' wood!"—oh, the memory of the days
Blessed with more than ease and plenty, freer hearts and gentler ways.

Once again 'tis Christmas morning, and I watch with sleepless eyes
Where the phantom of the Yule log 'mid its ashes glimmering lies.

Isaac's horn, without, is sounding daybreak summons unto all,
Mansion, cabin, byre and sheepfold, waken to the mellow call.

And 'tis Isaac's noiseless shadow starts the pine-knots into flame;
To the trundle-bed then stealing, whispers low each sleeper's name,
Loving forfeit of the children, who but Isaac first to claim?

And he tells of many a secret Santa Clause alone should know,
Mysteries that will not wait the morning's tardy light to show.

And the treasures without number fashioned by the dear old hand—
Childhood's inmost, sweetest longings, who so well could understand?
Christ, who so loved little children, bless him in that better land!

For no more the aged figure comes at sunset down the way:
Yonder stands his empty cabin slowly yielding to decay.

Weeds and creepers now are struggling where we played before the door,
And the rabbit hides her litter there beneath the sunken floor.

Trees are springing where the pathway to the master's mansion led,
And the feet which trooped along it, all are vanished, some are dead.
"Wood fur marster; kin'lin' wood!"—comes the old remembered strain;
Hush, 'tis Isaac softly singing by his cabin door again!

Only swallows in the twilight round the chimney twittering go,
Mournful token of the hearthstone cold and tenantless below.
In the old forsaken garden, sleeps the master, sleeps the slave:
And the pines tonight are sighing o'er each unremembered grave.

—The Watchers of the Hearth.

POEMS *by Benjamin Sledd*

VIRGINIA: AFTER-THOUGHT

Dear land of many dreams and mighty hills,
And dear wherever glory lives, thy name,
Though latter years may link it with their shame,
Today my wanderer's heart with longing fills
To track the Shenandoah's parent rills
Once more; to watch again the sunset's flame
Beyond the Alleghanies die; or claim
Companionship with the night-wind that shrills
Round Otter's lonely peak. Why should we weep
O'er glory past? Still stands—shall ever stand—
Unchanged, unchangeable each mighty steep,
And vale and stream their olden beauty keep—
Sure witnesses from the Creator's hand
Of favoring love to thee, my own dear land.
—From Cliff and Scaur.

THE VISION OF THE MILK-WHITE DOE

The hunter by his lonely fire
Wakens in sweet, unknown desire,
To watch by the dim, delusive light
What seems a woman in raiment white,
Among the forest shadows go:
Lingering it goes, and backward turns,
Like some sad spirit that vainly yearns
To break the bonds of its voiceless woe;
But the light flares up from the dying brands,
And gazing out of the darkness stands
Only a milk-white doe.

A moment he marks her large dark eyes
Gazing in mournful human wise,
Then falters and sinks the faithless light.
Again the gleam as of raiment white,
The woods are stirred with a footfall slight;
And like the dawn-wind wandering by,
The presence fades with a deep drawn sigh,
As breaks a far-heard, phantom sound
Of galloping steed and baying hound—
Then only silence and the night.
—The Watchers of the Hearth.

DECADENCE

They weary us, those mighty bards of old
Who sang alone of war and fateful wrong
Their accents for our tired lives too strong,
Which all the voices of the past must hold.
And Ilion's woe, direst tale e'er told,
Can win us not; nor Milton's seraph song;
And even he, lord of the buskined throng,
Speaks in a language harsh and overbold.

Better in time's still, pensive noon to lie
Mid the sweet grass, on lonely pasture slopes—
Some lowly poet's new-discovered rhymes,
A far white hamlet, with its faint-heard chimes,
Murmur of youth and maiden loitering by,
And all our little world of dreams and hopes.
—The Watchers of the Hearth.

"My Classmate's No Longer a Young Man, of Course . . ."

By David Morgan

It was back in February of '98, when the state Supreme Court was for the last time the scene of an oral bar examination. A haze-softened winter sun shone through long corridors, crowded with tired young men who all day had shot vocal answers across polished tables. Presently they were to stand in line as justices dipped pens in inkwells and signed names on certificates of successful candidates.

Up through the crowd came the clerk, hurriedly pushing his way.

"Did anyone fail, Colonel Keenan?" someone asked.

"Yes, 14." He paused near a small man with a strong nose and keen blue eyes. "But none of your men, Gulley."

Wake Forest's law dean shot a glance of satisfaction at eager young faces about him. They smiled back.

"Fine work, gentlemen," he said.

It would have been natural enough for this to happen once. For it to happen regularly was not enough to prevent the charge that Wake Forest was just a cram-school. But when Gulley-taught men began to take over position after position of leadership among justices, judges, solicitors, and congressmen—then it had to be admitted that the little man behind the law desk at Wake Forest was giving his men something that fitted them to lead. Perhaps as he talked about Blackstone his methods weren't orthodox—but then who was to say whether the orthodox methods were right?

And where did Gulley learn to teach so that his men never forgot?

Needham Y. Gulley had been born in Johnston County, near Clayton, on June 3, 1855. He was "only ten" when the war ended, but old enough to take much interest and some risk in catching a glimpse of General Sherman as he marched towards Raleigh in '65. He had come to Wake Forest at 19 and graduated four and a half years later. Fresh from discussing with W. B. Royall the beauties of Greek literature, Gulley went to Raleigh to teach in the public schools. The old Centennial school building had previously been the governor's mansion, and then stood where the Raleigh Memorial Auditorium now stands. Here for a year and a half he taught students and with fellow-teachers talked methods.

When the legislature voted to establish normal schools for the training of teachers Gulley went to the University of North Carolina summer school to teach arithmetic and arithmetic methods to four groups daily. The strange thing about it was that the attendance at each section was larger than the enrollment, as though students in the previous class hadn't been able to get enough in one hour.

And then in '83 he went away out beyond the Blue Ridge to be principal of the normal school in Macon County at Franklin. The way to learn how to teach is to teach, and Gulley was doing it: all sorts of subjects, all sorts of people, all sorts of age groups. But teaching was only a small part of it. He had ordered his Blackstone before he left school and had been reading law book after law book ever since. In 1884 he came back to his Alma Mater and started the first class in law ever held at Wake Forest and the first law school officially connected with a major North Carolina college or university. He set aside the old practice of asking questions, book in hand, and began teaching his men something before he asked them anything. And soon those men were showing the whole state that his plan worked.

From this point Gulley's activities became even more varied. In the state legislature he was instrumental in establishing county educational boards. As chairman of the Wake County educational board for a dozen years he has seen small schools consolidated into large high schools with a total enrollment of 7,656. He has during 19 years been absent at only one regular and one special session of the Wake County Board of Education, and is still chairman of the Board. He was one of three members of the North Carolina Code Commission which revised the statutes of the state between 1903 and 1906. When national officials prepared the Cyclopedia of Law and Procedure he was selected to write a chapter. Back in 1913 he advocated that the number of Supreme Court justices be made seven instead of five, that the court be divided into two sections, either of which might hear appeals, and that in each county a court be set up concurrent in jurisdiction with the Superior Court. Two of these three measures have been adopted and the state constitution has been so amended that the third may be put into effect.

Ever since Dr. Gulley founded the Wake Forest law school back in '96 he has lived up on Faculty Avenue, in his home where purple wisteria hangs low over the veranda on sunny spring afternoons. And since '96 he has taught law to 1,700 or so men, including two out of three of the state's federal judges, eight or ten solicitors, state Supreme Court justices, a United States senator. Just last year the campaign managers for all of the three major candidates for governor were Wake Forest men: W. L. Lumpkin for Mc-

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IN A NUTSHELL

1. Year when Dr. Gulley founded law school, 1894; number of students in first class, 12 (four now living, including Judge I. M. Meekins and Congressman J. H. Kerr).
2. Year when Dr. Gulley retires, 1938; number of law students, 67.
3. Number of law students since founding 44 years ago, 1,917 (approximate figure).
4. Number of Wake Forest students licensed by North Carolina bar, 1,640.
5. Occasions on which Wake Forest men were 100 per cent on N. C. bar exam—Sept. 1895, Feb. 1896, Sept. 1896, Feb. 1897, Sept. 1897, Feb. 1898 (oral examinations discontinued), Feb. 1903, Feb. 1904, Aug. 1904, Feb. 1905, Feb. 1906, Aug. 1906, Feb. 1908, Feb. 1912, Feb. 1913, Feb. 1914, Feb. 1915, Feb. 1916, Aug. 1918, Feb. 1919, Feb. 1920, Feb. 1921, Feb. 1922, Jan. 1926, Aug. 1937.

"This Institution Has Loomed Large in My Life . . ."

(Editor's Note: Below are reprinted excerpts from the Founder's Day Address made this year by Dean Emeritus N. Y. Gulley of the Wake Forest Law School. The speech was made extemporaneously and without notes or manuscript, and was electrically recorded. Dr. Gulley's remarks will be on sale in the form of phonograph records at the forthcoming commencement exercises. For publication purposes, the speech was transcribed from the actual recording by Walter B. Peyton.)



DR. NEEDHAM Y. GULLEY
Founder and Dean Emeritus of the Wake Forest Law School

Dean Bryan, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have met here this evening to commemorate the anniversary of the founding of this institution. It is well that we should stop and pause a moment in the bustle and swerve of things around about us and think about those who have gone before us. We are too prone to take things that we have, those that we have inherited, and never stop to think about what they cost or who paid the bills.

Probably the most thrilling passage in the New Testament scripture is Paul's roll call of the heroes of faith; and as we think about them, and what they accomplished, our minds are lost in wonder. When we think about Noah building an ark that should preserve all the life, all the animal life, that could not live in water or air, building such a vessel that the fiercest storm that has ever struck this globe could not after forty days and nights wreck it, or injure it, or in any way mar it—a wonderful piece of work; when we think about Abraham, called from his native land, getting up and going away under the promise of God that he should be made the father of the greatest nation on earth. We see the man as he has waited year after year and his wife is now approaching her hundredth birthday, and he goes out one night and talks with God about why he has not fulfilled his promise. But we see that the promise was fulfilled. When we think about Moses who had the great job of leading a band of runaway slaves and making a nation out of them preparing them for the nation birth, we lose ourselves in wonder at the greatness of these men.

But when we begin to look nearer home, we find that there are some men who have in some slight measure, at any rate, done something somewhat similar. I am thinking now of some of the presidents of this institution who have made their impress on it and through it on the rest of the world. I shall not take your time, because my time is very limited, to discuss the doings of Dr. Wait. Dr. Paschal in his book has set forth those, and they are now more familiar to us than some of the others.

President Taylor

One man has never yet had credit for what he has done, and never will, I suppose, in the history of this country. That man is Charles E. Taylor. I make the assertion without fear of contradiction that he did more for education in North Carolina than any man who ever lived in it. I repeat, he did more for education in North Carolina than any man that ever lived in it. He did more for Wake Forest College than any other man has ever done. In the fall of '75, he left his class room here and spent eighteen months in canvassing for the endowment of the college, and raised it to $100,000. If he had been here, I might have known more Latin, but he did a much better job than anything he could have done for me.

When he became president of the college, there was a time in our history that most of you know something about. There had come to pass this condition of things. There were quite a number of people, quite a large number of people who said that the denominational colleges had no place in North Carolina education, and that they ought not to exist, and competition became opposition, and in that condition of things, Dr. Taylor wrote that wonderful article on "How Far a State Ought to Undertake to Educate." He opined and alleged that the State had no right to spend all its money on institutions for higher learning while there was nothing being done for the helpless boys and girls that couldn't read and write, scattered over the state from one side to the other. It was hailed by the opposition as an attack on the University of North Carolina. Far be it from me to want to reopen and set to bleeding afresh a wound of that day. But facts are facts. And that thing went over North Carolina. In every Baptist Church in North Carolina, there was somebody talking about that matter. If you can get somebody to stand up and advocate it in all the Baptist Churches in North Carolina, it will be pretty well published. And it was that much of Dr. Taylor in that way that prepared the ground for the coming of Aycock and free schools. Had there been no Taylor, would there have been an Aycock? I don't know, but I do know that he would have found a very different soil for the delivery of his seed that was to bear fruit.

So far as I am concerned, it was sixty-three years ago, the 15th of this past month, that I first saw this institution. For these three score and three years, this institution has loomed large in my life, it has meant much to me. Tomorrow morning at eight o'clock, I shall enter upon the final lap of the last round-up of my active connection with this college. I should think about it largely in the past, but I shall also think about it in the future. What will it be?

"Oh, Father, may the denomination aequire a new consciousness of its worth for the work of the church and for the spreading of the gospel of Jesus Christ in the earth. May its alumni be loyal to it, and not be led astray by the glitter of greater institutions, but may they always be faithful to their Alma Mater. May its trustees and its faculty never exploit it for their own personal aggrandizement or for the aequisition of filthy lucre. And, Oh, Father, if it shall remain knit in Thy great heart and proteeted by Thy great love, who can be against us if Thou shalt be for us."

PIONEER BIBLE TEACHER

Trainer of Ministers and Professors of Religion—Dr. Cullom

By Sloane Guy



Dr. W. R. Cullom

It is enough to strain anyone's credulity to believe a statement in a Wake Forest Student for the year 1908 to the effect that Dr. Willis Richard Cullom rode "across this (Wingate Memorial Chapel) stage on the back of a billy goat!"

Of course, the attendant circumstances must be taken into consideration, and for them we turn to Dr. J. W. Lynch, Dr. Cullom's associate in the Department of Religion for the past fifteen years. It seems that Wake Forest had just won its second consecutive debate with Trinity College, now Duke University, and in those days, the amount of interest in debating far exceeded ever the interest displayed in a modern football game. This particular victory meant that Wake Forest won permanent possession of the massive cup still on display in the Library.

Now, it was customary, on the occasion of such a notable victory, for the faculty to join the students in celebrating, and it was on just such a festive occasion that the goat-riding episode was reported to have occurred.

No one, certainly, believes that Dr. Cullom actually rode the goat, and the faithful reporter of the event records that, in reality, Dr. Lynch, usually the master of ceremonies for these affairs, merely pointed his finger at Dr. Cullom and announced that he was demonstrating such hilarity that he could "visualize" Dr. Cullom riding the goat.

If, however, no one believes the goat story, there are hundreds, literally, who will testify that his interest in the affairs of Wake Forest, his genuine concern over the welfare of the students, and his whole-hearted pride in the accomplishments of the representatives of the College, whether in athletics or forensics, are exceeded only by his love for his work.

In order to understand more clearly Dr. Cullom, the teacher and the theologian, it is necessary to become acquainted with Dr. Cullom, the man. And that the picture may be a complete one, a brief sketch of his life is in order.

The hardships of even existing on a poor farm in Halifax County, North Carolina, during the Reconstruction—he was born January 15, 1867—may have been contributing factors in pointing Dr. Cullom's life along serious lines. That his father had been a school-master gave him an advantage denied to many others in his generation in the South, and to the father must be given the credit for instilling into the son a whole-hearted love of and respect for thoroughness, a virtue that is still outstanding both in his sermons and lectures.

At the age when most boys are entering preparatory school, young Mr. Cullom seized the opportunity to study with the Rev. Mr. G. L. Finch, who had managed to reach his junior year at Wake Forest before ill health forced him to drop out. The arrangement was that Mr. Cullom teach elementary work part of the day in Mr. Finch's school and study under Mr. Finch part of the day. This program was so unsatisfactory that Finch had to instruct his pupil at night, but at the end of two years he had the pleasure of seeing his young protege enroll in his own Alma Mater as a ministerial student.

It was in 1886 that Mr. Cullom enrolled at Wake Forest, and in 1892 he was graduated with the degree of Master of Arts. Three years later the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary conferred upon him the degree of Master of Theology. It is interesting to note that for the last two years of his work toward his Th.M., Mr. Cullom did his first teaching in an institution of higher learning: when he, together with Dr. J. B. McGlothlin and Dr. W. O. Carver, were appointed tutors in theology, the first ever to be appointed there.

Two years later when he was in the midst of his work toward the degree of Th.D. an attack of typhoid fever interrupted him, and when Wake Forest College opened for the 1896-97 term, he was listed in the catalog as "professor of the Bible"—the first at Wake Forest—and his work was to establish the first School of Religion in a liberal arts college in the United States!

Lest there be some doubt as to the truth of such a sweeping statement, it can be further qualified. Of course, there had been Divinity Schools both in the North and in the South for several years before 1896, but nowhere in the land was there a college department which had been organized primarily for the teaching of the Bible. In the summer before he began his professorship at Wake Forest, Dr. Cullom did little else but write to schools and universities all over the country asking for any information that they might have on such a project. The replies, with the exception of one, were of little help; not a single answer offered more than theoretical advice, for no one had had any actual experience. The one reply which was pertinent was from Dr. J. B. Shearer of Davidson, and his common-sense ideas, although slightly modified in practice, have proved their soundness and worth with the passing of the years.

The years have brought something else, too. In the forty-two years since its birth at Wake Forest, the idea of a department of Religion in a liberal arts college has spread all over the country, and especially in the South.

It must be an added source of satisfaction to Dr. Cullom, who for the quarter-century prior to the coming of Dr. J. W. Lynch was the department of Religion here, to recall that men he has taught himself are carrying on his work in no less than nineteen colleges and universities from Maine to Texas, and in China. And next year, when Dr. O. T. Binkley steps into his shoes as head of the department at Wake Forest, the number will complete an even score.

But getting back to his life, we enter now upon that phase of Dr. Cullom's work which may be termed "public and college work," for the college is as inseparable from his work here as are the campus and its magnolias. The Board of Education of the North Carolina State Baptist Convention had him for its secretary for fourteen years beginning in 1899, and the Board that

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THE EDUCATION THAT IS NEEDED IN TODAY'S WORLD

An Address by Dr. Cullom

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following is an excerpt from Dr. Cullom's address to the Education Conference, Ridgecrest, 1937, and is reprinted from "The Review and Expositor" for January 1938.*

The address is too long to be set forth here in toto, and Dr. Cullom suggested that Part I, entitled "The Marks of Today's World," be condensed as follows:

1. It is (today's world) a world whose foundations have been ruthlessly torn away.

2. It is a world in which the elementary forces of life are contending for the mastery with a sharpness, a bitterness, and a determination that at once constitute this conflict one of the major battles of the ages.

3. It is a world that is shot through and through with secularism.

4. It is a world in which there is much of uncertainty and confusion as to the real purpose and the proper direction of life.

5. It is a world that despises sham; has a supreme contempt for hypocrisy and that demands genuineness in every sphere of life.

6. It is a world in which hosts of serious-minded people—old and young—are honestly and earnestly trying to discover or re-discover some eternal verity or verities, if there be such, that will challenge the best that is in them for life, for death (if need be), and for eternity.]

PART II

"THE EDUCATION THAT IS NEEDED"

We have noted six marks of the education that such an age calls for.

1. The education for today's world must, first of all, *seek to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.* It has been noted in the description to today's world given above that the scientific attitude of mind has created in all serious-minded people a contempt for sham, for evasion, for insincerity, and for any attempt to lead people away from the simplest reality. Few things can do more to create a cynical attitude toward life than for people to awake to the fact that they have been misled by their teachers. Such a discovery was bad enough when the teachers involved were ignorant because they had no opportunity to know better. If the lives of such teachers had been characterized by sincerity, sympathy, open-mindedness, and a desire to teach only truth, the later discovery of mistakes on their part is not so serious. But for teachers who had an opportunity to know better and failed to make use of such opportunity through prejudice, through laziness, or through careless indifference, to mislead people as to the real facts of life is to create in such people a reaction that, to say the least, is liable to kill in them all real interest in the search for truth. When, however, a teacher really knows better and deliberately leads his followers astray from strict truth, he will soon or late be despised by those whom he has thus misled and be held in supreme contempt by them. These statements refer not simply to the individual teacher, but also to any one or to all three of the great institutions engaged in the work of education—the home, the church, the school. One of the most well-informed, broad-minded, sympathetic and thoroughly Christian men that I know said to me within the last month that he was very much afraid that just such a catastrophe awaits many of the finest and most capable young people of this generation. I am bringing no accusations against any person or any group of persons, but I am saying that all of us need to take heed at this point that we take every precaution that we teach only that which is true, and that we try honestly and sincerely to teach the whole truth about any subject that we pretend to teach. Without such a purpose I would raise the question as to whether any person or institution has any right whatever to pretend to teach.

BREAD-CASTER

Visible results of Dr. Cullom's forty-two years as head of the department of Religion are found in the following roster of colleges and universities in which former students of his are now teaching the Bible:

Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.; Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, Fort Worth, Texas; Colby College, Waterville, Me.; Furman University, Greenville, S. C.; William Jewel College, Liberty, Mo.; Baylor University, Waco, Texas; Limestone College, Gaffney, S. C.; University of Texas, Austin, Texas.

Mars Hill College, Mars Hill, N. C.; Wingate Junior College, Wingate, N. C.; Boiling Springs Junior College, Boiling Springs, N. C.; Chowan College, Murfreesboro, N. C.; Ouachita College, Arkadelphia, Ark.; Campbell College, Buies Creek, N. C.; Coker College, Hartsville, S. C.; Virginia Intermont College, Bristol, Va.; Bessie Tift College, Forsyth, Ga.; University of Shanghai, Shanghai, China; Yates Academy, Soochow, China; Wake Forest College (after 1938).

2. Today's world calls for a type of *education that is catholic in the richest and best sense.* Some one has said that the college should teach something about everything and the university should teach everything about something. By the word "catholic" I mean a good deal more than is involved in either or even in both of these phrases. I have in mind an education that touches and brings to their highest capacity every part of every man, and at the same time puts men into touch with all their fellow human beings in the richest and most vital sense possible. The education thought of here has reference to one's attitude, spirit, outlook, purpose and ideal as much or more than to any mere development of his powers, however important that may be. No word that is said here is meant to reflect in the least on the work of our training schools, fitting schools, professional schools, or anything else. The primary aim of education is the development and enrichment of manhood and womanhood, and then the proper integration of that manhood and womanhood with the totality of God's universe. This is "totalitarianism" at its best. On last January it was my privilege to attend the annual meeting of the Church Boards of Education in Washington, D. C. In that meeting Dr. William E. Hocking and others called attention to the emphasis that President Hutchins is placing on the aspect of education here under consideration. I think I am perfectly safe in saying that it was the conviction of those in attendance upon that meeting that

(*Continued on page twenty-six*)



Dr. James W. Lynch

DR. JAMES W. LYNCH

Pulpit Orator, Teacher, Friend to His "Wake Forest Boys"

By Harry Williams

Dr. James W. Lynch is a leading exponent of the old Southern school of oratory and romanticism. Trusting to a rich background of training and experience, as well as to his inherent wit and wisdom, Dr. Lynch usually "phrases on his feet," and has thus acquired the distinction of being one of the most fluent and forceful pulpit orators of his generation. Undismayed by today's materialism, Dr. Lynch continues to lecture brilliantly on the love of God and woman. To students and friends he points out the beauties of nature and human fellowship. Even while walking around the campus, Dr. Lynch often seems bewitched by the glories of the world he loves so well. Though he has passed his seventy-fourth birthday, Dr. Lynch's sturdy frame still shows that he was built like a football player. Advancing years have mellowed Dr. Lynch and let the fire of his spirit subside a little, but they have not impaired his strength nor lessened his zest for life.

There is no room in any magazine to tell of the long and fruitful life of Dr. Lynch and of what he has meant to the College, and the love for Dr. Lynch held by his "Wake Forest boys" is an indication of the effect he has had on their lives; but one has to go into the records of the College to see the effect he has had on this institution.

James Lynch was born to John W. Lynch and Catherine Pratt Lynch on January 20, 1865, in Henry County, Virginia. His early life was spent in Rockingham County, North Carolina, and Rowan County, North Carolina, with his father's people.

At the age of 16 he and his cousin, Thomas Lingle of Davidson College, went with five other boys to Illinois where they "roughed it." He graduated from high school in Hillsboro, Illinois, and returned to North Carolina.

After his return to North Carolina young Mr. Lynch attended the Beulah Association where he met the late Dr. W. B. Royall, who was representing Wake Forest College. Mr. Lynch immediately "fell in love" with Dr. Royall and came to Wake Forest. Little did young James Lynch dream when he met Dr. Royall that he would sit under him in class, later be his pastor, still later be his colleague on the faculty, and yet later stand over his grave and eulogize the man to whom Wake Forest owes a debt of gratitude because of his influence in getting Dr. Lynch to come to Wake Forest, as well as because of many other contributions.

Mr. Lynch graduated from Wake Forest with an M.A. degree in 1888. He was salutatorian of his class and one of its outstanding members. In his salutatory address he scored the board of trustees because they refused to grant a female member of the class a degree. Among the members of this class was the eminent Claude Kitchin, who was later to become a member of the United States House of Representatives and one of its greatest debators.

After graduation from Wake Forest, Mr. Lynch was a graduate student at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in 1888 and 1889. From Louisville he was called to the First Baptist Church of Danville, Kentucky, and held this pastorate for ten years.

While in Danville, he met the beautiful Rebecca Aldine Pope. After a romantic courtship, the two lovers were married July 20, 1899. Out of this union were born two daughters, Jocelyn and Grace. There are now five grandsons: Bill and Jim Smith, Sam, Bill, and Eugene Davis.

In 1899 Mr. Lynch was called to be pastor of the Wake Forest Baptist Church and held this position for three years before going to the Calvary Baptist Church of Roanoke, Virginia. The following year he was called to Wake Forest to preach the baccalaureate sermon, and at this time he was called again to be pastor of the Wake Forest church. The office of chaplain was created during his pastorate. He was also given the D.D. degree and made a member of the board of trustees. As a trustee of Wake Forest, Dr. Lynch has had a prominent part in the election of two presidents of the college. It was largely through his influence that the late Dr. W. L. Poteat was chosen as head of the college in 1905, and it was Dr. Lynch who first suggested the name of Dr. Thurman D. Kitchin for the presidency in 1930.

Dr. Lynch remained as pastor of the Wake Forest Church for four years, until he was called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Durham. After his Durham pastorate, Dr. Lynch went to Athens, Georgia, to become pastor of the First Baptist Church there. While in Athens he was intimately associated with the University of Georgia and received one of its highest honors when he was made an honorary alumnus of the University. There have been only six men to receive this honor, and the first was the French General LaFayette. Dr. Lynch remained in Athens for ten years, after which he returned to Wake Forest in 1913 as professor of the Bible.

It was during his pastorate at Athens that Dr. Lynch had one of the most unusual experiences of his career. On November 13, 1917, at the Georgia State Baptist Convention in Newman, Dr. Lynch preached on "The Cross of Christ." At the close of his simple but powerful sermon somebody struck up the hymn "In the Cross of Christ I Glory." A remarkable effect was produced. Led by the preachers, the entire congregation surged forward to the pulpit and began a demonstration which lasted for nearly an hour. Finally Dr. Lynch had to be carried from the church by way of the back door. Able critics declared that the sermon was the most powerful ever heard at a gathering of that kind in the state. Three thousand copies of

(*Continued on page thirty-two*)

. . . of DR. LYNCH

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Given here are two brief extracts, chosen by himself, which illustrates the nature of the pulpit oratory for which Dr. Lynch has been famous for many years. The remarkable demonstration following the first sermon is described in the newspaper story in the adjoining column.*

The second excerpt is from a sermon, "The Ministry of Weakness," which called forth another demonstration second only to the Georgia scene. The sentence quoted here was printed artistically on cardboard, and copies were put in all the public schools of Durham; other copies were obtained and treasured by persons in widely-scattered places.)

THE CROSS OF CHRIST

As the life of Jesus drew into its tragic close a note of challenge is heard. Listen, "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me." The note is vibrant, piercing, almost defiant. It is there in His voice like acid in the sweetest fruit, like frost in an October morning, like lightning in the summer clouds. There stands the Cross—His Cross—in vivid outline, naked, rugged, inexorable—set up before the foundation and drawing Him with the suction of a divine and imperial necessity. He faced it with deliberate, unfaltering courage, aye, the calm acceptance of a great call, the glad espousal of a lofty destiny. He thus spoke to all who would "follow in His train." He appealed to the heroic in human life, for within the heart of man there is an altar erected to the worship of heroic virtue, and behind our unromantic lives there sleeps a latent hero. "Deep calleth unto deep."

And so He meets us at the gates of morning, saying, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. Take up your cross and follow. See with my eyes, hear with my ears, think with my mind, feel with my heart and thrill with my soul."

This is religion at its best, following Jesus and living His life, and the logic of life is the most convincing argument. I would rather believe

(*Continued on page twenty-seven*)

Wonderful Scene Follows Convention Sermon Delivered By Dr. J. W. Lynch

Newnan, Ga., April 13, 1917.

One of the most remarkable scenes ever witnessed at a gathering of church folk in this or any other Southern State was that which followed the "Convention Sermon" Tuesday night of the past week, preached by Rev. James William Lynch, D.D., pastor of the First Baptist Church of Athens, Ga., Dr. Lynch having been selected to preach the annual sermon at the Newnan meeting of the Baptists of the State.

Dr. Lynch preached on "The Cross of Christ"—the great theme of the church and the ministry now and always. His message was one which soon after the sermon began took hold of the big congregation of ministers and leading laymen of the church. There was no attempt on the part of the preacher to create an "impression"—he simply told the hearers the truth of the Cross as he had received it—and they were eager to receive it.

As the preacher closed his discourse, somebody, inspired by the theme, volunteered the raising of the old hymn, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory." The big audience caught the spirit of the song and sermon—and the spiritual effect was remarkable. Dr. M. Ashby Jones, one of the greatest pulpit orators in the Southern Baptist Church, was impelled to move—and he walked down the aisle and grasped the hands of the Athens preacher in token of the responsive appreciation of the message. Dr. Pickard and Dr. Jameson followed Dr. Jones—and then the whole congregation surged forward to give expression in this way of the renewed allegiance of the followers of the Cross. For nearly an hour, following the sermon by Dr. Lynch, the touching manifestation of its power among the brethren of preachers continued.

Preachers and laymen who have attended the Georgia Baptist Convention for twenty, thirty, forty years declare that there was never a scene like that which followed the sermon of Dr. Lynch—and able critics, judges of gospel preaching, declare that the discourse of Dr. Lynch on last Tuesday night at Newnan was the most powerful sermon ever heard at a gathering of that kind in this state.

The Convention decreed that three thousand copies of the great sermon should be printed and distributed among the churches—the first time that such action has ever been taken, it is said, by the Convention.—*Athens Banner.*

Dropped Stitches from Vanished Hands

I have stood reverent and subdued on many so-called holy places of the earth, from the riverside tomb where sleeps the father of our country, to the skull-shaped mountain where was crucified our Lord; but never was my thought so pure, my heart so tender and my feeling so holy as when I saw for the first time the hallowed spot where the dropped stitches of vanished hands are being woven again in the loom of fate.

AUTUMN

(*Dedicated to My Companions in Age and Service*)

I feel the frost, I taste the tang
Of the white-faced Autumn days;
I miss the notes of trilling throats,
The songbirds' roundelays.

The icy breeze soughs thro' the trees,
Leaves come hurtling down;
Their sap-souls die with rustling sigh,
Interred 'neath swards of brown.

The forest stands with empty hands,
Victim of hunger stealth;
Furtive thieves have despoiled the trees
And stor'd their summer's wealth.

Life's waning sun swift race doth run,
The frost days come apace;
Heart buds are dead, life's blooms shed,
Bleak winter sears the face.

The hoary head, the cautious tread
Bespeak the final blast;
Bereft and bare of work and care,
The old trunk falls at last.

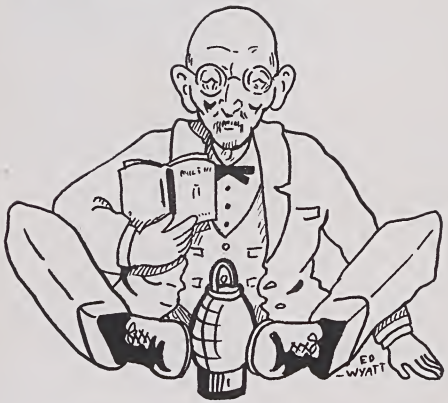
But still I ween God's love is seen
In every frost that bites;
He full well knows the good of snows,
Love moves the Hand that smites.

J. W. LYNCH.

We Don't Swear to Them (By Jack

Among the fondest memories of our college days, we find stories concerning our beloved professors. Perhaps an interesting anecdote, perhaps a bit of brilliant repartee.

Thus we present for you some of these, not with an attempt to chroniele bona fide sworn-to experienees, but just to pass on some stories, some from hearsay, and some from past issues of local publieation, whether they be hearsay or heresy.



Students constantly attempted everything in their power to get out of elass when possible.

One extremely cold day the pupils of "Old Slick" Sledd's English elass met early, before the arrival of the professor, and proceeded to dismantle the sheetiron stove whieh heated the old room. Then they took it out of the room and hid it seeurely.

Dr. Sledd eame in the room, took in the situation at a glanee, went out for a couple of minutes, eame baek with a large lantern, plaeed it in his chair, hovered over it and kept warm while the students shivered violently. The elass was kept overtime, ineidentally.

Dr. Sledd: Mr. Berry, take your feet down so that I may see if Mr. Modlin is present!—*Old Gold and Black,* 1923.

One day Dr. Cullom eame into Dr. Sledd's room. Slick was teaching from his book whieh many elaim is turned upside down. Dr. Cullom walked up to him and waited expectantly. Dr. Sledd didn't notiee him. Finally Dr. Cullom nudged him gently. Dr. Sledd looked down at him and said, "Young gentlemen, what are you doing out of your seat? But sinee you are already up here and I ean't do anything about it, what ean I do for you?"

It seems that most of these are about Dr. Sledd, but anyhow:

One day he said to his elasses: "The negro population of Wake Forest formerly exeeeded the white population. Soon that all ehanged—Dr. Paschal and I came to town!"

Another of his quotations, frequently used: Mr. Guy, you remind me of Aristotle, and I remind myself of Plato beeause I keep asking you questions and don't expeet you to answer them!

A former student elaimed that Dr. Sledd read "Hamlet" from eover to eover *using the wrong book* and *holding it upside down!* This student followed him in a copy of the work, and swears that Slick didn't miss over three words!

Dr. Gulley (on Introduetory Law, after several had failed to answer his question): "Now gentlemen, here I am in the wilderness with no one to help me out. Mr. Moses, will you lead me?"—*Old Gold and Black,* October 14, 1916.

Dr. Lynch, in the *Old Gold and Black* for February 11, 1928, listed his idea of the prerequisites for an ideal marriage:

"Physieal attraetion, listed first by the doetor, should be mutual, he reasons. Dr. Lynch quoted a limerick said to have been written by Woodrow Wilson:

"'For beauty I am not a star;
There are more pretty by far;
My faee, I don't mind it,
For I am behind it;
It's the people in front that I jar.'

"With physieal attraetion one should eonsider the disparity of age. Invalidism should be avoided, and with it organie disease.

"The seeond prerequisite to nuptial bl:ss is intellectual affinity. Here, Dr. Lynch reasons, man's mind is stronger, while woman's mind is finer. He extols woman by ealling her an intuitive ereature who ean pereeive things quieker than man. He believes man finds his way by reasoning, while woman finds her way by feeling.

"Following intellectual affinity eomes spiritual affinity, aeeording to the listing of the prerequisites. The eouple should be of the same faith and same ehureh, he said.

"Listed fourth was economie seeurity, under whieh head he stressed the importanee of finaneial independenee to a large degree.

"Love eame last. The doetor believes that love usually eomes last. He made no attempt to define love; instead he quoted poetry again:

"'What is love?
A volume in a word;
An ocean in a tear;
A never ending song that angels love to hear;
A seraph's profound kiss;
An aetna of unrest;
A word the royal prinee of words
Writ on Jehovah's breast'."

Dr. Sledd is noted for his knowledge of everything. In fact, thus far the only thing that he has not been able to reeall at once was the average temperature of one of the hot springs at Salerno!

But We've Heard These

Sawyer)

One day Slick asked his class the family name of Cleopatra, which no class member knew. Dr. Sledd apparently disgusted, said "Why, young gentlemen, suppose you were to go over to Meredith to see that sweet young thing, and she was to lead you over to a deserted corner, gaze soulfully up into your eyes and say, 'What was the family name of Cleopatra?' now wouldn't you be embarrassed if you didn't know?"

Waiting to have their pictures made for the cover of this issue of THE STUDENT, Drs. Cullom, Lynch, and Sledd were becoming rather impatient, for Dr. Gulley, chapel speaker that morning, was necessarily a little slow in arriving. Dr. Sledd, busily engaged in telling tall tales to Dr. Paschal and Dr. Kitchin, didn't mind so much as did the two others, who had classes the next period. Finally Dr. Gulley finished his chapel speech and got in line with the others. Dr. Cullom complained a little to the venerable law teacher about having to wait so long, whereupon Dr. Gulley smiled wryly: "I think Dr. Cullom must be afraid this fine sun will bleach his curly hair."

Law Student: Dr. Gulley, could you give us a good definition of a home?

Dr. Gulley: Well, Sir, I'd say that home is a place where part of the family waits until the others get through with the car.

—STUDENT, Nov. 1928.

Dr. Sledd tells this one: While some travelers were looking at the molten lava inside Mt. Vesuvius, an American remarked: "Looks hot as hell." An Englishman hearing the remark mumbled under his breath, "These Americans have been everywhere."

—*Howler*, 1925.

One day students of Slick's classes came to class rather early—in fact, the night before. Instead of their books, however, they brought a supercharged cow.

The next morning Dr. Sledd came to class, not noticing the smirks on the faces of the boys assembled outside the room.

He went inside, took in the situation at a glance, didn't even bat an eyelash, but held class as usual without any remarks on the situation, and held the class overtime.

The story of Dr. Cullom and the billy goat is one that has drawn conflicting opinions.

It seems that once after a particularly notable debate victory, the debaters were met at the depot by the students en masse, and a huge reception was held. The spirit of the festivities grew higher and higher with everyone cutting capers. As a mascot, there was a goat on the stage.

Dr. Lynch said later, "I can envision Dr. Cullom riding that goat across the stage!"

Now the question is, did Dr. Cullom ride that goat across that stage?



Dr. Sledd to his students: Well, young gentlemen, it's such a beautiful spring day, I'll just turn you out to flop your ears and graze!

Several years ago it was the custom to announce chapel services by means of signs placed upon stakes and driven into the ground. One day one of these was placed in the decidedly barren spot from which the ruins of old Wingate Hall had been removed.

On this particular day Dr. Sledd walked up and noticed the sign. He strained to read the sign, then chuckled and mused, "Fine idea—good thing, this 'Keep off the grass'."

An article in the *Old Gold and Black* for October 26, 1923, states:

"Dr. B. F. Sledd the noted literary seer of our commonwealth gave to the students in chapel Friday morning an unusual treat in his story, 'The prettiest thing I ever saw.'

"His story came out of his own experience while in Athens. He related how each day he had gone at sunset to the rock Lycabettus, a height about six hundred feet just north of the Acropolis. As he was going to see the sunset from this famous height, a beautiful maiden invited him to stop with them on his return.

"When he returned he stopped at this peasant home, the last one just under the height, and was richly entertained by the father, mother and maiden, the maiden feeding him with her own hand and not allowing his own to touch the food.

"When he had enjoyed the gracious repast he inquired concerning the courtesy to a foreign man as he was. He was informed that their religion taught them to be kind to some stranger on this day, Good Friday, and that she—the maiden—had asked that the kindness be shown to this 'Englishman' who made his daily pilgrimage to the old rock they all so loved.

"Dr. Sledd's own finishing touch brought forth a most hearty applause: 'She took me by the hand and led me through the long hall out on the porch and down on the little steps to bid me goodbye. She looked up into my face with those large limpid eyes and the moon had just come up and was casting its shadows around the black shoulder of old Lycabettus. And, young gentlemen, what was said and what was done on those steps that night ain't none of your business'!"

One day an English class was creating enough disturbance to reach even the ears of the perhaps deaf Dr. Sledd. Slick immediately went to the back row, seized one of the students who in reality was innocent of causing any noise (he was asleep), threw him almost bodily out of the class and told him not to come back. Finally Hawk Eason, who was the only one who could talk loud enough to make old Slick hear, proclaimed that the ejected student had reformed and had decided to become a minister. Then Dr. Sledd relented and allowed the student to come back.

A Scholar, A Senator, A Judge...

THE FOLGER SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY
WASHINGTON

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR

April 21, 1938

My Dear Mr. Crater:

I enclose a brief "Tribute" to Professor Sledd, which I dictated this morning in great haste. If it is not entirely suitable for your purpose, do not hesitate to relegate it to the waste-paper basket.

Sincerely yours,
Joseph Q. Adams.

A TRIBUTE TO PROFESSOR BENJAMIN SLEDD
By ONE OF HIS OLD BOYS

When I entered Wake Forest College, my firm resolve was to specialize in one of the natural sciences; and nothing in the world, I thought, could deflect me from the course I had carefully laid out for myself. Then, at the beginning of my Sophomore year, I met Benjamin Sledd! Never shall I forget the wonderful experience of sitting at his feet and listening to him interpret, as only he could interpret, the matchless plays of Shakespeare. And with me sat James Royster, Harry Trantham, Edgar Timberlake, Harry Heck (and others later to attain distinction) who shared with me unbounded enthusiasm for the great teaching of our master. But "Professor Sledd"—so in respect we invariably called him—was more than a formal teacher; he was also a friend to "his boys"—so in affection he invariably called us—entertaining us in his home, discussing with us poets and poetry, reading to us his own fire-hot verses, and in countless ways stimulating in us a love for the beautiful in literature. Almost before I realized it, I had decided to devote myself to a study of those things that seemed to make his life so full and rich; and never have I had reason to regret that decision.

The personal story I have recounted above is doubtless merely one of a thousand that might be told illustrating the inspiration that Wake Forest students during the past half-century have derived from the teaching of Professor Sledd. And now he is to retire from active service to a well-earned rest. We, his old "boys," would like for him to know that he carries with him into his retirement our love, our wishes that the rest of his life be crowned with happiness, and our hope that he will devote his leisure to completing and publishing those volumes of verse that too long have been kept from the world.

Washington, D. C.

tes Senate

COMMITTEE ON CLAIMS

April 12, 1938

Dear Mr. Crater:

I do not wish the opportunity to go by without a word from me on the subject of my friends, Dr. Gulley, Dr. Sledd, Dr. Gorrell, Dr. Lynch and Dr. Cullom.

I have known each of these friends more than forty years. I think I have known Dr. Lynch more than fifty years, as I recall his visits to our home when he was a student at Wake Forest. Dr. Cullom and I were schoolmates. Dr. Gorrell came to Wake Forest as a teacher when I was a student there. Dr. Gulley and Dr. Sledd were my teachers.

I would like nothing better than the time and opportunity to write a sketch of each of these remarkable men. Each is a man of rare personality and of exalted character. Whenever I am inclined to pessimistic thoughts concerning the human race, I take an inventory of the good and noble men that I have known, and I am always pleased to find the number greater than one might think. A civilization that produces such men as Dr. Gulley, Dr. Sledd, Dr. Lynch, Dr. Gorrell and Dr. Cullom, cannot be said to be decadent, and it ought to be said that it compares well with any other civilization.

I count amongst my greatest blessings the fact that these men have come into my life and influenced it. They have lived with me all these years and have been an inspiration to me. The standards they set have always been present in my mind. I have wished to do things that would be pleasing to them and I have desired their approval. This is the value of men and of teachers.

You refer to Dr. Poteat. One hesitates to name just the very best man he ever knew, but in a secret ballot I think I would vote for Dr. Poteat as the best man I have ever known. I mean to say that he put more into life, he got more out of life, he took more with him and he left more behind him than any man I have ever known. What a great thing it is that we have had such men as these, not to mention others like Dr. Taylor and Dr. Royall, as teachers at Wake Forest. They are far better than millions and billions of endowment. I took little of the Wake Forest monetary endowment with me through life, but I have taken a great endowment of inspiration from my teachers.

Very truly yours,
Josiah W. Bailey.

JWB/s

Pay tributes to their former teachers, and express their appreciation for the training received in Wake Forest's classrooms.

United States Federal Court

SALISBURY, N. C.

Dear Mr. Crater:

. . . at spare moments here I have written what I feel about these men and, if it is not too late, and if you think it worth while, you have my permission to use it. . . .

Sincerely yours,
JOHNSON J. HAYES.

Opportunities call for men commensurate with the task to be performed. Great tasks call for great men. Waterloo was Wellington's monument; the Declaration of Independence immortalized Jefferson; the successful prosecution of the Revolutionary War made Washington the Father of our Country, and the conflict between the States made Lincoln the preserver of the Union.

Wake Forest College had a great mission before it and its mission afforded the opportunity for great professors in English, Law, and Religion. The fame of the College in these fields has been won and maintained by its good fortune in finding and enlisting Dr. B. F. Sledd, Dr. N. Y. Gulley, Dr. W. R. Cullom, and Dr. J. W. Lynch.

With the exception of a brief stay in Georgia, Dr. Lynch, serving first as pastor and later as Professor in Bible, has been identified almost as long and, in his sphere, as efficiently as the three others who are retiring this year.

For approximately half a century the departments of English, Law, and Religion at Wake Forest College have attained and maintained a scholastic standing second to none in colleges serving similar purposes. And this standard is attributable to the men who have been at the head of these departments.

Dr. Cullom, with the able assistance of Dr. Lynch, during this period taught some of the nation's leading ministers and religious workers. Thousands of other students studied Bible under these men and have been drawn closer to God by the instruction they got from these excellent Christian teachers.

(2)

The alumnus who delivered the literary address at Wake Forest last year studied Bible under Dr. Cullom and listened every Sunday to a great sermon by Dr. Lynch, who was then pastor. Practically all college-trained Baptist preachers in North Carolina today were trained at Wake Forest. The Southern Baptist Convention has so many of our delegates that the Convention seems like a Wake Forest Homecoming.

While others from time to time aided him, Dr. Gulley made the Wake Forest School of Law. For a long time over half of all the lawyers of this state had studied law under him, and to this day almost half of the licensed lawyers of the state are Wake Forest men. Many of the judges—State and Federal—were his pupils. His contribution to the law is inseparable from the legal purposes of the state, and through his work he has carved for himself an imperishable name.

Dr. Sledd made the English department of Wake Forest famous. He has instilled into the minds and hearts of the thousands of boys who have studied English under him a love for classic literature. Many editors, authors, and teachers in schools and colleges throughout the nation got their training under him. He has won fame as an author and is recognized as one of the country's greatest English scholars. He has touched and helped more students than any of the others, for practically every student who ever attended the College took English under him.

The march of time witnesses the terminal of temporal existence all too soon. "The Moving Finger writes; and having writ, moves on." But these men have left their "footprints on the sands of Time." If immortality consists only of the continuation of good influences set in motion, each of these men will be immortal. For character and culture, like civilization, progress onward and upward. So long as love for literature, law, and religion abide in the human breast, the work of these men can never die. They leave our college, and in their retirement leave places difficult to fill. Every friend of the college earnestly hopes that men may be found who are worthy and capable of continuing the tasks they have so nobly performed.

Foundations for Liberalism

By Frank Smethurst

Call the roll. . . . Poteat, Sledd, Gulley, Lynch, Cullom. . . .

Go back a few years and add Taylor, Royall, Lanneau, Carlisle, Sikes. . . .

Look about you and put in Kitchin, Poteat the younger, Timberlake, Carpenter, Pearson, White. . . .

There's significance here, a certain continuity of philosophy and culture, spanning the years of varying experience, but bearing upon each year and each cycle the same unwavering light of liberalism and courage.

Let personal bias be adjudged as it may. I'm prepared to sustain, I think, the judgment that of all the institutions of learning in North Carolina none has so consistently charted the way of freedom and tolerance or so fixedly ordered its influence in the direction of man rather than the possessions of men as Wake Forest College.

This liberal tradition too frequently overlooked in preoccupation with the tangibles of buildings, of equipment, of endowments may be traced, I'm sure, further into the past than there is any present pertinence in tracing it. I have faith that it will persevere beyond any purposes of immediate prophecy.

Continuity. That's the thing. And whether its beneficence be shed upon a generation of college boys just emerged from the disordered society of an invaded and war-bled region or a generation bewildered in the confused processes of an economic and social revolution, we perceive out of Wake Forest an undiluted uncompromising conception that the primary duty of man is concern with other man and for other men.

There isn't a name among those we presently honor—Poteat, Sledd, Gulley, Lynch and Cullom—that is not a rebuke to the anemic nervousness of those poor fellows who profess to see in our governments unprecedented concern for the integrity and the security of the governed, the hideous threat of circumscribed liberty. These men we name know what restraint is. They know what depressions are. They learned about panics, not in the spectacular collapse of artificial values, but in the pinching circumstance of a society which gave to the promoters and the conservators of culture, religion, scientific truth and all the arts which make men free the stingy leftovers from the tables of those who feasted on the profits of human exploitation.

Continuity! I recall that the same inspiration which shed for me a new and endless light on the philosophy of Browning, that revelled in romanticism, laid realism on the curb plainly enough to have its corpses counted.

I can hear Dr. Benjamin Sledd—Old Slick to the fortunate—as he turned the pages in eagerness to read:

"Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so
round and lips so red—
On her neck the small face buoyant,
like a bell flower on its bed,
O'er the breast's superb abundance
where a man might base his head."

And more of old Galuppi. . . .

"Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was burned:
Dust and ashes, dead and done with,
Venice spent what Venice earned!"

And again that tremendously and endless vital urging of Rabbi Ben Ezra:

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be.
The last of life for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid."

And it was the same Sledd who turned from the quiet ways of English prose classics and the lyrics he loved to look beyond the seeing of the most perfect eyes.

It was in 1912 and scattered news dispatches scarcely hinted at disaster ahead.

"Look at the map, young gentleman," he said. "Look at the map of Europe. Put your finger just there in that tiny spot that represents the Balkans. There's fire . . . enough fire to burn up civilization. . . . And some of you who put your finger there on the map of Europe, I suspect will be leaving more than a finger there when you're far too young to die. . . ."

And if today the federation of the world in reason and justice seems not so near even as it was back in 1912, it is well enough to remember that at least thousands of young men backed their faith in blood in another advance toward its ultimate achievement.

Perhaps they might not be so impressive on the great sea of the College as the obscure Latin of convention, but nothing is so generally intelligible, so clear as the basic appeal of our great liberal arts college than those words which to me will be forever associated with the faith and courage of a gallant gentleman:

"Trust God, see all, nor be afraid."

All the wisdom, all the culture, all the adventuring of the college, all its light and learning, may be compressed in this injunction to faith, patience, and fearlessness in behalf of truth.

Poteat, daring a hateful and crucifying bigotry to proclaim God in the processes of nature, and the right of intelligence to pursue its own ways of experiment and teaching toward truth. . . . Sikes, throwing a new and revealing light on today's conditions as he traced their makings in the currents of yesterday's politics, economics and social influences. . . . Cullom pioneering in the first study of the Bible instituted in any Liberal Arts College in the South. . . . Lynch, the revered, interpreting Godliness in terms of human neighborliness. . . . Gulley laying down not the precedents of the courts and their numbered decisions but the principles of the social good as a basis for the comprehension of enduring law. . . .

All of them and others in a great company with them have spoken and speak a common language of understanding and courage, a language directed to men as instrumentalities of a broader humanity.

In an appreciation of Dr. Sledd, Gerald Johnson once wrote:

"Twenty-one years have passed since I sat in his classroom for the last time and to the best of my knowledge and belief, not one item of all the information Benjamin Sledd put there still sticks in my head. But the man himself looms upon my horizon much as the Blue Ridge looms upon the horizon of the traveler coming down from Asheville to Morganton."

Information? What of it? Sledd was not interested in cramming youth with information. Poteat did not battle for the right to beleaguer youth with facts. Gulley did not rely on cases but on a broad approach to a ruling reason and justice in the experience which made him one of the most sue-

(*Continued on page thirty*)

Dr. W. L. Poteat

(*Continued from page six*)

his classes at the University of North Carolina. Professor Poteat did graduate work at the University of Berlin in 1888 and spent the summer of 1893 at the Woods Hole biological laboratory on Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts.

Conflict

For a considerable period Mr. Poteat was disturbed and unhappy because he saw a sharp conflict between the science he taught and the theology he had learned. Peace came only after he saw that there was a distinction between theology and the religious experience, and after he realized that true science and true religion needed no reconciliation. Though he had found inner serenity, he was laid open to public attack following his elevation to the presidency of Wake Forest College in 1905. While Professor Poteat was crossing the English channel, a cable came from Dr. J. W. Lynch telling of his election, though Mercer University in Georgia was at the same time trying to secure him as president. As head of Wake Forest, a strongly religious college, President Poteat continued to teach evolution in his biology classes and Christ in his Sunday school classes. And then the storm broke around his head. The Fundamentalists, beaten in Tennessee, swooped down in North Carolina and tried to ram "monkey bills" through the state legislature. Unperturbed, Dr. Poteat continued to teach the doctrine of evolution, which laboratory work had convinced him was true. His stand was attacked at several meetings of the Baptist State Convention, "but year after year the attack broke down at the critical moment, and when the smoke of battle cleared away, Poteat's flag was still flying jauntily above the hard-pressed outpost." Dr. Poteat's personal integrity put to shame those who tried to oust him from the presidency, while countless friends arose to defend their beloved teacher. The only concession was to give the Baptist State Convention power to elect Wake Forest trustees. His stand was vindicated in 1936 when the convention, meeting in Durham, elected him president.

Prohibitionist

As head of the North Carolina dry forces, Dr. Poteat was in the forefront of the prohibition fight. He assailed the liquor forces fearlessly and ceaselessly through lectures and writings. In 1935 his book "Stop Light" appeared, giving the history, chemical content, and dire physiological effects of beverage alcohol. On June 14, 1936, Dr. Poteat was riding to Winston-Salem where he was scheduled to speak on the liquor problem. Near Stokesdale a truck from a side-road crashed into his car and turned it upside down. Though Dr. Poteat was bruised and cut severely, he secured another car and arrived just in time for his lecture, after which he calmly sat down and wrote a poem about his "rendezvous with death," and about his joy at being spared for future work and further companionship with his beloved wife. In an interview on his 81st birthday, Dr. Poteat predicted that repeal of prohibition would not last long in North Carolina. "I don't think it will take many years to bring the state back to its original position," he stated, declaring that the experience wet counties were having "shows an enormous increase in consumption of liquor and in its resulting evils. I think that only a year or two more of such experience will convince these counties of their blunder."

Months before the United States was rocked from coast to coast by the Supreme Court battle, Dr. Poteat had declared himself in favor of more North Carolina judges, for

(*Continued on page twenty-two*)

YOUR DRUG STORE NEEDS

Filled With the Greatest of Ease

• • •

Yes, you'll always find that your Drug Store needs can be filled with just what you want. We enjoy caring for the wants of our many Wake Forest friends, and have made a study of your special needs, your likes and dislikes, so that you can, in truth, always fill those wants here "with the greatest of ease"!

• • •

HOLDING'S DRUG STORE

Dr. Cullom: Mr. Padgett, why is it that one does not come across titles in the Bible?

Freshman Padgett: You do, Doctor; I have read about Baron Figtree and Lord Howlong.

—*Howler*, 1925.

SMILE WITH US

We find great pleasure in serving Wake Forest students. Pleasure, because our daily exchange of many smiles makes us feel that we are a part of the Spirit and Life of you and your school.

COLLEGE BOOK STORE

Dr. W. L. Poteat

(*Continued from page twenty-one*)

the same reasons later used by President Franklin D. Roosevelt. On October 10, 1936, Dr. Poteat, stating that public indifference and conservatism frequently prevent valuable changes in law, added that the writers of the state constitution "could not foresee the changed conditions of more than a half century ahead, though they were wise enough to provide for adaptations to any conditions which might arise. . . . I am convinced of the wisdom of the Supreme Court amendment by several facts, the chief of which is the heavy increase in the work of the Court. . . ."

Dr. Poteat's life, marked by a ceaseless upward struggle, illustrates as well as that of Ulysses man's instinct "to strive, to seek, to find—and not to yield." Up till the hour of death he was eager to learn. He discussed plans for writing two books: "The Religion of a Naturalist," denying the incompatibility of science and religion; and "Everyman's Biology," giving scientific facts for the layman without undue technical language. Though stricken with paralysis on October 13, 1937, Dr. Poteat cheerfully began another uphill battle for health, gained partial use of all his limbs, and was free from pain on the night of March 12, 1938, when at seven o'clock death came gently and took him away.

Accomplishments

William Louis Poteat was particularly accomplished as a student, teacher, administrator, lecturer, author, religious leader, and family man. Even in his recreation he excelled, as musician and athlete.

All his life Dr. Poteat was a student. As a boy on the farm he was a keen observer of nature. As a college student he applied himself diligently. Abundant evidence of his scholarly mind are found in the dozens of notebooks he left in his home. In them he kept a sporadic diary, quotations from many sources, and clippings—material which he wove deftly into a thousand speeches and equally apt items as yet unused which might have helped construct as many more. He was forever learning new facts about biology, the Bible, and human affairs. Profound scholar though he was, Dr. Poteat had little sympathy with so-called specialists, whom he described as "men who have one interest and no horizon." In an interview with Charles Hudson, Dr. Poteat declared, "What they call scientific research is . . . 75 per cent bunk. Here is a man who gets his Ph.D. degree in some university on 'The Bacterial Content of Cotton Undershirts.' I have read of another man who got his Ph.D. on 'What Goes on in Boiled Icing.' I understand, of course, that these little items may contribute something to human knowledge, but they have no relation to culture at all."

Dr. Poteat was unexcelled as a teacher. Gerald Johnson writes: "When Dr. Poteat was in his prime, he received every year a horde of backwoods boys from poorly conducted high schools, with not the glimmer of an idea what science and the republic of letters are. To them his dictum, 'No man has a right to an opinion until he has examined the facts,' was nothing short of revolutionary. The way of the passionate South was to form an opinion first and then seek facts to support it. But Poteat in the classroom, witty, urbane, courteous but utterly immovable, was a rock which the ardor of sophomore could not budge; and little by little respect for learning infiltrated into most of their minds. Many of them promptly forgot the facts he taught them, but none ever lost quite all of that respect; so he educated them with an effectiveness that few teachers attain." Dr. Poteat once stated that his best all-round student was Dr. J. L. Kesler, noted biologist of Vanderbilt University, basing his selection on intellectual curiosity and honesty, respect for facts, and wide range of interests.

As president of Wake Forest College from 1905 to 1927, Dr. Poteat proved his ability as an administrator. During this 22-year period, the enrollment increased from 313 students to 748, the faculty from 17 members to 42, the library from 16,000 volumes to 50,000, the value of the physical plant from $194,500 to $576,086.34, and the endowment from $210,176.93 to about $3,000,000.

Dr. Poteat was one of the most effective speakers in the South. In 1900 he was lecturer on the Gay Foundation at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. During the years 1904 and 1905, he was Brooks lecturer on science and religion at Hamilton Theological Seminary, the University of Chicago, and also Crozer, Rochester, and Newton seminaries. In 1915 he was lecturer on the Lewis Holland Foundation at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary. Ten years later he was McNair lecturer at the University of North Carolina, while in 1928 he returned as lecturer to the Chapel Hill School of Religion. Hearers always remembered his rich bass voice, apt phrasing, and wealth of illustrations. Among his addresses published in pamphlet form are "Christian Education" (Baltimore, 1911), "Putting the Kingdom First" (Chattanooga, 1913), "Christianity and Enlightenment" (Winston-Salem, 1922), "Education and Depression" (Chapel Hill, 1931), "Christ and Race" (Wilmington, 1937). A book containing his commencement addresses at Wake Forest will soon be off the press.

Dr. Poteat's ability as an author can be seen by reading any of his books: "Laboratory and Pulpit" (Griffith and Rowland Press, Philadelphia, 1901), "The New Peace" (Badger, Boston, 1915), "Can a Man Be a Christian Today?" (University of North Carolina Press, 1925), "The Way of Victory" (University of North Carolina Press, 1929), and "Stop Light" (Baptist Sunday School Board, Nashville, 1935). Though his books have a timeless value, one can see by glancing at the dates and titles above how skillfully Dr. Poteat chose topics of special interest to the public at the time of publication.

Dr. Poteat's career as a leader in public affairs and religious circles was climaxed by his election in 1936 to the presidency of the Baptist State Convention. For 50 years he taught a Sunday school class at Wake Forest, and he filled many pulpits acceptably though he was not an ordained minister. Dr. Poteat was the only layman who ever preached the annual sermon of the North Carolina Baptist State

In Memory of Dr. Poteat

O noble Soul, why did you go away
And leave a vacant place that none can fill?
For you to go—it was the Master's will—
It is a debt that everyone must pay.
No words, no flowers, no tears can e'er portray
Our love for thee: thy heart is still.
No monument, no book, no bust, no hill
Can show thy wondrous deeds in any way.
A mound is over thee, thy head is low,
Thy helping hands lie moldering in the ground,
But still your spirit guides us—this we know—
Where Good is done, 'tis there that you are found.
You've fought the fight, you've kept the faith, and so
One crown is won: next comes your heavenly crown.

D. S. CARROLL.

Convention. He also held many positions of distinction as educator and prohibitionist. From 1897 to 1899 he was a member of the North Carolina State Board of Examiners, and in 1919 he was a member of the North Carolina Reconstruction Commission. Dr. Poteat was president of the North Carolina Academy of Science in 1902, of the State Anti-Saloon League from 1918 to 1923, of the North Carolina Conference for Social Service from 1918 to 1919, of the Southern Baptist Educational Association from 1921 to 1923, and of the Council of Church Schools of the South in 1923. Dr. Poteat often attributed his happiness to his religious faith and interest in public affairs. His joyfulness was in marked antithesis to the sourness of the lawyer who died just 17 hours after he did, Clarence Darrow, likewise a defender of evolution, but one who, perhaps because of his agnosticism, found little real happiness in life.

As head of a family for 57 years Dr. Poteat illustrated the Confucian adage that it is better to rule one's family than a kingdom. Dr. Poteat made sure that the Poteat tradition would be carried on by his children. As a father he was wise, firm but even-tempered, and humble enough to believe that the second generation should be better than the first. On June 24, 1881, he married Miss Emma James Purefoy, and to them were born three children, who now are known as Dr. Hubert McNeill Poteat of Wake Forest, Mrs. Louie Martin of Williamston, and Mrs. Helen Poteat Stallings of Yanceyville and New York City.

Honors and Tributes

Five universities have paid their respects to Dr. Poteat by awarding him honorary degrees. He was made Doctor of Laws by Baylor University in 1905, by the University of North Carolina in 1906, by Brown University in 1927, and by Duke University in 1932. In 1933 Mercer University awarded him the Litt.D. degree.

When Dr. Poteat resigned from the presidency of Wake Forest, the *New York Times* concluded an editorial praising his career by saying that he had "fought a good fight" and that through his efforts "great advances have been made, wide areas have been added to the territory of the known truth and higher freedom has been assured to the spirit of man." On February 25, 1935, the same paper characterized him as "that doughty, venerable scholar and defender of the faith (whose armor was his honest thought) . . . that brave old warrior who has fought so valiantly for the truth and permanent peace, never playing for safety, never shunning a position that called for heroic spirit. He is nearing his eightieth year, but his spirit and faith have been caught into the minds of youth and will prevail."

When President Emeritus Poteat died, President Thurman D. Kitchin stated: "Our close personal relationship through the years made me understand why he was universally beloved and admired. But when the final estimate is made, I believe his interpretation of the relationship between science and religion will be held his greatest contribution to mankind. For without disparagement of either, he proved in a clear and conclusive way that the two are compatible."

Governor Clyde R. Hoey said over radio: "The notice in the morning papers of the passing of Dr. William Louis Poteat brings sadness to all North Carolina. He was pre-eminent as citizen, educator, and Christian. His was a radiant life, rich in learning, broad and catholic in spirit, abundant in labors and triumphant in service."

Editor Frank Smethurst wrote: "He was a leader for culture and freedom in North Carolina and the South, an unrelenting advocate of personal and public morality. But never was he so spectacularly far out in front that he abused his cause in public ostentation. He was a leader who never lost touch with those who followed or with those whom he would convert to his way."

At Dr. Poteat's funeral, Pastor J. Allen Easley said that "with all his concern for the wide interests of the Kingdom of God he was never more distinctly Christian than here in his own church. His generous hearing was the inspiration of every speaker, and a prayer led by him would liven the dullest service into an experience of actual fellowship with God."

All in all, Dr. Poteat's life was a "miracle of personality." He was one who "lived to see his own immortality."

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We Appreciate Your Business
•
THE COLLEGE SODA SHOP
Candy : Sandwiches : Cigarettes
Student Supplies
•
We'll Be Seeing You in
Summer School
BEN ELLIOTT——
PATRONIZE STUDENTS
——FRED WILLIAMS
"THE FRIENDLY PLACE"

• In order to serve Delicious Meals within your limited budget it is necessary that you buy where quality and prices are ideal. You can always depend on this at
HOLLOWELL'S CASH FOOD STORE
WAKE FOREST, N. C.

The Gentleman and Scholar from Virginia

(*Continued from page eight*)

English language, he has been the guiding light to better things, a beacon showing the way to success. The Benjamin F. Sledd issue of THE STUDENT, January 1932, carries an article called "Salute to a Gentleman" which has this to say about Sledd the teacher:

> **If a man had any measure of intelligence, any aptitude whatever for English, he simply couldn't escape Sledd. And this fiery enthusiasm for anything good, or that even promised to be good made of him a superb teacher. Dr. Collier Cobb, of the University of North Carolina, told me once that Benjamin Sledd has turned out more men who have made a creditable showing in the world of letters than any other North Carolina teacher, living or dead. I am prepared to believe it, when I run over in my mind those that I know—Adams of Cornell, McCutcheon of Tulane, Murchison of North Carolina, Murchison of Clark, Bailey of the United States Senate, Stallings of the New York "Sun," Martin of the Winston-Salem "Journal," Smethurst of the Raleigh "News and Observer," Keener of the Durham "Herald," Cash, the magazine writer, John Charles McNeill—these are but a few of those who have, at one time or another, depended mainly upon the pen for a living, and who learned to write under Benjamin Sledd.**

And there is yet another which should be placed topmost in the list of Dr. Sledd's outstanding students—Gerald W. Johnson, the writer of the brilliant tribute just quoted, associate editor of the Baltimore *Sun*, and for years a figure prominent on the American literary scene.

WHEN a man is able to imbue those surrounding him with a zest for the better things, as Dr. Sledd is able, there is one question which is always asked: How does he do it?

Well, how does he? It is a question worthy of an answer, and the author of "Salute to a Gentleman" seems to have found it. "Twenty-one years have passed since I sat in his classroom for the last time," he begins, "and to the best of my knowledge and belief not one item of all the information Benjamin Sledd put there still sticks in my head. But the man himself looms upon my mental horizon much as the Blue Ridge looms upon the horizon of the traveler coming down from Asheville to Morganton"—there, there it is. The answer lies not in the way he teaches, but in the man himself, not in the methods but in the teacher.

One question has a way of leading to another, and now we must know what manner of man is this whom so distinguished a scholar as Collier Cobb has chosen to call the greatest teacher in North Carolina, living or dead. Johnson, again, tells us that

> **. . . the most important work Dr. Sledd has done at Wake Forest is not in teaching young men how to make a living, but how to live. It is not his wit and not his learning that makes his figure loom mountain-high in the memories of those who quit his classroom twenty years ago, but his character. He re-minted for us the somewhat defaced and worn term "a Virginia gentleman." Old Slick never seemed to worry about his morals, but he did worry about his nostrils. He was violently opposed to dishonesty, baseness, trickery, and all beastliness, not so much because they are sinful, as because they are an offense to the nose of any gentleman; and this, at least in my day, was a more powerful deterrent to students than were forty sermons.**

There stands Sledd the Man and Sledd the Teacher, a man who educated students by first de-educating them, taking away their foolish notions and childish ideas, stripping them bare and leaving them ready to start on a true education.

For an additional glimpse of Sledd the Mann, let us look to the late Dr. William Louis Poteat, who said of him in the Benjamin Sledd edition (April 4, 1936), of Campbell College's *Creek Pebbles*:

> **Sledd is a rare spirit. And he is mostly spirit. He does not lack substantial contacts with the visible world, his vegetable garden, for example, history and current politics. But these matters are significant mainly in their higher relations. If range of interest is the range of man, what a man is here—length, breadth, and depth. But I think his best love is beauty, no matter in what colors she decks herself. Beauty of word—poetry.**

WE have seen many sides of Sledd the Traveler. We have seen him in wanderings about the world, though I am loathe to call them wanderings, for he always knows where he is going and he has a pretty good notion of what he is going to do when he gets there. We have seen him as a traveler within the far-flung reaches of his own mind. We have seen him in the realm of letters, teaching and inspiring all those capable of being taught or inspired. Now let us look for a moment at Sledd in the field of poetry, a field in which, if he doesn't stand alone at least he has plenty of elbow-room.

In 1897 he published a volume of poems which he called *From Cliff and Scaur*. Five years later, in 1902, appeared *The Watchers of the Hearth*, and in 1908, *Margaret and Miriam*. In the same year he edited *Milton's Minor Poems*, and twelve years before he had edited *La Princesse de Cleves*. These five titles represent all the poetry he has had published in book form (although another is scheduled soon to come from The Wake Forest Press), but these five books are little more than the proverbial drop in the bucket when are taken into consideration all the poems he has seen published individually in the nation's leading magazines and newspapers, all the critical studies and estimates he has made of the poetry of others, all the reviews he has had printed in outstanding periodicals both in this country and in England. It is not for nothing he has been called the "Poet Laureate of the South."

DR. BENJAMIN F. SLEDD . . . poet, scholar, teacher, gentleman, friend to the great and small, lover of the world and all the good things in it, traveler in the realms of purest gold . . . these labels go but a little way in identifying the man to whom they apply. But he has himself, perhaps unwittingly, drawn a better picture for us. He calls it, simply, "My Creed."

> **To do what'er the day demands,**
> **In ways that make even duty sweet;**
> **Smoothing with patient, willing hands**
> **The paths of stumbling feet;**
>
> **Loving the things beneath the skies;**
> **Hating alone where hate is good,**
> **And finding what the world denies**
> **Deep in the lonely wood;**
>
> **And rounding out life's little plan**
> **As hand and head and heart best may,**
> **Depart and leave some gift to man**
> **Which time takes not away.**

Pioneer Bible Teacher

(*Continued from page twelve*)

was founded primarily "to educate ministers" saw the number of ministerial students increase from an average of twenty-five a year to an average of seventy a year at the end of the fourteen years.

From this time on, it will be proper, chronologically speaking, to refer to him as "Doctor" Cullom, for he received his Th.D. from Louisville in 1903, and was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity by Richmond College in 1915.

South-wide prominence came to Dr. Cullom as a result of work he did in the years 1918-20. In June 1918, he was asked to act as general manager for a campaign to raise one million dollars with which to endow Baptist schools in North Carolina. In spite of the difficulties presented by the influenza epidemic, some $600,000 had been subscribed by the following September. At that time the Seventy-five Million Dollar Campaign of Southern Baptists absorbed the state campaign, and Dr. Cullom became organizer in this state of the larger campaign.

In September 1920, Dr. Cullom returned to Wake Forest and to a professorship that had been endowed by a $50,000 gift of the Albrittons of Calypso—the Albritton Chair of the Bible. This chair he has continued to occupy without a further leave of absence during a single regular college year.

Now to a consideration of Dr. Cullom as a teacher of the Bible for forty-two years in Wake Forest: He confesses that his career as a teacher had a humble beginning—when he was eighteen he taught a negro boy his letters for the magnificent sum of ten cents a month. Of course, his experience in tutoring in theology at Louisville stood him in good stead when he was offered the professorship at Wake Forest, but as to the methods of organizing his course in Bible, he was pioneering, as has been indicated.

From the beginning, however, he advanced two major premises: that Truth is the deepest reality, and that Jesus Christ, by precept and example, best portrays the application of eternal principles to life; therefore, he says, the Bible as the Christian classic should be taught in any institution which attempts to turn out well-rounded graduates.

Immediately the question arises as to whether Dr. Cullom is a fundamentalist or a modernist. In his own words, "I am neither. I suppose I fall into the class of those who are conservative but who face forward." And that attitude is typical of the man, the teacher, and the minister. An avid reader he keeps himself thoroughly abreast of trends in modern thought.

Up to this point we have omitted any mention of Dr. Cullom as a citizen, but it is not that the point is to be overlooked for lack of material. It is in the capacity of one who is intensely interested in people and one who has a sincere love for them that we find the Dr. Cullom who is universally loved himself. In the college community he is constantly visiting those who are ill or in distress of any kind, but his visits are by no means confined to these. The poor, the needy, receive from him a sympathetic hearing and often material assistance; the college freshman receives from him a kindly word of encouragement; nor has he ever been too busy to discuss with student or townsman a problem that is either personal or universal in its scope.

In this spirit of neighborliness he is joined by his wife, the former Miss Fannie Farmer of Louisville, who became Mrs. Cullom in 1897. Her interests, outside her family circle—which, by the way, consists of the present Mrs. Fant Kelly of High Point, and Mrs. C. C. Pearson, Mrs. Lawrence Harris, and Mr. Edward Cullom of Wake Forest—have been always in the condition of those who are less fortunate, as well as in Baptist Women's promotional work, and until a few years ago, when her health forced her to give up her work, she was a leader in charitable activities. For some weeks during the recent depression her home was turned into a relief station from which, twice a day, she distributed milk obtained from various donors. In those times, upper Faculty Avenue became accustomed to the long lines of children from the mill village who came each morning and each evening to get their portion of milk.

It would be impossible to enumerate the benevolences of Dr. and Mrs. Cullom, just as it would be impossible to measure their contributions to the religious life of the thousands with whom they have come into contact personally. And in years to come, should they ever feel lonely—an unlikely thing for two to whom the problems of humanity are so interesting—what a host of memories will come to them and comfort them: memories of long years in the classroom pointing out a way of life in a simple, understandable

(*Continued on page twenty-six*)

OLD KING COLE WAS A SOUR OLD SOUL!



HIS STINKO PIPE MIXTURE knocked out everyone but the court jester, who pleaded: "Just clean that pipe of yours and switch to the Brand of Grand Aroma."



"IT DOES SMELL GOOD!" the king agreed, after he puffed those mild, ripe burleys in Sir Walter. "Give this man half my kingdom, and get me *another* 2-ounce tin!"

SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA



PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureau of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos and cigarettes of these colleges.

TUNE IN *Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, 8:30 P. M., E. S. T., NBC Red Network.*



Pioneer Bible Teacher

(*Continued from page twenty-five*)

manner; memories of boys who have become "old boys" and are carrying on in a creditable way in various fields or in schools of their own; memories of a long life together in a world that has always been interesting and not too unkind.

But it would be a misrepresentation to suggest that either will ever grow old, or that either will stop now and rest. It would be easier to change the course of the seasons or to command the honeysuckle on the campus wall not to bloom in the spring, than to erase their love for mankind, or their optimistic belief in man's inherent goodness, or their faith in God.

From their fountain of blessedness
have many drunk;
They have given themselves to others,
And in others they shall not die.
Nor shall they even grow old.

The Education That is Needed

(*Continued from page thirteen*)

special training for a "job" or even for the more dignified name of a profession is not to be thought of as education in its deeper and more vital sense. Dr. Hocking went as far as to say that he thought every college student should have two courses in philosophy. The first should be a preliminary course at the beginning of his college career in which the student would be brought to see something of the unity and the wholeness of what is ahead of him, and then another course toward the close of his college life in which he would be brought to relate what he has done in his formal scholastic training to life as a whole. Surely today's world calls for an education that fits people in capacity, in sympathy, in purpose to be citizens of God's universe. The education that I would insist on is education that would say to people: "Hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole of man." This is catholicism spelled with a small "c." And education that pursues such a purpose with such an end is catholic education in the real sense of that much-abused word. Today's world calls for that kind of education.

3. Today's world calls for an education that *finds in each human personality an ultimate and entirely sufficient end in itself.* This statement carries with it at least five things: (1) it is the birthright of every human being born into the world to have an opportunity to bring out and express in his life the best of which he is capable; (2) for any individual to forfeit this birthright is the worst form of treason to the Creator; (3) the most important and the most rewarding task committed to any life is that of helping others into a realization of this happy birthright; (4) the exploiting of one human being by another is a crime against the deepest reality of the universe; (5) to place a stumbling block in the way of any person's development and enrichment of personality is to call down upon the one who does so the condemnation of him who said that "it is profitable for him that a great millstone should be hanged about his neck and he should be sunk in the depth of the sea" (Matt. 18:6).

4. Today's world needs an education that *helps to see and appreciate the deep and rich meaning of life.* The Incarnation, the Death, and the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, our divine Lord, have created for people possibilities that could never have been dreamed of otherwise. These possibilities are of two kinds: (1) those that pertain to personal and inner development and enrichment; and (2) the same facts have placed into the hands of men a lever for helping others that could not have been made possible any other way. To lead people to see and to make use of the implications of Christ's presence and work on the earth, will be to bring back that "lost radiance of Christianity" which Dr. L. P. Jacks laments with such poignant regret. To help people into such a vision and to the formation of such a purpose will also do more than can be done in any other way to help them into a happy and profitable use of the vast amount of leisure that the use of modern machinery has thrust upon us. The education that fails at this point will fail to meet one of the most vital and pressing needs to today's world.

5. Today's world calls for education that *recognizes man's life in the flesh as being only the prelude to the larger richer and infinitely more meaningful life* in the eternal spirit. The word "prelude" here suggests that life in the flesh and life in the spirit are not two separate and distinct lives, but that they are really one. The Great Teacher never tries to prove that men are to live after death. He treated people always as living in the immediate presence of God and represented the privilege of fellowship with the Eternal through faith as always a present and perpetual opportunity held out to men.

Eternal life with him was not merely endless existence. It was a quality of life acquired through fellowship with God in Christ. "This," said he, "is the eternal life, that they know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ who thou didst send" (Jno. 17:3). In my judgment our education has blundered greatly at this point. Our hymn books, our prayers, our printed rituals, our interpretation of the Scriptures have created an atmosphere of expectancy with reference to the far distant future, largely to the neglect of the vital truth of God's immediate presence and of the happy privilege of direct and present fellowship with Him. Until this tendency is corrected we may expect our education to be one-sided, partial and inadequate as a preparation for the fearful strain brought upon men by their enlarged conceptions of the universe about them, and by the complicated intricacies of our modern civilization. There is a quaint figure of speech in the prophecy of Isaiah which suggests the defect in the education to which I am alluding. It says: "The bed is too short for a man to stretch himself on it; and the covering too narrow for him to wrap himself in it" (Isa. 28:20).

6. All that has been said so far in trying to describe the education that is needed in today's world brings us around to this final suggestion that *it should be education that is centered and grounded in the risen and everliving Christ.* The remark attributed to Lloyd George some years ago that it was either "Christ or chaos" for the world is still quite pertinent. The fact is that, like all great truths, this statement stands for all time. When our Lord had about completed his great discourse in which he laid down the fundamental principles of the Kingdom of Heaven (which means the fundamental principles of life) and came to make his application, he did so in these words: "Every one, therefore, that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, shall be likened to a wise man who built his house upon the rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon the rock (Matt. 7:24-25). When such a center of moral gravity has been discovered, as is claimed here for the principles set forth in this Sermon on the Mount, surely any education that seeks to lay fresh foundations for life, as education in today's world must do, should seek to ground itself in these principles. When we think, moreover, of the men in the past who have been creators of new civilizations, and of how these men found their inspiration, their power and their guidance in what they believed was the presence and help of the living Christ, we are brought to feel again that today's world needs very much just such men to re-lay its foundations in truth, in justice, in love. I have in mind here such men as Paul of Tarsus, Augustine of Hippo, Francis of Assisi, Martin Luther, John Wesley, and Walter Rauschenbusch. Where these men have touched the world it has taken a new start for good. And they would all subscribe most heartily to Paul's pregnant statement: "I have been crucified with Christ; and I no longer live; but Christ lives in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live in the faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave himself for me" (Gal. 2:20). In one of the really worth-while hymns of the church we have these significant lines:

"Blessings abound wher'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains.
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed."

The education that is needed in today's world is education that finds its center, its direction, its purpose, its life in him who "was with God," who "was God," through whom "all things came into being," "in whom was life," and whose "life was (and is) the light of men" (John 1:1-4). In the midst of even such a world as we have about us today, if we have the kind of education that I have tried to describe, we can march forward into the future singing

"Lead on, O King, Eternal,
The day of march has come,
Henceforth in fields of conquest,
Thy tents shall be our home.
Through days of preparation,
Thy grace has made us strong,
And now, O King eternal,
We lift our battle song."

The Cross of Christ

(Continued from page fifteen)

wrong and live right than to believe right and live wrong. It is good to be theological but it is better to be Christian. It is good to be orthodox but it is better to be good. It is good to defend the Bible but it is better to exemplify it. It is good to talk about Christ but it is better to live Christ. It is good to speak with the tongues of men and of angels but it is better to have charity. It is good to be buried with Christ in baptism but it is better to rise and walk with Christ in newness of life. It is good to have a cross on the steeple but it is better to take up the cross and daily follow our Crucified Leader.



Foot Notes

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The . . .
Castle Theatre

"My Classmate's No Longer a Young Man, of Course . . ."

(*Continued from page ten*)

Donald; Hubert E. Olive for Hoey; and R. L. McMillan for Graham.

The other day when I went around to see Dr. Gulley, he was listening to Jack Benny's radio program and had just returned from looking over his dairy, where he had driven himself in his Chevrolet coupe. He was driving over next day to Raleigh to appear in two or three cases.

And all this is in spite of the fact that he will be 83 a day or two after he tells his last law class *au revoir* this June.

"I was born in the great state of Johnston," said Dr. Gulley, "and lived there during the Civil War. As for war, when you pray you should always say, 'I am thankful that I came to a country unfettered by the curse of slavery.' The South could have whipped the North with all their imported soldiers, but they could not whip God. We know now that our defeat was a blessing: but at the time it seemed that the government was gone, the law was dead, society had changed, everything was gone."

Gulley was licensed to practice law at the age of 26. He had studied under E. W. Pou in Smithfield, which he had expected to make his permanent home. But severe malaria chills, due to marshland formed by the Neuse River, caused him to decide in favor of Franklinton, where he moved in 1882. While living here, he taught school, practiced law, and later commuted as law professor at Wake Forest. He moved to Wake Forest in '84.

He had married Miss Alice Wingate, daughter of the president of the college, in 1879. Of their six children the oldest two, Manley and Mary died. Donald Gulley is now librarian in the Wake Forest law school; Tom Gulley is owner of a large farm near Franklinton; one daughter, Isabel, is professor of Latin in Tennessee College, another, Margaret, now Mrs. Augustus Bonaud, lives in Wilmington.

When he came here as a student the campus had one building—Wait Hall, and that is no longer here. There were only 80 students. The highway followed in general the same line that it now does, but it had previously run through the center of what is now the campus. One only of Gulley's classmates is living, Dr. J. T. J. Battle of Greensboro.

"He is of course still no longer a young man," said Gulley recently with a smile.

When I talked with him he was seated in a leathered armchair, his strong face bent over a book as his long fingers slowly turned its pages.

He recounted with marked vividness a scene of 70 years ago and I expressed some surprise at his clear recollection. He smiled.

"I didn't have to remember it—it just remembered itself. . . . That's the trouble with lots of students today; they memorize," he continued. For example, "You may belong to a club of ten members and be unable to call the names of more than seven or eight. When I teach, it is on this principal: If a man comes right down the middle of the road and hits you in the head with a baseball bat, you'd be likely to remember if you recovered, wouldn't you? So I try to make what I teach so obvious that my men can't miss it. Students have enough to remember at best. For simplicity I have in all my classes habitually referred to all personal movable property as 'My Brindle Bull, Ben.' A brindled bull—brindled refers to the color—used to be a very common item in the legal papers of the

good colored gentlemen of this and surrounding counties."

I commented that I supposed he had run across any number of peculiar cases in his long experience with law.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "Back in the legislature I passed a bill one time which provided that all persons previously married by so-and-so—he was a quack preacher—should be considered legally married. If this had not been done all children of people married by him would have been illegitimate.

"I recall one illiterate fellow who was always saying with great gusto, "I'll meet you at Philipp's—he had heard about one of Shakespeare's folks meeting somebody at Philippi—and he didn't know Philippi — but he did know Phillipps's."

I asked him what he thought about educational policies today.

"There is one more course that ought to be taught: a course in common decency. But as well as I remember they didn't put it in the catalog. I realized a long time ago that I could never be a scholar and I thought I would try to be a gentleman."

I was struck by his broad understanding of the problems of all classes of persons.

"Now a dollar is not a dollar always," he commented. "Why, the judge of the Supreme Court can't see how hard it is for a laborer to make 15 cents, and so it's hard for him to manage a bankrupt case equitably.

"You have perhaps heard it said, 'Do right and you'll have no trouble?' No, that's not true. Don't write and you'll have no trouble. You have to watch all the little things in law. And though law cannot guarantee justice, it tries to guarantee the next best thing. For instance, a lien is a means whereby if you couldn't get blood out of the turnip you could at least get the turnip."

I commented that law was basically the same in purpose in all nations.

"Yes," he said, "and one cannot violate law or common sense in one country any better than in another. Under extreme collectivism—whether fascism or communism—you do away with all incentive. If the Hitler regime continues, Germany has produced probably her last great scientist. A man in the penitentiary would not try to be brilliant, for he would get no benefit from his work."

Dr. Gulley smiled, sly and wistful.

"Next July will be the first time since I was five years old that I shall have been without a job," he said. "But I'll probably find plenty to do then. For you know the life of a man can never be summed up until it is ended."

He looked up from the pages of a book on dairying. "And it is true, as they say, that when time passes . . . it's gone."

Dr. Gulley (Judge in Moot Court): What is the verdict of the jury?

Foreman Tom Allen: Your honor, the jury is all of one mind—temporarily insane.

—*Howler*, 1921.

Prof. Gulley: What is larceny?

Chubby Broughton: Why, if a man larcens a chicken, then that is larceny.

—*Howler*, 1911.

IT

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Dr. Sledd: Mr. Shanks, have you read Shakespeare's comedies?

Shanks: Yes.

Dr. Sledd: Have you read "Looking Backwards?"

Shanks: How the dickens could I do that?

—*Howler*, 1912.

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"Six Characters in Search of an Author"

(*Continued from page three*)

but when you have said that, you have said nothing. The world swarms with biologists, but I have not seen, nor do I expect to see another Poteat. I was one of many who came to Wake Forest somewhat antagonistic to Poteat, determined never to submit to his intellectual dominance. But it was with me as it was with Gareth, when he made the mistake of charging Lancelot—

> . . . at one touch
> Of that skilled spear, the wonder of the world—
> Went sliding down so easily, and fell,
> That when he found the grass within his hands
> He laugh'd.

POTEAT was the conquerer with bloodless hands. "When I won the battle of Austerlitz," wrote Napoleon on the pompous arch in the courtyard of the Louvre, Austria was beaten, the German confederation was broken, Prussia made terms, and so on; but he did not add, what was more certainly true, that many thousands of honest fellows died horribly, that countless women were widowed and children orphaned, that tears and agony through all Europe were part of the price. Poteat, also, was a fighter all his life, and a conqueror, too; but when he won a battle, a new citizen was gained by the Republic of Letters, the confederation of prejudice and superstition was broken, ignorance made terms, and minds that had gone darkling saw a gleam of light. No half-hearted man-at-arms, he struck mightily, but his blade laid no corpses on the earth; in his hands Excalibur strangely became the sword of honor, and the smitten man rose to a new stature, to a new dignity, knightlier and more honorable. His campaigns, too, changed the fortunes of women and children, for he left behind him courage and hope and joy.

SIX great gentlemen I have had the honor to know, six powerful influences in making Wake Forest a place of gracious memories, six who garrisoned a citadel of light and healing, six against the darkness of the land. Here are six characters well deserving an author, but who can explain the mystery of personality? "Let us now praise famous men," commanded The Preacher; well, leave it to him:

> The Lord hath wrought great glory by them
> Through his great power from the beginning.
> Men renowned for their power,
> Giving counsel by their understanding,
> And declaring prophecies:
> Leaders of the people by their counsels,
> And by their knowledge of learning meet for the people,
> Wise and eloquent in their instructions:
> All these were honored in their generations,
> And were the glory of their times.

LIFE'S ROSES

> *Who gathers the rose for the rose's sake?*
> *'Twere better to let it be.*
> *When young, we gather the buds of hope;*
> *When old, the blossoms of memory.*
> —*From Cliff and Scaur.*

THE NATIONAL PASTIME

Professor of Biology: By an amoeboid movement of the labial processes they both extended pseudopodia, bringing them into physical coalescence, and the two dwelt, not in a state of parasitism, nor yet in a state of commensalism, but in an unmodified condition of mutualism, both organisms being benefited by the union.

Professor of Chemistry: $(LiPs)_4+(ArMs)_4=(KiSS)+(Sqzz)_{124}$.

Professor of Economics: There was a decided downward trend in the current of his lip fluctuations, occasioned by bearish tendencies, but it was met by a corresponding upward movement of her lips, the market resting steadily in spite of the tense interest shown in the day's activities. The supply was fully equal to the demand.

Professor of Law: Inheriting from a former owner all the grazing rights of the property, and by virtue of a freehold estate in her lips, held as real property title arising out of contract, and with title ratified by her silent consent to his continued possession, he claimed the products of his property, personally collecting the *fructus naturales*, and issuing a receipt smacking of illegality.

Professor of Mathematics: Disproving one of the most fundamental laws of mathematics, he pressed out the full curves of her el-lipse into two parallel lines, and the two bodies went off at a tangent into infinity.

In English: He passionately pressed a burning kiss upon her ruby lips.

In American: Sweet Batootie, but he bipped her one right on the mug—right on her talking machine. His finger tips played "Home, Sweet Home" on her backbone, and she was thrilled to a fare-you-well—*The Student*, January 1921.

Dr. Poteat: On what ground can one animal be classed higher than another?

Hunt: On Mt. Mitchell, Doctor.

—*Howler*, 1919.

Dr. Poteat: Where is the oil in a plant found?

Spicket: In the joints, I reckon.

—*Howler*, 1911.

Foundations for Liberalism

(*Continued from page twenty*)

cessful of American teachers of law, its theory, and its practice.

These men gave themselves, communicating to the zealous and the indifferent alike a respect for truth and the decencies of an honest interest in truth and a search for the better ways of truth and justice. Through the changing generations of college men they carried on this tradition of the dignity of man, the worth of man, the essential imperatives of the human above all other values.

Religion or literature or science or law, it was all the same. Freedom for the inquiring mind, faith for the seeking soul, courage for the adventuring heart.

There are lots of definitions of liberalism and lots of classifications of liberals. I'm sure that all those who confess in the name of liberalism do not worship at liberal altars. But I'm sure also that no more secure foundation for a liberal society may be established any where than that based on the moralities and the realities which Poteat, Sledd, Gulley, Cullom, and Lynch have found good in their conscience and pleasing in the sight of God.

1938
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Daniel B. Bryan, Director

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Payment Plan: Matriculation fee and dormitory room rent are payable at registration; if partial payment is made, the remainder before the end of the session. Dormitory room rent may, upon the recommendation of the Director, be deferred for the nine-week student until November 1.

Applications: Reservations will be made in the dormitory upon written request. The student furnishes bed linen. Students wishing to pursue courses leading to a degree at Wake Forest should have transcripts sent before the opening of the session. Teachers wishing to renew or raise certificates will be advised carefully at the time of registration.

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Please inquire freely concerning any matter in which you are interested.

DANIEL B. BRYAN, General Director
Wake Forest, N. C.

Dr. James W. Lynch

(*Continued from page fourteen*)

the sermon were distributed among the churches of the state.

Perhaps the greatest single thing of physical benefit that Dr. Lynch has done for the College came in 1925 when he was influential in gaining a $300,000 endowment for Wake Forest. The story sounds like a romance. It all dates back to 1899 when young James Lynch and his Kentucky bride were on their wedding trip. They stopped for a few days at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, where they met Mr. and Mrs. B. N. Duke. Mrs. Duke gave a party for the young couple and a picture was taken of the party, one print of which was given to Dr. Lynch.

Twenty-six years later, in 1925, the board of trustees asked Dr. Lynch to visit New York for an interview with Mr. Duke, who was then seriously ill in his mansion opposite Central Park. When Dr. Lynch went to New York he had the foresight to take with him the picture of the party given at White Sulphur Springs 26 years before. When he arrived at Mr. Duke's home, Dr. Lynch was told that no one but his doctors, his secretary, or members of his immediate family could see the patient. Dr. Lynch then presented as his visiting card the picture of the bridal party, along with a note to Mr. Duke. Within a few hours after Dr. Lynch returned to his hotel he received a telephone call from Mrs. Duke, who told him that Mr. Duke had been very much impressed by the picture. She asked Dr. Lynch if he was averse to riding on Sunday. Dr. Lynch replied, "Not with you, Mrs. Duke," and an engagement was made. Dr. Lynch saw Mrs. Duke several times after that, and she told him that Mr. Duke wanted to see him. Dr. Lynch saw Mr. Duke several times before he left New York and made his plea for an endowment for the College. As a result of these visits Mr. Duke gave Wake Forest 1,000 shares of Duke Power Company stock which was valued at $150 a share. This brought from the General Board of Education in New York a check for $75,000 in accordance with an agreement which expired a short time after Dr. Lynch saw Mr. Duke.

There can be no doubt about Dr. Lynch's being a great preacher, but to his "Wake Forest boys" he is more than that—he is also adviser, counselor, and friend. His great work does not end when he steps out of the pulpit or classroom, for his everyday life is an example to those who know him.

In 1930 *The Howler* was dedicated "to James W. Lynch, M.A., D.D.," who was characterized as "Scholarly, Cultured, Orator, Peer Among Ministers, Fearless, Unexcelled Teacher, Christian Gentleman; for thirty years a servant of Wake Forest College as Pastor, Chaplain, Trustee, Confidential Financial Agent, Teacher."

Last Book

(*Continued from page seven*)

modestly characterized these addresses as "the reaction of a fairly intelligent man to the changing intellectual interests of the two decades covered by them."

As literature, this volume will invite careful reading. To the alumnus, it will be a human-interest document of exceptional value, since it will enable him to read the address which was delivered to his own class, and to see it in relation to the notable series of which it is a part.

This volume, six by nine inches, bound in cloth, will contain about 175 pages. The price will be $1.75. Orders should be addressed to the Wake Forest College Press Wake Forest, N. C.

DR. H. B. JONES, *Chairman*,
The Wake Forest College Press.



WAKE FOREST BAPTIST CHURCH

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Few students when they read THE STUDENT and look with interest through its pages realize the long hours of continued effort and capability required of the staff in the preparation of copy, calls on the merchants, and the many other endless duties required of an efficient staff member. So—give it a thought and render a tribute to those staff members of your publication who have served faithfully their school and their fellow students in these extra curricula activities.

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THE STUDENT



SENIOR ISSUE

VOLUME LIV No. 6

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Commencement Day
May 31, 1938

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President of the College

Secretary of the Faculty

Dedicated To

Those Graduating on May 31

And Those Who Have to

Come to Summer School

STUFF TO READ

"If I Had Only Known—"..... 3

"I Never Went to College"..... 6

"This College Business"..... 7

"Pro Humanitate" 10

"Mr. Wilson, I'm Glad I Went to College"....11

Mother: You little brat! Why don't you pattern yourself after your father?

Son: What has he done?

Mother: Why, he has just been paroled from the penitentiary for good conduct.

Owl.

"A girl can be very sweet when she wants what a temper won't attain."

—*Analyst.*

The difference between a hairdresser and a sculptor is that while the hairdresser curls up and dyes, the sculptor makes faces and busts.

—*Red Cat.*

He: We certainly had a big time last night for ten cents.

She: Yes, I wonder how little brother spent it?

—*Log.*

First Chauffeur: Have you ever been pinched for going too fast?

Second: No, but I've been slapped.

—*Bison.*

For long hours, the worthy Reverend Smith had turned and tossed in his comfortable bed. He had composed his sermon for the next day, all of it, except that one small quotation that was needed to round it out, to bring it to perfection. "What was that line?" he wondered. Where had he read it? How did it begin? In what book had he found it? Tormented by his thoughts, he sank back, nearly exhausted. Then, like a flash, it came to him! He sat bolt upright, hopped to the floor, dashed to a nearby table, snatched up a book of poetry and feverishly turned the pages.

Just another example of how quickly a man can go from bed to verse.

—*Buccaneer.*

FOR SHESME

There was a young sport from Duquesne
Who found himself caught in the resne.
Said the young fella
"I need an umbrella,
Instead of this nobby new quesne."

—*Stoic.*

Lady Macbeth: Have I told you about my apparition?

AN APOLOGY

The professor at the University of North Carolina mentioned in the W. L. Poteat biography (see bottom of page 6, No. 5, Vol. LIV of "The Student") as failing to teach evolution was some one other than the one named, Dr. Richard Henry Lewis, who was a scientific pioneer of rare courage and integrity. The writer of the sketch regrets this misrepresentation.

The other day we were down at the bank trying to find out why they were so nasty about our writing a check when we didn't have any money in the bank when Beamer Barnes came in and said to the cashier, "Will you cash my check?"

"I'm afraid," responded the cashier, "you haven't endorsed it correctly."

"Yeah!" said Beamer in that snappy manner of his.

"No; it's made out to Beamer H. Barnes and you've written just Beamer Barnes."

"But Beamer Barnes is my name."

"Ah, but you don't quite understand me," barked the exasperated cashier, "What I mean to say is, you left out the H."

"Oh, so I have," Beamer exclaimed with a sweet smile as he took his pen and wrote:

Age twenty-one.

Onlooker: Why does that cow seem so happy while being milked?

Farmer: She's a baseball fan and likes the Yanks!

—*Exchange.*

"Where's your mother?"

"She's out in the gutter."

"In the gutter! And you mean to say that you'd leave her there?"

"Sure, why not?"

"But what happened?"

"Aw, she's sweeping up the leaves."

—*The Pointer.*

WALGREEN'S

WAKE FOREST

BOYS

ALWAYS WELCOME

If I Had Only Known

By ED GAMBRELL

A Senior Bequeaths to the Undergraduate the Secret of Making Good Grades.

I have enough sour grape juice in my blood to give me a serious desire to reduce the art of making grades to its none too noble reality. I have come to the conclusion that it is chiefly a matter of salesmanship. You must have a reasonable product of course, but you must take the selling of it more seriously than you do the product itself. Psychologists tell us that there is a higher relation between college grades and success in business than between success and intelligence. Intelligence is of secondary importance. A student's primary concern if he is working for maximum grades without putting more time on his studies should be the selling of his abilities to his professors.

In my search for a correct interpretation of grade getting I have found a book which I think would be a best seller if it were given national publicity. It is called "The Psychology of Getting Grades" by Anonymous, a Grecian philosopher of the first century B.C. according to Thilly. I do not review this book with the view to encouraging hypocrisy. (Though this might expose a little.) Some of the most intelligent and most honorable students I have known have been consistent and skillful users of the principles of getting maximum grades. Then, too, it is about time to run these principles out in the open anyway.

Anonymous is most enlightening in a chapter he entitles "Impressing the Profs." First impressions are usually lasting ones. And the author points out that a little work during the first two weeks of a semester is worth much more as far as grades are concerned than a greater amount later on. Give the professor the idea that you are one of his good students and the rest is not so difficult. Should you make an error or two later on it is quite natural for your professor to confirm his first judgment, especially if he prides himself on his ability to size up his students at first sight. I have heard at least half a dozen professors on this campus remark on their skill at judging their students on first sight.

Giving your professors a very favorable impression of yourself so that he rates you consistently high is called producing the "halo effect" by psychologists. Some teachers try to use objective grading systems, but very few care to lose the power to pass or flunk you. Anonymous points out the illustration of the education professor who emphasized the inaccuracy of subjective estimates yet gave his students their final letter-grade in accordance with his own general impressions, rejecting laboriously compiled objective grades made by an assistant. Thus we find that as a general rule that your professors' impressions of your ability are one of the greatest single factors determining your grades.

Here I do not wish to discredit those who are sincere in their actions, but some of the most effective tricks, or should I say points of art, are as follows:

1. Going to the professor quite often with an earnest question or problem. Be careful to chose natural pertinent questions.

2. Playing up to the professor's pet interests. Don't do this before other members of your class. Show an interest in what your professor has written, in his hobbies, encourage him in his pet likes and dislikes. Adopt his favorite phraseology. Some professors on this campus take their pet words and phrases seriously and find synonyms inadequate, sometimes irritating.

3. Laughing at your professor's jokes. Make it a good, genuine belly laugh even if the only thing funny is effort to tell the joke.

4. Looking your professor straight in the eye. He might come to look at you directly instead of accidentally and that will set you apart in the class.

5. Making sure that he knows your name and associates it with your face and possibly with your handwriting.

6. Nodding approval of your professor's pet theories and giving an understanding affirmation to any word or phrase in a foreign language or technical lingo he might utter.

7. Being thoughtful of and finally convinced by his arguments. It is best to be a radical growing conservative or coming around to your professor's ideas.

8. Being at work on a scholarship or award toward which high grades will be a great help. Be sure to let your prof know of this. First, indirectly; then, directly. Or you may be working for honor roll or for all A's. I have seen this all A-motif worked. If you are afraid that you will lack A's in one, two, three or perhaps more courses and your grades are fairly high, though they may be a little low in some cases, tell each professor that you think you'll make all A's and ask him what you can do in his course to assure yourself of one in it so that you won't be caught short. You probably know of cases where this has worked.

In the above list I hope that Mr. Anonymous doesn't mind if I have added several points of art he overlooked.

Another matter which I would consider important is a skillful maintenance of the illusion once you have created it. There are several important points of art in maintaining the illusion, one of the principal of which is the proper handling of your recitations. If your professor uses the alphabetical method of calling on the members of his classes you know well enough when to be prepared. But, in most classes the hit-or-miss method is used and you well know, no doubt, that maneuvering can be done by a student for his own benefit. You know your professor's calling habits; vary your tactics to them. If he calls on the dumbbells, look intelligent if possible. If you are about to be called on without an answer, a little coughing or sneezing fit might turn the question away. Anything that makes you justifiably occupied with yourself or something else. Your voice might even become hoarse and inaudible. There are dozens of these defense mechanisms; you have used them and seen them used yourself.

Anonymous says, "One of the best of all ways to escape being called on for what you don't know is to recite what you do know early in the period. Then you have done your bit for the day and can rest in comparative security. While the class is assembling you can, in five minutes, learn something worth reciting that day." I have used this method a good deal myself. And a problem in connection with this is—getting the professor to ask you the question you want to answer. Look him in the eye and nearly open your mouth to answer the question when his eyes catch yours. Or if he

(*Continued on page twelve*)

HARRY WILLIAMS, Editor-Elect

The
WAKE FOREST STUDENT
June 1938

SHERWOOD STATON, Bus. Mgr.-Elect

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TO THE SENIORS

You have completed four years of more-or-less hard labor at this institution, and because of this we congratulate you. some of you may have to come to summer school to gather enough quality points or hours, and for that we envy you, or, rather, we DID envy you until we went to register the other day and found that we would have to come to summer school if we were to get biology 11 and 12 before we join you in the ranks of college graduates.

Some of you will go into law or medical or graduate school and some will further your preparation for the ministry. Others will go out and search for jobs, but you will still be preparing yourselves in that you will be getting more and more experience in the line of endeavor which you will pursue. It seems that we must all prepare for something bigger, and as soon as we realize our ambitions we set higher goals toward which to strive. That is progress.

When you seniors came to college probably very few of you knew just what you were here for. Some of you came because your parents wanted their son to be college bred (a four-year loaf on Dad's dough—tch, tch—such crust), others came because you felt that it would mean "a white collar job" when you graduated because you would be a college graduate, and still others of you came because you needed a college education before you went to institutions of law, medicine, or the ministry. Regardless of the reasons for which you came, you have completed your course and have reached your first goal; that in itself is something to be proud of. You took a job, and though it has been hard at times, you have completed it. Whether or not the information or culture you have gotten here has been worth your time and money is a question which only you can decide, but the fact that you have completed the job that lay ahead of you will stand you in good stead in whatever you might undertake in the future. You have acquired a valuable habit—that of finishing a job once started.

Again we say, "Congratulations and good luck to you, seniors."

YOUR STUDENT

Several weeks ago we noted in the "Old Gold and Black" that one of the Euzelian Society members in an address before that group suggested, among other things, an improvement in the jokes of this magazine. We could respect and appreciate that criticism more if the students who make it would do something about it other than tell other students that the jokes in the "Student" are no good. The editor of any publication and a staff of a half-dozen cannot and should not expect to issue a magazine or paper that meets with the approval of over a thousand very individualistic individuals. For every issue of the "Student" approximately fifteen typewritten pages of jokes must be collected. If there is any one or any group of men in school who can think of that many good jokes six time a year—he or they shouldn't be in school wasting time and money. Naturally we have to clip our jokes as we don't have a person on the staff who can be depended on to think of even one original joke for each issue. In collecting as many jokes as the "Student" re-



P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. *(Signed)* R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

quires we cannot be quite as selective as we should like to be.

We realize that the criticism offered by the Eu has some basis, and with the change of staff we plan to change the policy of the "Student" for the coming school year. The magazine will continue to be literary-humerous, but the use of jokes will be changed. Unless we hear more complaints than compliments on the new policy we shall endeavor to use jokes only as filler in the make-up of the magazine. We hope to make the "Student" a truly Wake Forest magazine, and its humorous character will consist of very short humorous essays and stories dealing with incidents which occur on this campus. The "Student" will be on the order of the "New Yorker."

This new policy will demand more time and work on the part of the staff, but we feel that it will be worth it. We will need a larger staff next year than the one that has been trying to carry on the work heretofore, and right now let us make a plea for all those who are even slightly interested in writing for publication to get in touch with the editor and tell him of your desires so that he may let you know of the first staff meeting next year.

We have the talent and the material here on the Wake Forest campus to make the "Student" the best magazine in the state, but a dozen or so students can't do it and carry on their regular class work, too. WE NEED MORE HELP!!!

THIS ISSUE

It seems to us that about the biggest question before college students now is that of why we are here, or, if we are finishing, just what we have gotten out of our four years in college.

In this issue of the "Student" we have tried to get the views of a representative Freshman, Junior, and Senior. We have also reprinted an article by a well-known Who's Who on what he believes he would have gotten out of college if he had gone. We may have answered any questions that you have raised about the value of your being here in college, but the true answer of your individual question can only be answered by yourself.

The new staff has had very little time to make their first issue what they wanted, but we have tried, and had it not been for the help of the old staff this issue would not have appeared until time for summer school examinations. We have not had the time to institute our new policy, and there appears in this issue the same old wearied and wearying jokes that we hope to eliminate next year. Try to bear with us this time.

THIS SUMMER

We wish every one of you a very happy vacation—even those who have to take biology 11 and 12 in summer school; we'll all suffer together.

I Never Went to College

For a True Evaluation of Any Gift, go to the Man From Whom it Was Withheld.

By CALVIN KINNEY

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It seems to me that I can hardly pick up a magazine nowadays without encountering someone's views on our colleges. Most of the writers are critical; they contend that the colleges are not doing a good job, and they question the value of a college education. Less often, a champion arises to argue that a college degree is worth while.

I read everything on the topic that comes to my notice, but of late I read with growing impatience. I am exasperated by the critics but I am even more exasperated by the professed friends of liberal education. I can understand the type of man who asserts that an A.B. degree isn't worth a nickel in the pay envelope, and I think that he is quite right in asserting that a college education is no good—to his sort. But I am downright annoyed with the professed friend of the college who accepts the challenge and tries to prove that a diploma does have cash value, after all. Even if he succeeds in proving the point, I am disappointed in him.

I never went to college. I shall always regret the fact. I don't think I should have a cent more to my name today if I had been graduated from Harvard, "summa cum laude." I'm no economic royalist, but I'm doing all right.

I have an apartment in town and a home at the seashore—both ridiculously too large for our needs. I have two automobiles, one of which is just nonsense. Had I a College degree, I don't think I should be any better known in the world. I am somewhere near the front in the slim ranks of my highly specialized and thoroughly fascinating profession. Berton Braley, breaking a lance for the colleges, demonstrated in *The Commentator* that 85 per cent of the men in *Who's Who* are college graduates. All right, I'm one of the remaining 15 per cent, which I might argue is a greater distinction. (But don't look for "Calvin Kinney"; it's a pen name).

I've taught courses in two universities, one of them a very famous institution, indeed. Not so long ago, I was approached by emissaries who made diplomatic overtures to ascertain whether I should be interested in becoming dean of an important professional school in a large university.

Well, maybe that's enough to make the point that mine isn't a case of sour grapes. I shall always regret that I didn't go to college only because I know I missed some highly important things.

I missed the opportunity of association and friendship with men of wide culture and high ideals in an atmospher of quiet and detachment. I went to work when I was 16 years old because at that age it seems important to eat ravenously and regularly—seems more important than it really is. My associations thereceforth were with folk who were neither scholars nor gentlemen. It was many years before I ever had the opportunity of close and friendly contact with men whose intellect and whose culture were superior to my own. I know that it would have broadened and enriched my life if I had been at an impressionable age to the example of men who had read, studied and traveled.

Now you may say scoffingly that the average undergraduate gets none of this out of college. I think he does, consciously or unconsciously. My son, for example, was profoundly influenced by friendships he formed at college with two professors—professors of Greek, by the way, who certainly taught him nothing that he can turn into dollars. I have heard many other college men speak of the influence that some professor—say Copeland, of Harvard—had in broadening their preceptions, their outlook, their philosophies. But if you insist that such college men are not average, I shall take refuge in my egotism and assert unblushingly that I don't think I should have been the average undergraduate, either. You can't argue me out of that.

I missed a training in systematic and orderly thought. A course that leads to the A.B. degree in the better colleges gives a balanced and rounded picture of the field of human knowledge. Of if that is too much to say, put it that the minimum requirements for a degree at least suggest that the universe of knowledge does have form and shape and interrelationship. I have acquired some store of information, but it is all haphazard and there are great gaps in it. It isn't co-ordinated. It is miscellaneous. I got it the hard way, also. It it a true saying that a man, if he is intelligent, can get by himself whatever he can get from books in college—but in college he will get it ten times more easily.

I missed the best part of my youth. A critical your years, when I should have had the opportunity of studying, reflecting, and sometimes loafing and daydreaming, I spent in mastering hard, practical little tricks for getting ahead in a tough environment. By the end of that time, I was earning far more than the newly graduated college man of my age could hope to earn for some years. So what? What was the hurry? Poorer paid or not, the young college graduate was a better rounded man than I. At first, I used to deny that fiercely, but after a time I reluctantly admitted it to myself.

Another thing—the young college graduate thought he was a sophisticated dog, a man of the world; hadn't he been to the burlesque show and been a little tight on beer three or four times in his senior year? But at his age, in the course of my work I had encountered such vice and depravity as he never suspected to exist. I knew things which it is well for any adult to know, I suppose, but I have good reason to believe that kind of knowledge is better acquired after twenty-one than before. Even if college is a place in which too many students learn too little, I still believe some sacrifice is worth while to give a youngster those four comparatively sheltered years in which to grow from boy into man.

I missed making friends of my own age. I quite agree that making friends is one of the principal values of college life—but not for the cheap reason that often prompts the

(*Continued on page thirteen*)

A Junior

Says:

I Went to College

Is It What It's Cracked Up To Be?

By BOBBY HELM

"A college education," said all my well-meaning friends, "is indispensable to the development of such talents as you possess."

"We want you to have all the advantages that other boys have," affirmed my parents and other assorted relatives.

And so I came to college.

First I was a freshman, busily engaged in learning that the square of the hypotenuse of a right triangle is equal to a headache and that freshmen should not be heard and be seen as little as possible.

Then, in due time, I became a sophomore. Ah, the supreme joy of knowing that no longer could some brutal upperclassmen humiliate me before somebody's best girl! And, oh, the delight of talking big man talk about how the frosh this year no longer showed the proper school spirit. With a whoop of joy I flung myself into as many extracurricular activities as possible and set about the business of becoming a campus big shot.

Now I am a junior. As yet, freshmen do not point to me and exclaim in awed wonder, "Not *the* Bob Helm!" And I am not conscious of a growing wonder as to just what it's worth to be a campus big shot anyway. I have forgotten all about the sine and cosine of a right triangle; I can no longer give the date of the Diet of Worms; and my French is limited to such simple phrases as, *Oui, Oui, mademoiselle,* and, *Parley-vous francais?* In fact, I'm beginning to wonder whether the value of a college education is as great as it's cracked up to be, or whether it's the great American bluff.

I have made serious attempts to discover the answer to the problem. Button-holing complacent collegians and asking them point blank, "Why did you come to college?" may not rank among the safest of occupations, but the answers to this simple question reveal to the full the mental fog in which the average college or university student lives and moves and has his being.

A goodly portion of those subjected to the inquisition will reply without hesitation, "Why, to get an education!" But there's where you have them. Simply ask them, "What do you mean by an education?" Then you can triumphantly walk away, leaving your victims muttering that everybody ought to know what an education is and that you shouldn't ask such damfool questions anyway.

But if you pin them down to brass tacks, you will find that most of them have a vague idea of an education as a sort of magic wand which will enable its recipients to find their rightful place in society, to wear the badge of culture and refinement, and to discuss all subjects intelligently and convincingly. All this would, no doubt, be very fine—if it were true—but, unfortunately, college is no *open Sesame* to the door of culture.

I should venture a guess, for example, that well over half of our college-bred citizens leave their alma mater without being able to distinguish between the works of Wagner and Rembrant, and it is certainly discouraging to hear an intelligent college senior ask concerning *A Tale of Two Cities,* "Isn't that the one where the old Jew demands his pound of flesh?"

No, if I had wanted to acquire a great deal of general knowledge, I might just as well have stayed at home and become a widely read man. As it is, I never have time in college to read for pleasure and probably know even less of the great works of literature than I would if I had never begun rubbing my head against the traditional college wall.

Another group of students will, when asked why they came to college, reply, "So I can make more money when I get out." These unfortunate individuals have mental pictures of employers falling all over themselves with eagerness to hire a man who can flaunt an imitation b'ut of sheepskin in their awed physiognomies. Bunk, gentle reader, pure bunk!!! The golden day of the college graduate is done. No longer can he, by virtue of his superior "education" claim the pick of the nation's jobs. In fact, he often finds himself definitely *persona non grata,* although I am told that certain kind-hearted WPA officials will not discriminate against a college-bred youth if he is able to lean on a shovel gracefully.

Clearly, then, if my motive in seeking a Bachelor of Arts degree was cultural or mercenary, I might just as well have spent four years on my native heath.

It's true that I'm a bit more self-reliant than I was three years ago, that I'm not as easily led about by the nose, that I am, I hope, a bit more of a man than I was at seventeen. But after all, many of my friends who stayed at home have developed into men every bit as good as I—or even better. Could not the same result have been accomplished much more cheaply by knocking about the country a bit on my own?

In doing this bit of self interrogation, I am not necessarily disparaging the work of our American colleges and universities. Perhaps I will be in some measure, a wiser and better man. I debate a little better, "bull" a little better, write a little better, and possibly think a little better than I did before I entered college. But for these blessings I shall at the end of my term have spent some twenty-five hundred dollars, four valuable years, and a great deal of unnecessary energy.

And so, perhaps I may be forgiven if I engage in a bit of mild wonder if John Doe, with his customary gullibility, has not for many years now been made the victim of a glorious hoax which has fooled even its perpetrators, and if the supreme value of a college education is not entitled to take first place in the ranks of great American myths.


BOY!! GOT LOTTA STUDYING TO DO TO-NIGHT—BETTER GET AT IT EARLY
WELL HELLO BILL— GLAD YOU DROPPED IN— WHATTA Y'KNOW?
WELL GOODNIGHT FELLOWS— SEE YOU TOMORROW
GOSH!! HOW TIME FLIES— ALREADY THREE O'CLOCK— RECKON I'LL GLANCE OVER THIS PAGE AND HIT THE HAY
NEXT MORNING
GOOD MORNING PROFESSOR— SOME ASSIGNMENT YOU GAVE US LAST NIGHT— STAYED UP 'TILL THREE O'CLOCK GETTING IT
9-35



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"Pro Humanitate"

What Is College All About, Anyway?

If we may push aside for a moment the hoary whiskers with which time has covered it, whiskers grown shaggy from constant exposure to the elements and from persistent pulling in public, we will see the weather-beaten form of a tale which has become tradition among Wake Forest boys. It's a story told on each succeeding generation of students, and more often than not it's true.

"When he first comes to Wake Forest," so the legend runs, "the student knows he is going to be satisfied with nothing less than *summa cum laude* on the diploma he's sure to get in four years. By the time sophomore year rolls around, he has decided that *magna cum laude* will be more to his liking, and before he is through his third year he is dead certain that just plain *cum laude* will afford him all the honor the folks back home can stand. Then, early in his fourth year, when he is snugly ensconced in the Legion of the Damned, a senior just before being thrust out into The World, he decides that what he really wants on his diploma is *Pro Humanitate* — and it's darned lucky he'll be to get that!"

Well, that's the story and you're supposed to laugh. Generations of Wake Forest students before you have laughed at it, have laughed because they knew how true it was, laughed because they themselves came here all fired up with a determination to wind up with every honor given by the College and ended with a prayer of thanksgiving because the supernal powers saw fit to shove them their sheepskins and let them ride.

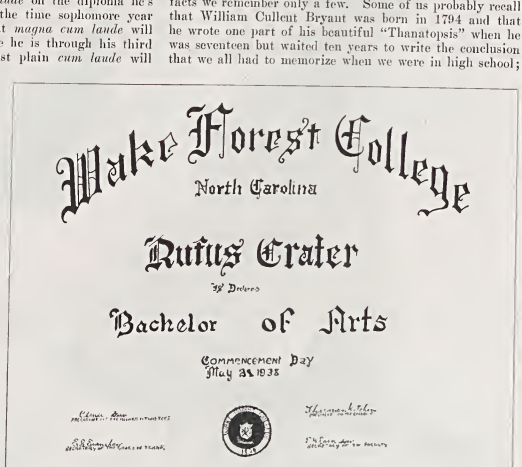
Pro Humanitate—it's inscribed on every diploma that goes out of Wake Forest College, but for the man who really merits it, it's not to be laughed at. Rather, it's an honor, a distinction equally as great to him who is deserving of it as *summa, magna,* and *cum laude* all rolled into one.

Pro Humanitate . . . in the light in which it should be but too often is not held today, it is the mark of an educated man. It pictures clearly the purpose for which colleges were founded; it shows definitely what an education is for. It depicts the prime reason for all education: to make a fellow fit to live among civilized people . . . for humanity!

Seniors today are asking themselves time and again if it was worth their while, their time, trouble, and expense, to come to college. They want to know now, just as they wanted to know four years ago, if four years of college life are going to help them one whit when they are thrown head-foremost into a world that can't see them for the dust. They are asking these questions and they are frankly doubtful of the answers.

But the questions are fair ones and deserves to be answered. In the light of our experiences during the past four years then, Seniors, let's see what sort of case we can make out in behalf of a college education; let's see if we can justify ourselves and the time we have spent here. But in all fairness let's look at the evidence squarely and fashion our conclusions accordingly.

First we should probably consider how much more we are going to know—actually *know*—because we have been to college. If we speak of facts, I'm afraid the evidence is going to lean heavily in the other direction, because of facts we remember only a few. Some of us probably recall that William Cullen Bryant was born in 1794 and that he wrote one part of his beautiful "Thanatopsis" when he was seventeen but waited ten years to write the conclusion that we all had to memorize when we were in high school;



that a Hunker was originally a conservative who got lost and joined the Democrats in New York, and that Quezaltenango is a city in the south-western part of Guatemala.

Yes, it's possible that some of us recall these facts, but the majority of us do not—I didn't, until I had chased through an encyclopaedia for half an hour to make sure. These and thousands of other items we have no remembrance of, yet I feel that we are infinitely better off for having heard them discussed at some time or another. Surely we are better for having known that Bryant did live and for having read some of his poetry, for having studied history and government and philosophy and the languages—even though we may remember nary a fact pertaining thereunto.

Specifically, we are better because our study of these things has conditioned us to the point where in the future we shall be able to take what information we may already

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Mr. Wilson, I'm Glad I Went to College

A freshman tells what college is to him.

As the end of my freshman year in college rapidly closes, I have a challenge to answer. When I get home in June one of my first duties will be to visit a neighbor and answer questions which he will already have prepared for me. This neighbor of whom I speak advised me to get my education through practical business experience instead of from textbooks and lectures. When I left for college last September contrary to his advice, he declared that at the end of my freshman year he would prove to me that I had gotten nothing worthwhile out of college.

About the middle of last August I went up to Wilson's



house to talk to Mr. Wilson about college. I had no more than touched on the subject when he told me that I would be better off if I were to forget the whole thing. I was naturally surprised and asked for an explanation. In his argument, Mr. Wilson, who was graduated from Lehigh, said that of all the money he has earned since his college days, he cannot trace one cent to his higher education. Would a statement like that surprise you? Well, it did me, and I still can't believe a word of it.

The discussion with Mr. Wilson brought forth many arguments on both sides. I claimed that I would get enough out of my first year in college to enable me to learn almost any business more quickly than if I had never gone to college. He, of course, told me that I was crazy; that I could do no such thing. We argued back and forth for about two hours, then we both agreed that we were getting nowhere because neither of us could convince the other. He finally asked me whether or not I was going to college, and I said "Yes."

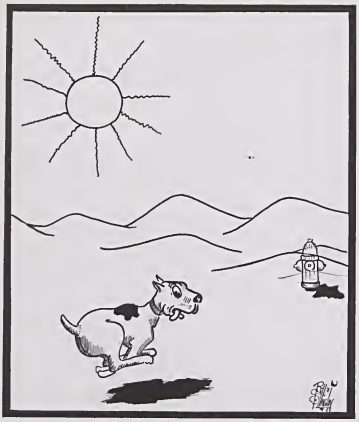
The day I left I went up to the Wilson's to say good-bye, and I now wish that I had waited to write my cheerio's because it was at that last meeting we made our agreement. We decided that there would be only one way to really settle our argument. At the end of of my first year I was to answer questions which he believes will prove that I have gotten nothing out of college.

Now I have to look forward to undergoing my friend's examination. It is not to be based on subject matter; as a matter of fact, I don't know what the test will be like. As I think the whole matter over I find several gains that I have made which I hope will convince Mr. Wilson that he is wrong.

As I prepare myself for the onslaught to come, I have had to ask myself honestly why I did come to college, and my answers have surprised me. When I went home for the Spring vacation I found several invitations awaiting me which were not expected. It took only a minute for me to realize that I had come to college for one thing, for the social prestige which it will bring me. It is generally believed that a college boy has a definite place reserved for him in society. I have asked several other freshmen if they agree with me about this social business, and they all answered yes. One of them stated that he felt a little higher socially than those friends of his who went to work after their graduation from high school. All of the fellows I questioned admitted that the desire for that niche in society drew them here. I don't mean that we expect to have a place in the "400" waiting for us, but I do think that we have a place in our local social circles. In my home town, for instance, there are several dances each year "for those young people who are vacationing from college." My desire to attend those functions, and others like them, was one of the reasons for my presence here at Wake Forest.

The other reasons which draw boys to college are almost too numerous to mention, but there are several very important ones which ought to be mentioned. A lot of us feel that the longer we stay in school the better off we are, because we postpone working that much longer. A combination of laziness and fear draws many of us here: not fear that we don't know enough to enter business life, but fear that we won't earn enough to enjoy the pleasures which father pays for now. We are lazy in the true sense of the word; we don't want to have to work anywhere for eleven

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"Mirage or no mirage, when y' gotter go, y' gotter go."

IF I HAD ONLY KNOWN

(*Continued from page three*)

is contrary and takes a wolfish delight in catching a napping member of the class, you might try stirring, yawning, looking bored and disinterested. And if he calls on you, give your answer very nonchalantly as though you were tired of reciting it. However, don't let the joke turn on your professor too painfully; try not to make him the goat in your unexpected parry.

You can, at times, recite as well by asking a question as by answering. Be sure that it is intelligent and that you had a few cents' worth to throw in. One of the best grade makers on the campus now, has used this method with telling effect and has often skillfully parried a professor's question by asking him a reasonable question about his original question.

Then, of course, some professors like short, concise answers, some like elaborations. Some of the professors on this campus express a decided distaste for bull, but they lap it up quite readily. Most professor's definition of bull is excessive speech or writing absolutely irrelevant to the subject supposedly under discussion. Don't forget, as already mentioned, to imitate his style of talk.

Quoting something *verbatim* is always effective. Quote some of his notes perhaps, or a quotation from some of our great men, literary or otherwise. If you have a good memory don't fail to throw in quotations.

Never say you don't know a question. Nothing can be said in a very impressive manner. Orators, philosophers, politicians furnish us ample proof of this. The less sure you are of what you say, the more confident will have to be your manner of saying it. If he breaks your bluff, be surprised and give close attention to the correct answer, as though you are somewhat disturbed at being wrong.

All the laws of human vanity compel you not to argue with your professor, especially in class, if you are thinking about the grade you will get from him. You can well imagine, yourself, the professor's humiliation at being wrong before his class. All professors encourage independent thinking, but as far as their students are concerned independent thinking is his thinking. Anonymous says there is a slight possibility that "he may be the one in a hundred who has not identified his theories with his personal dignity and can meet a challenge from an inferior without resorting to the shield of his authority or the weapon of sarcasm." Then, too, he generally knows or should know a great deal more about the matter than you, and it would hardly be to your advantage to lose arguments. He has the last word.

There are other, and perhaps, more widely used means of getting better grades for the same or less work. Selecting your courses and professors has a good bit to do with it. A scientific study of this matter on this campus would be most interesting. Still other factors that most students might be better informed on are note-taking, preparation for exams, and the correction of unfair grades.

If I take this matter of psychology too seriously, you will have to forgive me. But the truth still exists that there is a great deal of disparity between grades and out-right intelligence. Personally, I think the difference lies in this matter of salesmanship, of realizing and utilizing the social factor between yourself and your professor. Personally, I have not gone to the trouble of using the methods Anonymous and I have given you in this article, but should you want grades very badly I recommend to you these methods which, as I have stated, some of the most intelligent students I know have used.

"I represent Mountain-Cheap Wool Company," began the snappy young salesman. "Would you be interested in coarse yarns?"

"Gosh, yes," breathed the gal, hopefully. "Tell me a couple."

—*The Bored Walk.*

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PLANET JR.

GARDEN PLOWS
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I NEVER WENT TO COLLEGE

(*Continued from page six*)

remark. I know it would have been better for me to have formed friendships with boys of my own kind and at my own stage of development than to find companionship as I inevitably did with the bardbitten older men I met in business, and whose attitude and babits I took on with the imitativeness of youth.

I wish I belonged to some group with common traditions and common ties. I wish I belonged to the class of 1910, somewhere, and could go back to reunions. I miss the sense of continuity of association that old college friends obviously possess. You observe I say nothing of the commercial advantages of being an alumnus; I don't regret at all that I didn't make a lot of "contacts" which would have helped sell bonds. I never missed that.

I missed the sense of equality with better-educated men. I had, no doubt, what we nowadays call an inferiority complex and I accorded college men a deference they didn't always deserve. Foolish, you say. Yes, but it was a handicap. It would have been worth a good deal to me, not in dollars and cents, but in self-assurance, if I could have had the inward feeling that my cultural background and my intellectual training were as good as anyone's. I've put this last because it's probably the least of the advantages of holding a college degree. Yet to give a young man the confidence that he has no cultural or social deficiencies is not a trivial thing, after all.

Well, these are the things I missed. These are the real values of a liberal arts course. I have no patience with the college graduate who whines that his diploma doesn't help him get ahead in business. And less patience with the college graduate who tries to prove that it does.

I believe that a liberal education should be a thing to live with, not on. Why don't the college graduates boldly assert that belief? It is a strange commentary, it seems to me, that after all the thousands of words of debate on the subject, it should be left to be said by a man who never went to college at all.

"PRO HUMANITATE"

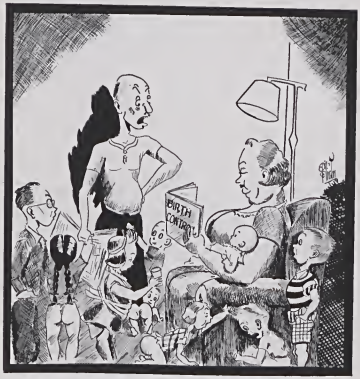
(*Continued from page ten*)

have assimilated, to add other items to it from time to time, and out of the whole to draw decently accurate conclusions. Who knows, in time we may even come to do a little thinking for ourselves. When we have reached that point, we shall be ready to make our slight contribution to humanity, and we shall be at least a little deserving of the *Pro Humanitate* with which our diplomas are decorated.

Next let us see what sort of fellow the college turns loose on the world. In the first place, colleges give the world a more interesting person, a man with a wider range of interests, one able to converse with ease about literature or science or history, to talk intelligently about religion or morals or philosophy, a man who is at ease in any society. The college man has been forced to look, at least skimpily, into many fields; and the force of habit developed over a period of four years is bound to carry over into later life —he who has attended college will take more interest in life (and people will take more interest in him), than will he who has never been there.

Too, colleges give us a much broader view of humanity and what it includes; they make of us men who are more liberal in our views, men tolerant of the tastes and wishes of others. Education, say those who are supposed to know, is the Great Emancipator, freeing us of those provincial prejudices which bind us, and teaching us to consider a question on its own merits instead of allowing us to follow the moss-back's practice of forming an opinion first and justifying his decision later. As we become more tolerant and more liberal, the world becomes a better place to inhabit; we begin to help humanity, and we begin to justify our *Pro Humanitate.*

Our next proof of education's worth is purely personal; it makes a man happier, because it fits him to live with himself. For much of his lifetime he will be living alone, and he will need all the equipment he can get if he is



"This is a fine time to be reading that."

to enjoy his solitude. That's where education comes in—it supplies all the accoutrements of happiness.

This may be hard to see. But it is true that no man can be called lonely whose interests range from his work to current events to literature, from religion to science to social doings, interests all of which are vitalized by a background of study of all these things. The man who has been to college has, to at least a slight degree, developed a taste for those things we call "better," and from them he is going to get an enjoyment he will find nowhere else.

One other slight proof and we are through. Up to this point we have discounted the value of a college education to the professional man, and it is useless to discuss that phase now. The good which the doctor or the lawyer or the engineer gets from college courses is too readily seen to warrant any such recital here. The things these men learn not only will enable them to make a living for themselves, but at the same time will fit them for a definite service to humanity. Later, if not sooner, they will vindicate their receiving a *Pro Humanitate* today.

It may seem that we have overlooked one of the chief arguments for—or against, perhaps—four years of college. I speak of the mercenary advantages that accrue thereunto. One of the first things we ask, usually, when we are thinking along these lines, is "will I make more money by getting a college education?" Frankly, it seems to be a moot question; some say yes, others no. For the professional man, the answer is probably a quick nod of the head; but for him who does not choose to follow one of the accepted "professions," the reply is something like Andy's: "Well, yes—and again, no!"

If you really want to know about an education, you might ask the man who owns one.

MR. WILSON, I'M GLAD

(Continued from page eleven)

months of the year. These reasons all draw us to college but they don't keep us here. We have to pass the specified number of hours and get the necessary quality points to stay in school, and what do we get from the work we pass? Before going farther with this article I feel that it's necessary to say that boys who intend to enter professions come to college to get an education; but I think that they, too, are drawn by almost the same desire as the rest of us are, perhaps not as much but still to some degree.

I think that I have obtained no more or no less from my year here than the average freshman; therefore, I feel that I write this article as an average freshman. In spite of the fact that I was drawn to college by somewhat selfish motives, I have learned quite a bit. I feel that I wouldn't trade my year here for three years of experience in business. I have no proof that I have learned anything which might help me in the business world; but I think that the practical part of my education will come from the courses I will take as an upperclassman. My freshman year seems to me to have been planned more to test my ability to think for myself rather than to teach me practical things.

My argument for Mr. Wilson will not consist of proof that I have learned the subject matter well. I plan to show him that I have learned more abstract things which will be of help to me later.

Since I have been in college I think that the most important lesson I have learned is how to get along with people. None of us wants to get along with everyone, but it is nice to know how to get along with the fellows we want to be our friends. Before coming to college I lived the life of an average high school boy. All of my actions were under the careful eye of my mother. I tore around some, to be sure, but I had to get home when I was told to. When I entered college I had to do without mother's advice on many matters. I began to rely on the fellows I live with for the advice I needed. Their help and guidance made me like them, and my trust in them made them like me. Before long I had made friends with enough fellows to relieve the natural homesickness which comes to most of us. I learned to live with other fellows and enjoy it.

I had not been here long before I was taught that I did not know as much as I thought I did. When I graduated from high school I felt as though I were a fairly well educated person. As a matter of fact, I wondered if my brain could hold much more. I though that I had nearly as much in my head as it could hold. The first week of college I realized that I didn't know as much as I was supposed to. Ever since the first week of school I have been impressed not by what I do know, but by what I don't know. I don't mean that my mind is a total blank; for it might be a near vacuum, though I'll never admit it. The year has taught me many things which I should have learned in high school or lower in the grades.

We freshmen must not be expected to know much, or we should never have some of the courses here that we do have. It is really an insult to us when we start eighth grade English all over, but we take the insult without a word because we know that if we weren't started all over again on the grammar we would never pass the higher courses. I guess that the administration would feel a lot better if a really intelligent bunch of freshmen were to enter sometime. They would be able to discontinue the review of high school Algebra and English. On the other hand, it has been nice to be able to sit back on some of the work we have remembered.

All of the freshmen were required to write a theme at the beginning of the year for English 1 on, "Why I Came to College." Some of these reasons have been tabulated and I was surprised when I read the tabulation. Of fifty-six reasons given, not one of them stated the reason for which colleges are founded—culture. Two of the freshmen stated that they don't know why they entered college at all—per-

SENIORS

●

We wish to thank you for your patronage during the past four years. May yours be a happy future.

●

HOLDING'S DRUGS

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

haps they will find out later. Another wants a diploma because he thinks that it will get him an easy job and plenty of money. You see, we really are a hopeful lot. There were numerous other reasons given, but of all of them only sixteen state any sensible purpose—in the eyes of the founders of the college.

In less than three weeks the class of 1938 will be graduated. More than likely these fellows had the same reasons for entering college that we did. I wonder if those who wanted a college diploma because it would bring them easy jobs and plenty of money will get those jobs and that money? I hope that they will, but I doubt it. Those of the graduating class who, three years ago, didn't know why they came to college might have found out by this time. If they still don't know I don't think that it matters much because four years of college will have taught them enough to get decent jobs somewhere; if there are any jobs. The fact that four years of college teaches anyone something proves to me that why we enter college need not be of paramount importance. Of course, if we know what we want, and shoot for a goal, we will be better off, but it's not absolutely necessary.

I think that we who will graduate in 1941 have something to look forward to. Economic conditions can hardly be worse, and the lessons we can learn from those who go before us should help a lot. I look forward to my graduation not only for economic reasons. I want to be a really well-informed person, and I'm going to enjoy being able to talk to older people who now think that I'm just a fresh college freshman. If we freshmen learn what we are supposed to in the next three years we will be prepared for most any line of work. Furthermore, we will be younger than the people who now consider us babies. With the same amount of learning we should be able to push ourselves into jobs in spite of our inexperience.

I will be one of the happiest persons in the world three years from now. I think that I will be ready to tackle almost anything, and if nothing else, I will feel as well prepared from a standpoint of education as the men who are out there before me. I think that all of us will.

I'm not going to be nearly as worried over my prospective test this summer as I thought I would be. I think that I have gotten enough out of college to withstand most of my friend's attacks, and what I don't know at the end of this year I will try to learn in the three more years I will have in college. I bid farewell to the fellows who are going to graduate this year. I hope that they will have the same luck that I hope to have when I graduate. I can leave this article with one thought which is most important to me: after I graduate, I expect to be prepared to enter business, and I still think that college will give me that preparation.

GREEN GRILL

A

Good Place

To Eat

RALEIGH, N. C.

SENIORS

CONGRATULATIONS

AND

BEST WISHES

●

W. W. (BILL) HOLDING

DEALER IN

COTTON and FERTILIZER

THIS

This is not very interesting,
But if
You have read this far already
You will
Probably read as far as this:
And still
Not really accomplishing
Anything at all,
You might even read on
As far as this
Which brings you to
The line you are reading now
And after all that you are still
Probably dumb enough to keep right
On making
A dope
Out of yourself
By reading
As far down
The page
As this.

—*The Tiger.*

FOUND—Lady's purse left in my car while parked. Owner can have same by paying for this advertisement. If she will explain to my wife how the purse got there, I will pay for the ad myself. Phone 2479-J.

—*Exchange.*

"I think that I shall never see a hazard rougher than a tree—a tree o'er which my ball must fly if on the green it is to lie; a tree whose leafy arms extend to kill the mashie shot I send; a tree that stands in silence there while angry golfers rave and swear. Niblicks were made for fools like me, who cannot ever miss a tree."

—*Log.*

THE MORNING AFTER

By Poopdeck Pappy

Here I lie upon the bed
Throat so dry and throbbing head
Bloodshot eyes and body sore—
The morning after the night before.

Can't eat nuthin'—got no pep—
Lost my money, lost my rep;
Can't get up I feel so bad—
Boy, what a wonderful time I had!

Never felt so bad before—
Even my darned old tongue is sore;
When I sneeze I still taste gin;
Gosh! what a party it musta been.

Can't remember where I went;
Don't know where the time was spent,
But wow! what a party it musta been;
Look at the helluva shape I'm in.

Together they walked upon the soft, thick rug of fallen leaves, while the silvery moon made beautiful jewels of the dew drops that kissed the boughs of the stooping trees. At last they reached their rendezvous. He asked, passionately, "Oh, darling, will you marry me?" "No," was the abrupt reply. He suddenly left her and tramped home almost knee deep in mire, bumping up against the sopping trees.

—*Medley.*

"Darling, you dance like a zephyr."

"Yea? Well you dance like a Mack truck yourself, smart guy."

—*The Pointer.*

Charlie: I want to change my name, your honor.

Judge: What is your name?

Charlie: Charlie Stinks.

Judge: I don't blame you. What do you want to change it to?

Charlie: Ted Phillips Stinks.

A soldier went to his colonel and asked for leave to go home to help his wife with her spring cleaning.

"I don't like to refuse you," said the colonel, "but I've just received a letter from your wife saying that you are no use around the house."

The soldier saluted and turned to go. At the door he stopped, turned, and remarked,

"Colonel, there are two persons in this regiment who handle the truth loosely, and I'm one of them. I'm not married."

—*Fawn.*

Girl in summer school gym class: I'll stand on my head or bust.

Coach Phil: Just stand on your head.

Yank Green: What in the world makes your tongue so black?

Ray Pittman: I dropped a bottle of whiskey on the road right after they oiled it.

"Is Joe Little lucky? He took a penny to class the other day and made 97 on a true and false exam."

She: I don't think that English course did you any good. You still end every sentence with a proposition.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

She: And will you never stop loving me?
He: Well, I've an eight o'clock class in the morning.

—*Pell Mell.*

A girl is like the ocean—she may look green, but she can get plenty rough.

—*Pell Mell.*

"How come you don't go with Toots any more?"
"Oh! I couldn't stand her vulgar laughter."
"I never noticed it."
"You weren't there when I proposed."

—*Pell Mell.*

I once had a classmate named Guesser
Whose knowledge got lesser and lesser,
It at last grew so small
He knew nothing at all—
And now he's a college professor.

—*Kitty Kat.*

"The hospital just called and said I have another mouth to feed."
"Boy or girl?"
"Neither, the wife's got a tapeworm."

—*Yale Record.*

She: And if I sit over in that nice dark corner with you, will you promise not to hug me?
He: Yes.
Her: And will you promise not to kiss me?
Him: Yes.
Feminine: And will you promise not to——.
Masculine: Yes.
She: Then, what do you want to go over there for?

—*Pell Mell.*

M. C. Chandler, the barber: You say you've been here before? I don't remember your face.

Charlie Little: Probably not. It's all healed up now.

"I shouldn't care so much about the bugs, madam," said the pale, thin lodger, "but the fact is, I haven't so much blood to spare."

—*Puppet.*

The pupils had been warned not to chew gum in class. The teacher noted Johnny chewing something.

"Johnny, are you chewing?"

"No, ma'am, I'm just soaking a prune to eat during recess."

—*Mis-A-Sip.*

To the Class of '38

We have completed our four years with You, we also graduate. Our best wishes for your continued success in the future. We will always remember your courtesies.

To the Student Body

We appreciate your patronage for the past year and trust that you will have a pleasant vacation and will be with us next year.

To the Faculty and Our Friends

We hope you all spend a pleasant summer and that we can resume our relations next year.

THE THEATRE GANG

Whit
Fannie
June
Johnnie
Aubrey
Moses

SODA SHOP

TO THE SENIORS

•

Where

You've Always

Hung Out

•

BEN, FRED, and SMUT

EACH DAY

You'll find a larger number of Wake Forest students slipping in at our Fountain for a bite to eat. We

CATER

TO STUDENTS

ECKERD'S

"The Friendly Place"

RALEIGH

Joe DiMaggio

HAS SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT HOW DIFFERENT CIGARETTES CAN BE!





WHEN BILL GRAHAM saw Joe DiMaggio pull out his Camels, he thought it was a good time to get Joe's opinion on smoking. Joe came straight to the point: "There's a big difference between Camels and the others." Like Joe DiMaggio, you, too, will find in Camels a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic.





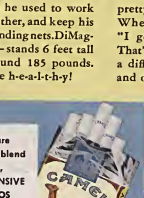
JOE LIKES to go down to the wharf, where he used to work helping his father, and keep his hand in on mending nets. DiMaggio is husky—stands 6 feet tall—weighs around 185 pounds. His nerves are h-e-a-l-t-h-y!

DURING THE WINTER, Joe's pretty busy at his restaurant. When he's tired he says: "I get a lift with a Camel. That's another way I can spot a difference between Camels and other cigarettes."

JOE OFTEN dons the chef's hat himself. He has a *double* reason to be interested in good digestion—as a *chef* and as a *ball player*. On this score he says: "I smoke Camels for digestion's sake."

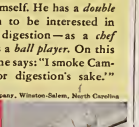
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Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic



PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE **COSTLIER TOBACCOS** IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE **LARGEST-SELLING** CIGARETTE IN AMERICA



JOE'S GRIP. "Ball players go for Camels in a big way," he says. "I stick to Camels. They don't irritate my throat."

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER

"Camels agree with me"

"We know tobacco because we grow it..."



"When Camel says 'costlier tobaccos' I know it's right," says Mr. Edward Estes, capable young planter, who knows tobacco from the ground up. "Take my last crop, for instance. Camel bought all the best parts—paid me the most I've ever gotten. The men who grow tobacco *know* what to smoke—*Camels!*"



"Last year I had the dandiest crop ever," says Mr. Roy Jones, another experienced planter who prefers Camels. "The Camel people paid more to get my choice lots. I smoke Camels because I know they use finer, costlier tobaccos in 'em. It's not surprising that Camel's the leading cigarette with us planters."



Mr. Harold Craig, too, is a successful grower who gives the planter's slant on the subject of the quality of leaf tobacco used for Camels. "I'm the fellow who gets the check—so I *know* that Camels use more expensive tobaccos. Camel got the best of my last crop. That holds true with most planters I know, too. You bet I smoke Camels. I know that those costlier tobaccos in Camels do make a difference."



Last year, Mr. Walter Devine's tobacco brought the highest price in his market. "Camel paid top prices for my best lots," he says. "And I noticed at the auction *other* planters got top prices from the Camel buyers *too* when their tobacco was extra-choice grade. Being in the tobacco *growing* business, I'm partial to Camels. Most of the other big growers here feel the same way."

"We smoke Camels because we know tobacco"

TOBACCO PLANTERS SAY

The Student



HOMECOMING

IT'S A THRILLING LIFE!

Folks who risk their lives as a matter of course are careful in their choice of a cigarette. They say:

"CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES"





MAN THROWS LION! Mel Koontz, noted lion and tiger tamer, schools "big cats" for Hollywood films. Sketch *(left)* shows Mel meeting the lunge of a savage 450-pound beast. That's where nerve-power tells—as Mel *knows!* He says this: "Camels don't jangle my nerves—my mind is at rest as to that! Camels are *milder*—the natural mildness that's *grown* right in the tobacco. We animal tamers stick to Camels!"



(Right) CRASHING A PLANE through a house is the spectacular specialty of Stunt Pilot Frank Frakes. And, at this writing, he's done it *53 times*—on movie locations, at exhibitions. Time after time, with his life actually in his hands, it's easy to understand why Pilot Frakes says: "I take every precaution to keep my nerves steady as a rock. Naturally, I'm particular about the cigarette I smoke. And you can bet my choice is Camel. I can smoke as many as I want and feel fresh; never a bit jittery or upset."





(Above) THREE TIMES Lou Meyer won the Indianapolis auto-racing classic—only driver in history to achieve this amazing triple-test of nerve control. He says: "My nerves must be every bit as sound as the motor in my racer. That's why I go for Camels. They never get on my nerves a bit. Camels take first place with me for *mildness!*"



(Left) THRILLING STUNTS for the movies! Ione Reed *needs healthy nerves!* Naturally, Miss Reed chooses her cigarette with care. "My nerves," she says, "must be right—and no mistake! So I stick to Camels. Even smoking Camels steadily doesn't bother my nerves. In fact, Camels give me a grand sense of comfort. And they taste so good! Stunt men and women favor Camels."

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic



PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Meet these men who live with tobacco from planting to marketing—and note the cigarette they smoke



"Most tobacco planters I know prefer Camels," says grower Tony Strickland, "because Camel buys the fine grades of tobacco—my own and those of other growers. And Camel bids high to get these finer lots. It's Camels for me!"



Planter David E. Wells knows every phase of tobacco culture . . . the "inside" story of tobacco quality. "At sale after sale," he says, "Camel buys up my finest grades at top prices. It's natural for most planters like me to smoke Camels."



"I ought to know finer tobaccos make finer cigarettes," says grower John T. Caraway. "I've been smoking Camels for 23 years. Camel pays more to get my finest tobacco—many's the year. Camels are the big favorite with planters here."



The Deacon Welcomes You,
Old Grads

Shoe-shine boy: Shine today mister.
Dr. Reid: No.
Boy: I'll shine them so you can see your face in them.
Dr. Reid: For the last time, NO.
Boy: Coward.

• ▲ •

The newlyweds on their honeymoon had the drawing room. The groom gave the negro porter a dollar not to tell anybody on the train that they were newlyweds. When the happy couple went to the diner for breakfast next morning all the passengers eyed them knowingly. The groom called the porter and demanded if he had told anyone that they were just married.

"No, suh," said the dusky porter. "I told 'em that you all were just good friends."

—*Exchange.*

• ▲ •

Rufus Pate (in cafe): Give me a steak, raw on one side and rare on the other.

Tony Gallovich: Give me a steak, and make it thicker and more rarer.

Jimmy Ringgold: Just clip the horns off and run the bull in here.

• ▲ •

"I'm stork mad," said the father of fifteen.

—*Pell Mell.*

• ▲ •

Some girls are like cigarettes: They come in packs; get lit; make you puff; go out unexpectedly; leave a bad taste in your mouth, and still they satisfy.

—*Duke 'n' Duchess.*

The magicion walked down to the footlights and asked a young lady to step up on the stage.

"Now, as the climaxing act," he said, "I'm going to saw this young lady in two. Does anyone object?"

"No, came a thunderous roar from the crowd."

"Do you all want to see it," he asked further.

"No," came the next reply.

"And the young lady or any of her sisters, do they mind."

The young lady shook her head, the sorority sisters roared their approval.

"Well, then," the magician said.

He sawed the girl in two.

We all thought it was funny as hell, but the police made quite a fuss over it.

—*Octopus.*

• ▲ •

Seagull No. 1: Who won the boat race down there below us, Harvard or Yale?

Seagull No. 2: Yale just crossed the line in the lead.

Seagull No. 1: And to think I put everything I had on Harvard.

—*Yale Record.*

• ▲ •

First Negro: What for dat doctoh comin' out youah house?

Second Negro: Ah dunno, but Ah think Ah's got an inkling.

—*Mercury.*

• ▲ •

He: May I have this dance?

She: Certainly, if you can find a partner.

—*Log.*

ALWAYS WELCOME

To The Most Friendly Place In Town

BEST WISHES TO THE DEACONS IN OUR HOMECOMING GAME

COLLEGE SODA SHOP

"THE FRIENDLY PLACE" NEXT TO POSTOFFICE

Delicious Butter Toasted Sandwiches

A COMPLETE LINE OF STUDENT NEEDS

FRED — BEN — SMUT — EDDIE

First Down; Ten To Go

By GORDON PHILIPS

ON A CRUMBY page of the October issue of *The Student* published in 1882 is found the first mention of football in the annals of Deacontown. To-wit, "The exciting game of football is popular with the students now. A club has been organized and handsomely uniformed. They challenged the rest of the students to a match, and the game was played. The result was a victory for the club by a score of 5 to 2."

That's where football got its start at Wake Forest. The students played among themselves during the days of '82. Then, something happened. The boys got less interested in the game and started to seek out the sport of croquet.

'Tis recorded in this mag for October, 1833, that "Some of our students who are not energetic enough to take part in games of football and baseball find amusement in croquet."

However, all of the croquet mallets must have been broken, for one reads in the November issue that "the football club has been reorganized and a new ball purchased." Great stress was laid upon the fact that a new ball had been bought. The Graham Plan not an issue, no mention as yet of buying players.

This club had practice sessions twice a week. Most of the men were light but very athletic. *The Student* predicted plenty of success for the new team on the field and hoped another team would be organized so that more interest would be taken in the game.

In '84, *The Student* records the fact that the team got a "first class ball" and plans were made to have a gym. The gym plans were delayed for quite a time, but eventually *The Student* came out with a big flash that the gym had arrived at the depot and would soon be installed. Gym meant to those boys equipment to be placed in a class room where the law school is now located.

Things seemed to continue in this uncertain state until Fair Week in Raleigh back in '88 produced another hot story. H. A. Foushee, ace sports writer of the decade and Wake Forest's first scribe, gives the inside dope on the first real intercollegiate game Wake Forest ever played—and the first game ever held in North Carolina. Let's give Foushee the floor.

"Three cheers for our team! The event of the session, so far, was the game of football between Chapel Hill and Wake Forest Thursday of Fair week, at the Raleigh Fair grounds. Our team had had their ball only three days and were sadly out of practice. Nevertheless, when they appeared on the grounds in their neat new uniform, they created a most favorable impression and loud continued cheering rent the air. The first game resulted in favor of the Chapel Hill team, owing to the fact that our boys

(*Continued on page 32*)



THE 1899 DEACONS

It Happened Here

By E. D. POE

IT HAS long been the custom, until it may even have become one of the mores of our nation for youth to go unrealizing that the fathers were once youths, and for the fathers to forget it. Therefore, we propose to illustrate to the "fathers" who might read this, the Homecoming edition, and to the present youth, that "kids is kids," regardless of whether they ride jitneys or hitch-hike.

Take for instance, those men who were boys along about 1911. Now, when you look back at them, and then take a good look at us, what is the real difference? They wore turtle-neck sweaters and carried canes when they dressed up, while we wear suede jackets, and wear plaid when we dress up, but that is a small thing.

How about the many and varied adventures of that inimitable Mr. Benny Adam "Pud" Thaxton of that glorious class of 1911? Particularly the time he took all his friends out to a rock-salt party.

Mr. Thaxton was particularly noted for his unexcelled powers of persuasion. When he unleashed the full force of this power on several of his contemporaries, Joseph Belton, Coite L. Sherrill and several others, he had little difficulty in inducing them, against their better judgment, to enter into an audacious exploration of the swimming qualities of a certain well-known, but seldom invaded, mill pond, owned by one of the few mortals of the time who did not recognize the fact that Wake Forest boys should be accorded special favor and privilege.

The pond lay some four miles away from the college, and is well known to many of the present students, though it is no longer of swimming depth, nor is the mill yet standing, except for a few foundation marks and heavier machinery which may still be seen.

The boys had just got well settled, a la Sally Rand, when the irate miller emerged from the mill, and in unmistakable terms requested the boys to dispatch themselves immediately from the premises.

Now here is where the indomitable qualities of Pud's character assume importance. He, instead of answering a meek "Yes sir," yelled derisively, and made that universal gesture of defiance, sometimes referred to as the "finger wave."

The miller, with little ado, dashed into the house, and returned bearing a gun loaded with shells of rock-salt, which he began to volley into the nude bathers, yelling all the while like an Apache Indian taking his first scalp.

It is with little strain that we imagine the disorder of the retreat of the intrepid bathers as they limped home, bearing many bruises, and their clothes in their hands.

And then there is the tale of one Stonewall Jackson Blackmon, of the class of 1915, a medical student, and a football player of no mean ability with an overwhelming penchant for art—mural art. In fact, his craving for this type of art led him to develop considerable skill in the production of it, especially on the walls of his room in the dormitory. That in itself is of little importance, however, since we all have, at one time or another indulged in the portrayal of Mae West or Venus in pencil upon smoothe plaster.

Then, as the year proceeded, the time for the Dean's annual inspection of the buildings came. It happened that Stonewall was in his room at the time of the Dean's arrival. Now Blackmon was adept at the use of the English language and was seldom at a loss for words. It was this power that saved him from the inevitable embarrassment of having the art treasures on the walls of his room exposed to the unappreciative eye of the Dean.

Stonewall Jackson Blackmon stood on the outside of his door, and with bulldog tenacity, engaged and held the worthy Dean in spellbound conversation. After some half an hour of trivial chatter, the Dean moved on down the hall, forgetting entirely to inspect Blackmon's room. As he proceeded down the hall, Blackmon proceeded to his bed in a state of utter collapse.

And now we are reminded of the Freshman in 1918, when all schools were equipped with R. O. T. C. units, who in his new uniform at his first drill, at the order, "At ease!" went the whole hog, and took his ease in a sitting position on the ground.

There is a particularly appealing story from the class of 1925. It concerns an athlete named Clyde F. Jones and another named W. E. "Blackboy" Daniel who after a

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A Surprised Swimming Party

When March sunshine had warmed the air
Nine boys from College Hill
Went walking as their custom was—
This time to Holding's mill.

The warmth reacting on their minds
Brought out a curious whim:
Said one at last, "I really think
I'd like to take a swim."

A swim in March, they all agreed
Would surely fill their cup
Of happiness—a thing unknown
Since Hector was a pup.

They came at length to Holding's pond
Which lay right in their path;
Without delay each boy prepared
To take his annual bath.

Neckties and shoes and socks came off
And what'er else they wore;
They heaped their clothes upon the ground
And boldly struck from shore.

Then like a flash of lightning keen
From sky swept clean of cloud
There came a shower of stinging shot,
The swimmers shrieked aloud.

For they were hit, some here some there,
The rushed toward the bank,
The shot had taken most effect
Where mother used to spank.

Now as they went from Holding's pond,
They traveled in a trot.
They longed to find the doctor quick
To get rid of that shot.

They found the doctor at his post
Who with his usual grace
Collected ammunition, while
Each boy lay on his face.

FLOYD T. HOLDEN, 1910, *one of the nine. Now professor of English at Baltimore City College.*

A Letter To The Grads

GENTLEMEN, those of you who return to your alma mater for Homecoming Day, will, if you have not seen the campus in several years, note a definite change in your surroundings. Forget for a moment the new buildings, recently paved streets, and improvements on the football field. They're worth looking at, to be sure, but right now you are asked to center your attention on a more curious phenomenon—the freshman, 1938 model. Notice his easy, confident manner—the calm insolence with which he blows cigarette smoke into an upperclassman's face—the air of satisfied well-being which demonstrates beyond doubt that the newishes feel that they have nothing to fear.

It wasn't like that when you were freshmen. The bravest of you had to own up to a slight prickly feeling in the region of your scalp at the sight of a leary-looking sophomore, and the more timorous members of your class scuttled about the dark paths on the campus like fearful rabbits, expecting every moment to be pounced upon and subjected to the treatment prescribed for unruly frosh by a great fraternity of self-appointed vigilantes.

This year's graduating class will be the first in the history of the college whose members will have no tales to tell of Wake Forest's own "terror that walked by night," for it was only in the spring of '35—just one season before the class of '39 made its appearance—that 29 repentant hazers —but that's getting ahead of the story.

How well you alumni must remember your introduction —first or second-hand—to the most violent manifestations of Wake Forest frosh-baiting—haircutting and blacking!

Although authorities seem rather hazy (no pun intended) in regard to the exact circumstances under which these two sports made their advent on the campus, they are believed to have become definite parts of student life here about twenty years after the Civil War.

About five men were required for the ordinary, routine haircutting—one to hold the victim's arms, one his legs, one to wield the shears, one to smear on the blacking, and one to hold a flashlight and serve as general. The usual procedure was to lie in wait for the prey on some dark, secluded path, pounce upon him suddenly, deprive him of his hair, and black his head and face in a manner which varied according to the artistic sensibilities of the attackers. If it became necessary to invade the freshman's room, a couple of extra men were generally carried along to assist in breaking down the door and holding roommates.

How you used to tremble at the thought of being blacked! Shoe polish or even dye wasn't so bad. With assiduous washing, waiting, and praying, it might come off, but shoe dye with a base of glue made a nasty mess which only time—and plenty of it—could erase. And printer's ink was also stubborn. As for silver nitrate—generally reserved for the most obstreperous frosh or the "best-hated" enemies of the hazers—the thought of that was a recurrent nightmare which caused you some of your worst moments. Of course you were told by fellow freshmen who "knew the ropes" that the stuff could be washed off if you succeeded in groping your way to a lavatory before light could strike your head and turn it black, but your chances of that seemed pretty slim.

But why did you feel such a morbid fear of the haircutters? Surely most of you were in no danger. Only a comparatively few heads of hair fell each year, and those, for the most part, belonged to the more conspicuously obnoxious freshmen. Why worry? The answer to this question lay in the dreadful uncertainty of the thing. You never knew when your turn would come. Maybe you were more conspicuous than you had supposed! Or perhaps you had incurred the enmity of some upperclassman who would tip off a ring to "get you"! Think how horrible it would be if you had to go home for the Christmas holidays with a shaven, ebony head!

No, the path of the freshman wasn't an easy one when Wake Forest made your acquaintance. Even if you weren't marked for the supreme indignity of being made bald, you were probably made to feel your inferiority keenly, both mentally and physically. The custom of "trotting the newish" from the train to the college might be elaborated in a later performance by a sharp stick held behind the frosh and by groups of upperclassmen stationed at intervals around the campus wall to serve as "trotters" in relays.

Another quaint custom which prevailed for a time was that of building a fire and "smoking the newish." It was too bad, of course, if smoke accidentally got into his lungs, but the whole procedure provided a fine Roman holiday for all concerned—except the smoked newish.

Do you remember the game of "Cuckoo"? It's one of the few relics of pre-sweetness-and-light days which still survive in contemporary rat courts. This pastime, as you may recall, is a contest of skill between two freshmen, one of whom lurke on top of a table while the other crouches underneath. The frosh below attempts to stick his head out, shout "Cuckoo," and withdraw said head before the man above can swat it with a rolled up newspaper or magazine. The newish who fails to thwart the other's efforts, be he high or low, receives a lusty blow with a belt.

Ah, yes, all of you have a fine store of reminiscences dating from the days of hazing on the campus. Some of you must remember "Jake," who served as a decoy duck for hapless freshmen, worming his way into their confidence by promises of protection and then leading them into the clutches of the haircutters. Then there was the man—now a prominent barrister—who let *one* of a raiding party into his room and kept him there all night at the point of a gun. And how about the two freshmen from the mountains who sent a raiding party to the infirmary with wounds administered with a knife and a chair? Perhaps you remember, too, the hazer who lost a *borrowed* hat while hazing, causing no end of difficulty for the real owner and placing himself completely at the mercy of the hazed frosh.

You didn't hear much talk about the possibility of stopping haircutting and blacking. Nobody thought it would ever be possible. Hazing was an inseparable part of college life, and nothing could uproot it. But you reckoned

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Wake Forest 7; State 21

But Oh, What a Ball Game

IT was the eleventh annual footall contest between the "Demon Deacons" of Wake Forest and the "Wolfpack" of State College.

The sky was clear and the air was just right for a football game, not so cold that the spectators sat in the stands and thought of the painful numbness that was in their hands and feet instead of the game that was to begin in just a few minutes. It was a clear, cold day with no wind to influence kicks or passes. The largest crowd ever to attend a football game at Riddick field packed the stands and left many vainly searching for seats. All of the enthusiastic spectators comfortably housed great delicious Thanksgiving dinners of turkey, oyster dressing, and cranberry sauce.

The State team trotted upon the field. They were the favorites in that Thanksgiving, 1919 game. The people on the north side of the field rose as a man and a cheer rolled across the field and on out into Hayes Barton. The "Wolfpack" wore bright red jerseys and looked like a legion of Goliaths to the loyal Wake Forest supporters who knew that soon their little Davids would appear on the field. The Techs began warming up; they kicked and ran and passed up and down the field.

Down at the far end of the field a feeble cheer went up which passed as a wave the length of south stands. The Wake Forest team jogged upon the field. There were only about eighteen of the Demons. There are no coaches accompanying them on the field. The black-jerseyed Deacons were in single file, and far up in the stands a pretty little brunette (who had been going to football games with college boys for twenty years) asked her escort, who was wearing a black freshman cap with "W. F." on it, who that "handsome dark-haired boy leading the team" was. The freshman looked down at her with adoration in his eyes and said, "Why, that's Harry Rabenhorst. Boy, he is the best ball player that ever played on this field. He ain't so handsome, though. Gosh, you ought to see him close up; you wouldn't like him at all." The little girl looked up at her escort admiringly (which made him think he was "King Bee") and asked, "Well, what's he so good at?" The freshman, who now felt that he had nothing to worry about, replied, "Gosh, he's captain of the team, the coach, and he plays fullback and halfback. He's plenty good. He can kick, run, pass, and do 'most everything." They both turned their eyes back to the field to watch Rabenhorst and his charges go through their warming up procedure. Rabenhorst was consistently booting the ball fifty yards down the field. Before many minutes had passed the teams retired to the sidelines.



HARRY RABENHORST
Captain, Coach—1919

On the north side of the field the State coach told his charges what plays to use at what time, and told them that, though they were favorites and had been talked of in the papers, they had a hard ball game ahead of them and to go out and play hard ball.

On the south side Rabenhorst and his ten team-mates kneeled on the ground and waited without a word; there was no need for instructions. They all knew their assignments, and could always look to Harry to call exactly the right play and do the right thing.

An official came over to the Wake Forest side, and Rabenhorst got up to meet him. The official introduced himself, and they shook hands. From the opposite side of the field another official and the captain of the State team approached the center of the field; Rabenhorst and the official walked out to meet them. After introductions all around, a coin was tossed, and Wake Forest won the toss. Harry elected to defend the east goal, and State chose to kick. The captains shook hands again and trotted back to their respective teams.

(*Continued on page 25*)

Forty Love; Poteat Serving

By PHIL LATTA

ON AN AUTUMN afternoon just about twenty years ago, four men were playing tennis. On one side of the net were Dr. Hubert Poteat and Mr. Earnshaw, coaches of the tennis team. On the other were the two members of the current varsity, which was good enough to win every intercollegiate match played that year.

Amazed observers of the game this particular afternoon were treated to a breath-taking exhibition of shots rarely seen on a court. Mr. Earnshaw's high-thrown serve was picking first one court then the other, and Dr. Hubert's sharply-angled serves kept his opponents running or caught them flat-footed for aces.

Whenever the ball was put into play, flashes of white down the alleys, hard placements down the middle, or deadly volleys and smashes that nicked the sidelines soon ended the point.

The games went rapidly. Forty-love. A love game. A second love game. A third. A fifth. Finally, a love set with the loss of a single point.

The collegians were bewildered. Nowhere had they seen such play in college circles. It is not so bad when an opponent merely keeps you running; but when he keeps you not knowing where to run, or seeing it is no use to run, you can only grin and look foolish. That was the way this afternoon.



THE EARNSHAW-POTEAT COMBINATION
After winning Southern Intercollegiate Championship, Atlanta, 1907.

In four sets, Poteat and Earnshaw lost exactly four points—made only four errors, although they were hitting the ball so hard that the younger men could not follow it. And remember, this was the varsity team which had comparatively easy going against every college pair it met.

There you have a picture of Wake Forest's premier tennis players at the top of their game. Old-timers can recall many afternoons of similar scenes, either facing those bullet drives and serves, or watching (and crowds would go by the court to watch) the current varsity pair fighting desperately to prevent a whitewashing.

Of course, it was not every afternoon that Poteat and Earnshaw were so near absolute perfection in their play. No two men could be—not Tilden, Vines, Perry, or Budge. But in approximately twenty years of coaching the college tennis teams, they never found a single pair which could beat them, and at the end they could count on the fingers of one hand, without using all fingers, the number of sets they had lost.

It was no wonder that the men they trained could win in college competition, for after Poteat and Earnshaw other opponents seemed ordinary. Once, in 1919, they sent out a team which won the open state tournament—because, the men said, the two coaches did not enter.

Consequently, the story of tennis at Wake Forest is largely the story of E. B. Earnshaw and Hubert Poteat.

Earnshaw it was who arranged the first intercollegiate tennis match in North Carolina. This was in 1903, and the other college was Trinity, now known as Duke. The Bursar relates that the match was played on Trinity's old baseball diamond, and that freshmen ran their legs off chasing balls. Playing with Earnshaw that day was Jim Turner (now pastor of the First Baptist Church in Griffin, Ga.), and the Wake Forest pair won easily.

After this victory, they arranged matches with Guilford and Carolina, winning these as handily. Hubert Poteat replaced Turner as Earnshaw's partner, and these two established a competition record that had the state marvelling. The *Howler* of 1907 said: "If there is one game in which Wake Forest excels, it is tennis. We have a record unsurpassed in the history of intercollegiate games, having

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I expectorate a first prize

"I've nothing—and my watch has only sentimental value."
"Hand it over, I feel like having a good cry anyway."
—*Grit.*

"Did you test this stuff, Joe?"
"Yeh, I poured some in the ash-tray to burn it."
"Did it burn green?"
"I don't know—I can't find the ash-tray."

"I heard the kid bawling last night."
"And after four bawls he got his base warmed."

Student in car (to sweet young thing): Pardon me—er—but—

Sweet Young Thing: No, you've never met me at Palm Beach, Newport, or Saranac Lake. I wasn't in the Pullman car on the New York Express last Tuesday afternoon. I know I'm good looking and I'm not bashful. I'm not going your way and I wouldn't ride with you on a bet. I didn't ever go to school with you; I'm not waiting for a street car, I don't want a lift and I know plenty of college boys. Furthermore, I have a 220-pound fiance waiting for me. Now, were you going to say something?

Student in car: Yes, darn it, you're losing your underwear!

—*Froth.*

Infant: Baby wants a new pair of shoes.

Mother: Oh, baby does, does she? Well, baby'd better come across with some bright sayings that'll sell or baby'll go barefoot.

—*Ski-U. Mah.*

Sim Caldwell: I'd like to buy a shirt.
Female Clerk: Neck?
Sim Caldwell: Yeah, but right now I want a shirt.

"Black boy, how did you all get all dat soot on yo' coat?"
"Dat ain't soot, Carbona, dat's dandruff."
—*Yellow Jacket.*

"Hi there, big boy, how'd you like a red hot date with a cute little devil?"
"Fine, baby. O.K."
"Go to hell, big boy, go to hell."
—*Bison.*

The family was down and out. They had no food, and both the father and mother were out of work. The eight children were on the verge of starvation—they had not seen food for three days.

And then they got a break! One night the stork visited the house. It brought sunshine to the faces of the kiddies. The mother and father grew fat with pride. Another kid? Heck, no! Roast stork for breakfast!

A STUPENDOUS DRAMA IN ONE ACT

Scene: A crowded trolley car. A young lady is vainly groping for her purse to pay her fare. A young man is standing nearby with anguish written plainly on his handsome features.

Young Man: Pardon me, miss, but may I pay your fare?

Young Lady: Sir!

(Several seconds groping.)

Young Man: I beg your pardon again, young lady, but won't you let me pay your fare?

Young lady: Why, I don't even know you, and anyway, I'll have this purse open in a minute.

(Continued groping.)

Young Man: I really must insist on paying your fare. You've unbottoned my suspenders three times.

(*Curtain*)

—*Beanpot.*

STUDENTS
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Mrs. Jones of the suburbs had finally discharged her extremely dumb maid. The maid was all packed and ready to go and Mrs. Jones was writing out her check. The maid was annoyed at losing a good position and didn't intend to have her mistress get off quite free. The maid began to make conversation:

"At least, I guess I'm better looking than you, anyway, even if I can't wait on the table good."

Mrs. Jones was a little shocked. "Oh, indeed—well—whoever told you that?"

"Your husband."

At this the conversation very appropriately lapsed for a while until the maid again got loquacious and said, "And I can kiss much better than you, too"

Mrs. Jones was a little worried. "So? Well, now; who told you that?"

"The chauffer told me that." —*Wataugan.*

Knott: How come you resigned from the choir?

Lawrence: I wasn't there one Sunday and somebody asked if they'd fixed the organ.

"Guess how old I am."

"21."

"No."

"24."

"No."

"23."

"No, try 22."

"22."

"No!" —*Record.*



Having their own Hit Parade

"Izzy, vere iss my glasses?"

"On you nose, fadder."

"Vy must you always be so indefinite, Izzy?" —*Pup.*

Moore: Say, got a cigarette?

Stone: Sure, but they're all promised.

—*Wataugan.*

Teacher: What is your worst sin?

Student: Vanity—I stand in front of my mirror for hours admiring my beauty.

Teacher: That's not vanity—that's imagination.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

"John, what is the Ancient Order of Bath?"

"Me first, Willie second."

—*Skipper.*

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From Wagon-Tongue Bats

By EUGENE BRISSIE

PIONEERS OF BASEBALL at Wake Forest found the setting quite different from that which surrounds the diamond lovers of the college today. Their difficulties were numerous—not to mention the pine trees and broom sedge that covered the first field used by the wagon-tongue wielders. However, these heroes of swat were not discouraged by unimportant items such as misfortunes and home-carved bats.

Baseball was first played at Wake Forest College in 1866 on a field which was made by the boys themselves. It was located on a strip of land that ran between a fence, which surrounded the front portion of the campus at that time, and the railroad track. It was covered with broom sedge, dotted with young pines, and seamed with gullies leading to a dip which lay where the underpass now stands. The history of this field was made and broken in a few days, for, unfortunately, F. P. Hobgood was blinded by the sun and struck in the eye by a fly ball. After this accident, the field was abandoned, and a new site chosen was the land where the church now stands, and where presumably the sunlight was more favorable.

Little encouragement could be found among the non-participants of the new game. J. J. Mills, who was editor of the *Biblical Recorder* at that time, wrote: "Baseball is an excellent employment for those who have nothing else to do, but we are sorry for those who, in these busy times, have nothing else to do." Much was done to attempt to kill the sport that was making "idlers" out of the boys who might have otherwise amounted to something worthwhile. In Volume 10 of *The Student*, G. W. Greene wrote a description of one of the very first match games. They had played others to this time, he said, but he didn't have any record of them. In the game he states that Frank Hobgood was first baseman and captain, and he, Mr. Greene, acted as umpire. The game was against the Neuse Club of Raleigh and was played in the spring of 1869. Robert S. Pritchard, of Richmond, Virginia, starred in that game for the 19th century Deacons.

The National Pastime at Wake Forest

For the next decade the history of this favorite sport among the North Carolina schools is rather dim. It seems that professional players of higher leagues came down and played among the college teams, thus inflating the chances of some schools and diminishing the hopes of those who allowed only bona fide students to play.

In 1889 Wake Forest came to the front again, although this year the team was hampered by the loss of baseball men who were also football players, as football season continued until April that year. It was in this year that the boys played Raleigh in a match game, winning 37-1. In this game, as well as many others of the period, Tom Holding was a big hero and the boys from the capital couldn't touch anything he decided to "chunk." R. Dixon, Dr. H. A. Royster, and J. White, as well as the now North Carolina Supreme Court Justice Devin were others who succeeded in making cider out of the apple offered by the Raleigh pitcher. During this year W. C. Riddick, who was football coach, aided the boys by giving them pointers to improve their methods and skill of baseball.

During the season of 1894, the boys uncovered a pitcher who "showed opponents no mercy." A lad by the name of Smith (not fictitious) did a major portion of the hurling that year, striking out 38 batsmen and winning all but one of the team's victories. The schedule included games with Oak Ridge, the University of Virginia, A. and M. College (State to you), and V. M. I. To contribute further to the season's success, Stafford, the catcher of the club, hit four homers and Solomon, Holding, and Kimball collaborated on quite a few double plays for which they became famous along the state baseball front. Actions of a partial umpire, who was an alumnus of the University of Virginia, cheated the boys out of a victory in their game with the University of Virginia, thereby giving them the only defeat they suffered all season.

The largest schedule up to that time came in 1896, when 13 games were played. Nevertheless, an even break was all the boys could get in victories. R. B. Powell campaigned and pitched for the Deacons, and his curves were dealing such blows to North Carolina teams that Oak Ridge canceled the three-game series which was to have been played with Wake Forest.

Tragedy invaded the ranks of the local nine, unfortunately, when they turned globe-trotters and made an extended and almost inconceivable journey into distant South Carolina. Wofford gave them three very interesting games, before they journeyed on to Greenville to test the strength of the Purple or Hurricane on the Furman field. Experiences in foreign land were ruthless in nature, for a Wake man had his watch lifted while at Furman. To add further to the clouds of gloom surrounding the North Carolina Baptists, another Wake Forest man lost his glove, and in a fit of intensified anger threatened "to throw away his arm." This was too much; the next day the Deacons moved north and with saddened hearts returned home, very disappointed in "Sandlappers."

Several years of comparative silence ensued during the next few years. Reports of Deacon successes were written largely in terms of hurling hand-grenades into Spanish trenches and battling at the gates of San Juan. Fortunately, the war didn't last long, nor did it cripple Wake Forest excessively. Enthusiasm for the game temporarily died, and diamondeers feared the death and burial of king baseball was inevitable.

The dawn of a new interest and vigor in the sport was spotted on the horizon of the early 20th century. One John G. Mills came to Wake Forest in 1902 as the first official trainer and coach of baseball. His first attempts to mold a

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The Ancient Greeks

By ROSS HILL

HUMAN nature has willed that men of similar thoughts, ideals, and beliefs shall seek each other out as companions. The fraternity is simply an outgrowth of this instinct. Let us glance backward: Shortly after Wake Forest College opened her doors for the first time, the human instinct of gregariousness manifested itself in the form of two literary societies. These rival societies—and rivals they were, if some of the tales are true—rushed the men they wished for members, and each group lived in its own dormitory. These societies still survive as centres of interest in forensics and account for the highly successful record of our debating teams.

Bit by bit the college enrollment increased and the social fraternity made its appearance on the campus to satisfy the demand for closer companionship. In 1861, a group of students met and organized the D. V. L. fraternity (now non-existent) which was the oldest local fraternity in the United States. Shortly afterward Tau chapter of Kappa Alpha was established and these two fraternities existed for about seven years until banned by the college administration. This ban was first lifted in 1903 and then only for a year. During that time they organized themselves not only socially but politically as well and within a few months they gained complete control of the two most prominent campus organizations, the Euzelian and Philomathesian Literary Societies. Commenting on this condition *The Student* (December, 1906) says in an editorial: ". . .when the time came to elect officers or representatives of the societies this element (the fraternity element) would put up some man regardless of his fitness and stand as one man for him when a stronger, more efficient man would be his opponent." Rumors of these conditions reached the ears of the trustees and for this reason more than any, according to *The Student,* the fraternities were ordered to disband.

Members of these organizations were undaunted by these orders, however, and many illegal secret organizations continued to exist until 1922, among the more prominent of which were the "Night Hawks," D. V. L., K. A., Phi Kappa Beta (now non-existent, founded 1912), and A. P. O. In the spring of 1919 an authority discovered Alpha Phi Omega in full session. The names of its members were reported to the faculty with the recommendation that they be expelled in accordance with the trustee ruling. The faculty rather reluctantly took such action. Agitation regarding this matter and the recognition of these organizations reached such a height in 1922 that the trustees reinstated the delinquents and ordered an investigation of the whole situation. At the commencement exercises that year the Board of Trustees authorized the legalization of Greek letter fraternities, subject to regulation of the faculty.

From that day until this the fraternities at Wake Forest have expanded with amazing sureness and rapidity. The year 1923 saw Chi Tau, Pi Beta Nu (now non-existent), Theta Kappa Nu, Theta Kappa Psi Medical Frat (no chapter here now), and Chi Zeta Chi Med. Frat (no chapter here now), make their appearances on the campus. The following year Pi Gamma Sigma and Alpha Pi Delta were established, and in 1925 Chi Theta chapter of Phi Rho Sigma national medical fraternity was installed. Delta Sigma Chi, Lambda Tau (now non-existent), and Beta Gamma chapter of Gamma Eta Gamma, national law fraternity, were installed in 1927. Chi chapter of Alpha Kappa Pi was installed in 1932, and Tau Kappa Chapter of Phi Chi, national medical fraternity, was granted a charter in 1934.

In 1936 there were only three national social fraternities on the campus: Kappa Alpha, Theta Kappa Nu, and Alpha Kappa Pi. Realizing the advantages and benefits that their organizations would derive from good national lodges, the local chapters began to dicker with various national Greek letter fraternities. Pi Gamma Sigma scored first when it was granted a charter in December, 1937, from Kappa Sigma. Not long afterward Delta Sigma Chi became a colony of Sigma Pi, and almost simultaneously A. P. D. became a chapter of Delta Sigma Phi. The granting of these charters to the local chapters at Wake Forest is adequate proof of the stability and the worth-whileness of the fraternities and the fraternity system at Wake Forest. It is to be definitely understood that these national organizations would never have established themselves here had they believed that in so doing they would be jeopardizing their national standing.

The fraternities are governed by the Pan-Hellenic Council, a body composed of a Junior and Senior representative from each of the lodges. The Council awards a silver trophy each year to the fraternity which has the highest scholastic average, and a decorations trophy to the fraternity with the most attractive homecoming display. Rules regarding rushing, dancing, and any infraction of Pan-Hellenic regulations must be tried before this group. Last year they staged successfully the first "big time" dance ever put on by any Wake Forest organizations.

The Greek Letter Men at Wake Forest

What are the fraternities accomplishing? Around the fraternities the social life of the college is built—and while this might not be the most important factor in campus life, certainly it is necessary for a well rounded education. With a home-like atmosphere they substitute in some measure for the social life the student receives in his own home. The wholesome social life found in the lodges cannot be found in other campus organizations. And added to that, contrary to popular opinion, the fraternity, especially here at Wake Forest, offers conditions conducive to study. Certainly this is a laudable trait in any group of students. These things, together with the spirit of brotherhood which any Greek letter man on the campus will vouch for, have united to place Wake Forest fraternities on a level with any in the nation.

Dribbling Along With The Deacons

By FRANK THOMPSON

EVERY YEAR sport fans from all over the nation have been crowding into gymnasiums to see games of basketball played by young athletes who provide them with a thrill a minute by their cleverness, speed, and endurance. Basketball has had a thrilling history in these United States, and the same sport has had the same kind of a history here at Wake Forest. Some of the most exciting moments in the lives of all of us have come from seeing a fellow win a game in the last minute by tossing a basketball through the hoop. Deacontown has seen some of the finest athletes ever produced in this state represent her on the basketball court.

To give a factual history of basketball would require a book much larger than the magazine which you are now reading, but we may pass lightly over the years and recall to your minds some of the finest moments of your college life. Those were moments which you spent in the gymnasium watching Bill Holding, Al Dowtin, or Jim Waller rack up points which meant victory or near victory for Wake Forest.

Basketball was played at Wake Forest as early as 1902 and 1903, but at that time it was played out-of-doors on rough ground. While browsing through the old *Howlers* recently, I came across the record for 1906 which related that R. A. Crozier, a new coach, had moulded a team around Vergil Couch, a team which won more than fifty percent of its games. Here we seem to have about the earliest record of a sport which has produced some of Wake Forest's most famous sons.

Royall Holding led a Wake quintet in 1911 which compiled an enviable record. Perhaps some of you men remember that Holding returned to school to captain a club which won well over eighty percent of its games. After 1911 there seems to have been an era in Deacon history which might well be called the Holding-Utley era. During the early years of the second decade the Deacon quint had on it Royall Holding, Bill Holding, Bruce Holding, and Phil Utley, all of whom were stars.

In 1913 the North Carolina Intercollegiate Basketball League was formed. The league was made up of teams from Carolina, State, Elon, and Wake Forest. It was the Deacon team, led by the Holdings and Utley, that won the championship the first year of the league's existence. The next year also proved to be a banner one, with Wake Forest winning two of three games with Carolina, to take the State title for the second straight year. Credit for leading this team to the championship goes again to Bill Holding and Captain G. M. Billings. Wake Forest had by this time established itself as a real power in basketball, as well as in other sports. It must have made the men of those days feel mighty fine to have a ball team win the championship twice in a row. But we have not covered the whole story. Among others who played in this period were Carey Dowd, Gaither Beam, Hamilton Davis, and Sam Turner.

1915 marks another great year of the Holding (Bob Holding was captain for two years) era which is certainly the greatest of several great eras. The team of that year won 12 games and lost 4; they lost the championship to Elon on a technical point. The greatest of all the pre-war teams was assembled in 1916. This team played every team in the state, with one exception, without losing once. It might be interesting for you to recall that the 1916 team played over half of its games on foreign courts, and lost only two games the whole season. Roanoke College and V. P. I. won the only two games lost by the Deacons that year.

We have now travelled on down through the years to see basketball firmly established in Deacontown, interest surviving even through years when it must have seemed as though we were never going to return to our former heights. To me, this evidence of interest shows some fine sportsmanship. The years from 1917 through 1919 represent poor years for basketball. Some notable individual stars, such as Irving Carlyle, Bill Feezor, and Harry Rabenhorst, were produced but the team records show a winning average of less than .500. It is interesting to note what the *Howler* has said about those unlucky teams. In 1918 the editor of that publication must have been an extremely well-mannered sort of a chap, diplomatic, to say the least. He records the season like this: "While not laying any claims to the state championship, the Wake Forest team made a good record this year, considering the difficulties it had to face." Behind these lines you men can probably see the clouds of the Great War, and the hardships it inflicted on sports as well as men. You can see, too, that basketball still held the interest of the war-conscious student body.

After the war Bill Holding returned as coach and turned out two mighty fine teams. The 1920 team, you will remember, was forced to cancel a trip to Virginia because of the flu epidemic. Basketball began an upward swing while Holding remained as coach until 1923. In 1922 the Deacon quintet, according to the *News and Observer*, "went like a house afire." That team, lead by Captain Heckman, won ten of fourteen games, the most notable of which was the last game with State in which Heckman pulled the game out of the fire in the last few minutes.

In 1923 Hank Garrity came to Wake Forest as head coach. All of you remember the great football teams produced by Hank, and you must also remember that he carried on from where Holding left off, to produce equally great basketball clubs. The 1924 team made a fine record, but it was the state championship team of 1925 which lifted the Deacons back to the heights of '14. "Cowboy" Emmerson and Murray Greason were the shining lights in '25 with a team which averaged 32 points a game.

In 1926 Garrity moulded another team around Emmerson and Greason, a team which seemed destined to repeat the record of the team for the year before. The boys got off to a fine start and were really "hot" when they met Carolina for the first time. They met the Tar Heels, and defeated them by a single point in one of the most spec-

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From a French Visitor to His Sister

Translated by W. H. BROOKS

Dear Sis:

This is the friendliest place in the world. Why, even the football players speak to you when you meet them on the campus!

I know that it has been a long time since I've written, but I've been doing so many interesting things and meeting so many unusual people that I have scarcely had time to breathe, let alone keep up my correspondence.

Just yesterday I was walking down the street somewhat forlornly, homesick for the old familiar sights of our home, when all of a sudden a veritable mountain of flesh loomed suddenly before me. "Hello, son," the bulk rumbled.

"Greetings to you also. Is your family well?"

"That's none of your business, son. You're a freshman, ain't you? Well, why ain't you wearing the Wake Forest colors? I 'spect maybe I had better sell you some, because if I don't you're liable to get yourself in trouble."

Just imagine, sis. A perfect stranger being so concerned over my health. You could tell, too, that he was one of the really big men on the campus.

I have spoken already twice about football players, and I know that you are wondering what these are. I don't know quite how to describe the thing to you. Really, all it is is organized mayhem. Perhaps it is better to acquaint you with a few of the rules and regulations.

The playing field is a rectangular area, about forty by a hundred yards. It is bounded on all sides by a white chalk line beyond which it is illegal to slug the opposition. At intervals other lines cut the field into ten equal segments, each ten yards long and forty wide. These lines are composed of lime, and the idea appears to be to attempt to get as much of it as possible into the other fellow's eyes.

Do you remember, sis, how we used to pore over the pictures in the old Latin books which Grandfather left us? And how we used to shudder at the ones which dealt with gladiatorial combats of the ancient Romans? Well, for sheer force of presentation and brutality, these contests make those look like kindergarten picnics. Nothing in the old days could equal the pompous pageantry of football. It is purely flesh pitted against flesh. The spectacle is undoubtedly barbaric yet strangely exciting.

Apparently, the primary rule of the game is that no more than twenty-five men are permitted on the field at one time. Eleven of these are paid by one institution and fourteen by the other. Eleven men on each side are dressed in heavily padded uniforms, while the three remaining dress as civilians, though they at times take an active part in the brawl.

At each end of the field are two uprights joined together near their tips by crossbars. These structures are for the benefit of the spectators who become so wrought up over the game that they fight to see who shall have the privilege of destroying the posts. I hear that portions are highly regarded as souvenirs. One state college team went so far as to have rings made from a piece captured from the Wake Forest field. These they gave to the members of the football team, by whom they are prized more highly than money, almost.

This afternoon I attended my first game. On three sides of the arena the audience was seated on tiers rising in regular layers. They were all making a lot of noise and were as concerned over the merits of the two teams as the people of our country are over the fate of Czechoslovakia. They are quite definitely divided into two hostile factions, each side having, as one of the old professors here puts it, "about as much use for the other as the devil has for holy water!"

All at once there was a tremendous outburst of sound! I looked about to discover the source, but all I saw was a bunch of players trotting out on the field. I was little prepared for what was to follow.

The players lined up on opposite ends of the field, glaring at each other across the intervening space like leashed tigers. Suddenly one of the civilians on the field blew a whistle. Immediately the opposing mobs rushed madly towards each other with quite evident intent to do violence to such of the other side as got in their way. Then the puzzling part begins.

Instead of finishing the thing then and there, there was a momentary lull in the hostilities. Then at a signal, which I didn't catch, they surged again at each other. Back and forth across the field and up and down its length they madly lunged. They bit, slapped, kicked, clawed, bit, spat, wrestled and cussed, for all the world like twenty-two old maids marooned on a desert island and fighting over the only man. I was very much entertained until I noticed the unfair methods being used by one of the sides.

Every two or three minutes a new man would be sent in in exchange for a used one. By this token I perceived that this affair was to be even more savage and brutal than I had at first thought. The Romans were a bunch of sissies. The more money a school has to hire players the better chance it has of winning. All that is necessary to win is to keep a constant stream of men going back and forth. Naturally, those teams having a smaller number of men stand very little chance of coming out unscathed against such an aggregation of man power. It does seem that each school in a particular league could be limited to a definite number of men, but then they might run afoul of the peculiar labor laws they have in this country.

As the game progressed and I learned more and more about it, I was more and more impressed with the resemblances between the sport as it stands and the gladiatorial combats, which I have already mentioned a time or two. Now, as then, the players are brought from far and near, even from foreign countries, to take part in the contests. However, the ones in charge of the modern proceedings are handicapped a little by their President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation. They can't force men to fight either animals or other men for the public amusement. For them it is unfortunate that they can't own slaves, who would do the fighting for their masters as a matter of course. These

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HARRY WILLIAMS, Editor

SHERWOOD STATON, Business Manager

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HOMECOMING—

Before we go into detail about homecoming and alumni and all that sort of thing let us warn the freshmen (such warning appears to be necessary) that homecoming is not a day on which the students of the college are to go home.

First we would like to welcome the alumni back to Wake Forest and we hope that they will have a high old time at the game, which we hope like the devil we will win, seeing their old friends and classmates, at the pledge dance in Raleigh, or just walking around the campus, taking in the physical improvements and recalling old memories of the times they had while they were here in school.

Welcome home, old grads, we're glad to have you.

In this issue we have tried to bring back memories for you alumni by re-telling stories of Wake Forest and Wake Forest men. At a time when we are making gridiron history we are all interested in the football stories of the past, so we have tried to tell you something about the football we have had here: the 1924 championship team, the 1899 near-championship team, and of the record-breaking punt of Captain Harry Rabenhorst in 1919. We have re-hashed old tales of our basketball and baseball teams and have again told the story of the Earnshaw-Poteat tennis combination that took all comers. The legends of the hazing and pranks of the students have again been presented with the hope that you will remember some of them and again think of the happiest days of your lives.

Again, welcome home, alumni, we hope that you enjoy being with us as much as we enjoy having you.

• ▲ •

WAKE FOREST SPIRIT—

What is this thing called "Wake Forest Spirit"? What is any school spirit? It seems that many students of Wake Forest and many other schools do not really understand what a real school spirit is.

Wake Forest Spirit is not something that is exhibited only at football games and other athletic contests, though a sort of pseudo-spirit is most in evidence on these occasions. It seems that a great many students and alumni feel a personal grudge against any student of a rival institution—they do not take into account that one person may desire courses that are not offered at Wake Forest; that they have sentimental attractions for another school because perhaps their fathers and brothers went to that school; that they might go to another school more cheaply than they could come to Wake Forest; there are a multitude of reasons why a boy may choose another school other than Wake Forest. It is perhaps this personal feeling against the students of another school that is the basis of the most per-

(*Continued on page 30*)

Anecdotes And Philosophy

By RAY and BILL

I WAS sitting in the club-house the other night with one fist glued to a scuttle of suds and attempting with the other to keep at arms length our playful little club mascot, one Leo the Cockroach. I was sitting there in a mild and pensive mood, when suddenly my man Godfrey, who is my trusted friend and confidante, turned to me and spoke in slow and solemn measure.

"College students do not know everything."

Now to say that I was astounded would be gross understatement. I had had no inkling heretofore that Godfrey was a philosopher.

"Godfrey," I Godfreyed, "the originality of your observation amazes me. But pray tell me how, why, and through what process of reasoning did you reach that conclusion?"

Godfrey sniffed a time or two between belches. Then he blew the foam from his beef broth, took a deep fortifying pull, and began his lengthy answer.

"Now take your first-year med student Bob Allen."

"Continue, Godfrey."

Godfrey continued.

"Frosh med student Allen had sat through a very detailed and no doubt intelligent discussion of the day's assignment under Dr. Carpenter. He had been very attentive to every word the utterer uttered . . ."

(At this point I was forced to remark that it seemed to me much more likely that that lovely blond vision, Margaret O'Brien, had received the bulk of Mr. Allen's attention.)

"When Dr. Carpenter finished his lecture," Godfrey continued with lofty disdain of my vulgarity, "he asked if there was any point in that day's lesson which he had failed to bring up.

"'Yes,' asserted Allen, 'Syndismosis.'

"'Syndismosis? Well, suppose, Mr. Allen, you enlighten us. Just what is syndismosis?'

"'Damn if I know,' said Allen."

To wash the taste of this feeble attempt I was forced to other another gallon of suds. When it came I looked at it a moment rather doubtfully. All of a sudden a hand came down from above my left shoulder and snatched the bucket away from my slobbering bridgework. I looked up with considerable indignation to discover the cause thereof, and immediately thereafter did subside limply into my seat with a low moan of anguish. It was Willie the Moocher who always insists on paying for his drink with a story.

"Y'know, boys, I hope our host has been as good to us as an Eyetalian innkeeper once was to 'Slick' Sledd."

"Yes, Willie, go on and get it over with."

"Once Dr. Sledd was travelling through the hills just outside of Rome. As the time for noon-day meal drew near, he began to look around for a suitable place to eat. As he was passing a tiny house set off from the side of the road, a very small girl came tugging at his coat-tails.

"'Please, signor, you come and eat with us?'

"'Why, yes, my child, I believe I will.'

"Once on the inside of the house he found that the whole place was scrupulously clean. When the owners of the inn found that Slick was an American, they nearly killed him with kindness. They had a long-lost son in America, named Guiseppe. Had the signor seen him? Dr. Sledd told that he knew a Guiseppe in Raleigh and they were sure that it must be their own boy. Nothing was too good for the American signor who had brought them word of Guiseppe.

"With his meal Sledd had ordered a pint of inexpensive, unfermented red wine, of about the same strength as our grape juice. But, because he had brought such good news, the host served him the strongest drink in the house without mentioning the difference.

"When Dr. Sledd got up to go he did not notice anything amiss. But after he had walked down the road a little way he began to feel woozy. He got so dizzy he had to sit down on the grass at one side of the road. The trees began to dance around him. 'Well, look at that,' he said to himself. 'That little maple hasn't a partner. The next time she comes around I'm going to dance with her! About a half hour later he woke up with his arms clasped about the trunk of the tree. His head was swimming like a soap bubble in a whirlpool. And that, boys, is what I hope happens to us."

"Well, thanks for the drink. I'll be seeing you."

"Godfrey," I mouthed, "that guy is as perennially irritating as Bull Memory's yearly tale about the guy who came to see him while wearing a Hart Shaffner & Marx suit and demanded an N. Y. A. job. I must say, though, that both of them wear well, both being in circulation after all these years and remaining at a consistently low level.

"Speaking of low levels—a professor at one of the smaller denominational schools in the state was recently giving a lecture on the evils of dancing.

"'Why,' he says, to clinch his argument, 'I had rather commit adultery in my parlor than to have people see me dancing!'

"A little freshman away back in the back of the room and wishing to get in solid with the professor piped up in a loud and strident treble, 'Well, goodness, professor, I'd like to see the man who wouldn't!'"

Now that was a very embarrassing moment. And it brings to my mind the time when one of the students here at Wake Forest was taking an exam under Dr. Reid. Now this said student was a great believer in refreshing one's memory upon occasion during the course of the examination. For some reason, Dr. Reid happened to be in the back of the room for a moment or two, and the student didn't see him. Thinking that the coast was clear, he proceeded to drag out his notebook, opening it to the desired pages. As Dr. Reid couldn't help noticing this, he came up behind the boy and asked him how he was getting along. The student didn't recognize his voice and thought it was another student.

"Boy, I'm sweatin' and I'm flyin' and I'm not lookin' back!"

(Continued on page 16)

Judge: What started the trouble between you and the complainant?

Defendant: Well, it was like this. He throws his beer over me, and I cuts him across the face with my bag of tools. He hits me with a bottle and splits my head open and I smacked him against the bar. And, Your Honor, the next thing we knew, we were quarreling.

—*Duke 'n' Duchess.*

The judge was horror stricken. He gazed at the prisoner with all the contempt in the world in his eyes. "Do you mean to tell me," he asked, "that you murdered that poor old woman for a paltry three dollars?"

The prisoner shrugged his shoulders. "Well, judge, you know how it is. Three bucks here and three bucks there—it soon mounts up."

—*Punch Bowl.*

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WAKE FOREST, N. C.

Smut Smith was quite taken aback when Melvin Layton came into the Sody Shop the other day and asked for three grains of asperin and a pinch of insect powder because he had such a lousy headache.

•

Dave Fuller: When I arrived in Wake Forest I didn't have a single cent in my pockets.

Bill Eutsler: How on earth did that happen?

Dave Fuller: Oh, I was born here.

•

Little Steve, six, was a blasphemy addict, which caused his mother anguish no end.

One day Steve got an invite to a playmate's birthday brawl. Leaving the house, his mother's final caution was, "Now Stephen, I've asked Mrs. Wilson to send you straight home the minute you use one bad word."

Twenty minutes later Steve was back home. His mother burned. Steve was sent to bed. His expostulations of explanation were ignored. However, being just that, his mother softened and went upstairs to see how Steve was taking it. Sitting at his bedside, she inquired, "Tell me truthfully, Stephen, just why did Mrs. Wilson send you home? What did you do?"

Little Steve, humiliated but still writhing, replied, "Do? Hell, I didn't do nothing. The damned party ain't till tomorrow!"

—*Exchange.*

•

Anecdotes and Philosophy

(*Continued from page 15*)

He dropped the course.

But that hasn't got anything to do with Godfrey, and I, and Leo the Cockroach. A little later in the night after we had twined ourselves around a few more gallons of beer, we did wearily wend our homeward way to fudge and Maisie. When I left Godfrey, he didn't even thank me for the drinks I had bought for him. I was reminded of a statement old Dr. Lake once made to Dr. Sledd about yankees, but Godfrey isn't a yankee.

"Y'know what, Sledd? A yankee hasn't got any more conception of nobless oblige than a pig has of singing opera!"

One Daisy Won't Tell—

But—

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It Happened Here

(*Continued from page 6*)

particularly pleasant evening in Raleigh, missed the last bus back to Wake Forest. So our Mr. Jones got the idea of going to the freight yard of the S. A. L. Ry. Co., and there boarding a freight train, which he knew was to leave about 1:30 a.m. The two students found this very easy to do, and were soon safely established on top of one of the cars.

This is so easy. They even went so far as to wonder why anyone would go to the trouble and expense to ride busses when free rides were so cool and airy. But their woe began when the train reached Wake Forest. The train zoomed through the town as if there were no such place. In fact, the thing didn't even stop until it reached Richmond, Va. And when it arrived at Richmond it bore two very cold and very dirty Wake Forest men.

Daniel and Jones then boarded another train, headed south, which would pass through Wake Forest. The train made fast time, with few stops. At last however, it arrived in Henderson, and stopped. That was enough. The two men left that train without a backward look, and though they looked like tramps, set about hitch-hiking to Wake Forest. After some difficulty, they managed to catch a ride in the back end of a truck, which was partly occupied by a horse, which did little to show itself of a sociable nature.

Upon arrival in Wake Forest, Daniel and Jones were no doubt surprised and chagrined to find that the train they had abandoned for a ride with a horse was being taken apart at Wake Forest, and had already been here for two hours.

It's just one of the difficulties of dating at Meredith, we suppose.

And then there is an interesting story about one Ted Usry who, as a freshman in 1930, played basketball in the then existent interclass league of athletics at Wake Forest. The Freshman team was scheduled to play the medical class on February 5, so the day before the game members of the medical class called young Mr. Usry up to a room in the dormitory, and warned him that if he was not careful as to the inefficiency of his play he might awake to find that his hair had been totally removed, as the hair of some freshmen of that day was wont to do.

Witnesses vouch for the fact that Mr. Ted Usry was not at his best at the game the next afternoon, being overly careful in his technique, and aggressiveness.

As the game progressed, his condition became progressively worse. In a hot point of play the ball was passed to him in the center of the court. In desperation he looked at the Freshman basket and then at the captain of the Med. team. In a wild whirl, he hurled the ball in the direction of the Medical team's goal for a swisher. Mr. Usry retained his hair, and the Med. team maintained it's lead and won the game by about 22 points.

And now a story of the more recent times for the alumni, to prove to them that the days of funny situations for Wake Forest students are not over—nor will they ever be. It was early last spring after a dance in Raleigh that a group of fifteen or twenty of the boys were trying to hitch-hike back to Wake Forest. They had either missed the "Hoot Owl" (The train that leaves Raleigh at about three a.m. and pulls into Deacontown anywhere from six until nine) or else lacked the wherewithal. They were standing on "Wake Forest's own" Raleigh corner which is now occupied by an all-night fruit stand. The line of boys in front of said stand obstructed the view of traffic to the stand and there was nobody stopping to buy grapefruit for breakfast. The proprietor felt that his business was being ruined by the poor Wake Forest boys so he called "the Law" to do something about it.

In a very few minutes "the Law," in the person of two of the constabulary, rolled up and told the shivering boys (It gets awfully cold at three on a March morning) to move on down the street. The boys meekly moved northward about a half block. "The Law" drove away. The boys moved due south about a half block.

Eventually "the Law" returned and, seeing that their admonitions had been to no avail, became quite irate and suddenly decided to do something drastic. The gendarme on the right grew red in the face (for effect, no doubt), alighted from the car, and bellowed in his most criminal-quelling manner, "If you boys don't get off this corner, I'll take you all down to the station."

Immediately there sprang into the boys' minds the picture of a nice, warm jail with beds and everything, and with this picture in mind they made for the car.

The policeman had made his mistake when he alighted from the car. All of the boys piled into the car through the open door and any other point of entrance that presented itself. The driver was swamped, there was no room for representative of "the Law" in the car, and when the driver tried to roll forward, the vehicle would not move.

"The Law" immediately set up a howl. They threatened the boys, but that was to no avail, and when they became more diplomatic and promised the boys that they would be left alone, the boys could not withstand the pathos in the heart-rending pleas of the poor gendarmerie, and, as the true gentlemen they were, politely extricated themselves and once more "the Law" had the situation well in hand.

These have been some of the stories of Wake Forest boys and some of the situations in which they have found themselves. Do they bring back any memories to you alumni? We hope so.

"Speaking of bathing at famous springs," said the tramp to the tourist, "I bathed in the Spring of 1886."

—*Yellow Jacket.*

•

Was her father surprised when you said you wanted to marry her?

Was he surprised? Why, the gun almost fell out of his hands.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

•

C. J. McInnis (to freshman): Yes, sir, our house is absolutely without a flaw.

Freshman (from South Carolina): Gosh, what do you walk on?

•

"Scoop" Philipps: I had a beard like yours once, but when I realized how it made me look I cut it off."

Bud Bolmer: I had a face like yours once. And when I realized that I couldn't cut it off, I grew this beard to cover it.

•

Ross Hill: How about a little kiss, girlie?

Angel Farmer: No, I have scruples.

Ross Hill: Well, that's all right; I've been vaccinated.

•

The doctor was visiting Rastus's wife to deliver her twelfth offspring. While riding along with Rastus he saw a duck in the road.

Doctor: Whose duck is that?

Rastus: That ain't no duck. That's the stork with his legs wore off.

—*Punch Bowl.*

•

A patient in an insane asylum was trying to convince an attendant that he was Hitler.

"But who told you that you were Hitler?" inquired the attendant.

"God did," replied the inmate.

"No, I didn't either," came a voice from the next bunk.

•

Reporter (to visiting Frenchman): And why do you visit this country, duke?

Duke: I weesh to veesit the famous Mrs. Beech, who had so many sons in France during the war.

—*Exchange.*

Then there was the absent-minded professor who forgot to write a $3.50 textbook to sell to his classes.

—*Duke 'n' Duchess.*

•

Is the editor in?

No.

Well, throw this column in the waste basket for me.

—*Varieties.*

•

Troup: I am a fraternity man, and a gentleman.

Her: You don't look like twins to me.

—*Drexerd.*

•

"Junior's just a little paunch drunk," said the kangaroo mother.

—*Scripts and Pranks.*

•

I asked her if she rolled them
She said she never tried
Just then a mouse ran by,
And now I know she lied.

—*Purple Parrot.*

•

Drinks to me only with thine eyes—it's cheaper.

—*Scripts and Pranks.*

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"Where the Boys Meet"

Did you ever hear about the man who smoked so many Camels and his nerves got so steady that he couldn't move?

•

A traveling salesman was handed a message from his wife, which read as follows: "Twins arrived tonight. More by Mail."

Rushing to the telegraph office, the salesman replied: "If any more arrive by mail, send them to the dead-letter office."

—*Froth.*

•

"I can read your minds like a book," said the lecturer. "I can tell what each one of you is thinking."

"Then why don't you go there?" called a voice from the back.

—*Duke 'n' Duchess.*

•

First Man: My wife had twins last week. She name one Hallelujah and the other Encore.

Second Man: Why the name Encore?

First Man: He wasn't on the program.

—*Duke 'n' Duchess.*

•

Eve suspected Adam of unfaithfulness, so she counted his ribs every night.

—*Log.*

•

Statistics show that Yale grads have 1.3 children, while Vassar Co-eds have 1.7. Which merely goes to show that women have more children than men.

—*Exchange.*

•

Snyder: Sir, I have something here that will make you popular, make your life happier and bring you a host of new friends.

Student: I'll take a quart.

•

They laughed when I invented dynamite, but they exploded when it went off.

•

"Did you cut down that farm story to a thousand words?"

"Yes sir, even the cows in it give condenced milk."

—*The Widow.*



Up-to-the-minute...
mild ripe tobaccos and pure cigarette paper . . . the best ingredients a cigarette can have . . .

that's why more and more smokers are turning to Chesterfield's refreshing mildness and better taste

They Satisfy ..millions

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A STORY FULL OF COLOR



"Having admitted that you are the founder of the Rainbow Legion, would you mind telling the court the purpose of said organization?"

"The Rainbow Legion, your honor, is a nation-wide secret clan of collegemen for the righting of vital social wrongs."

"Vital social wrongs?"

"Yes. I founded the Rainbow Legion to fight professors who write textbooks and change one or two sentences every year and then insist upon the use of only the new edition."

"Just what is the threat of the Indigo-seal?"

"That, your honor, is the boycott of all campus lunchrooms that insist upon the balanced meal and then serve hash because it is a composite dish of all the vitamins."

"You have also threatened the United States post office."

"That's right. At our last meeting we found the Postmaster guilty on the charge that post-office pens should write. We sent him the threat of the Orange Facsimile."

"Orange Facsimile?"

"We give him twenty days to correct the blotter situation or have a facsimile of the latest three cent stamp on his chest."

"Will you please tell the court all you know about the Violet Inner Circle?"

"The Violet Inner Circle, Judge, is made up of the charter members who have suffered grievous wrongs. For example, the Royal Red Avenger lives in a fraternity house where every one has the smoking habit, but only he has the cigarettes. The keeper of the Green Poisoned Cheese eats in a restaurant where they only serve one pat of butter, and the Sender of the Yellow Death attends classes in which the instructors scrape the chalk against the blackboard."

"In the last two months, twenty-eight persons have been known to flee the country as a result of Rainbow Legion terrorism. Is there any basis for that charge?"

"Yes and no, your honor. We are not responsible if every recipient of the Black Spot chooses to run away."

"Black Spot?"

"The Black Spot is the cream of our threats. The last one we sent out to a manufacturer who insisted upon flooding us with mail telling us what we should have the family buy us for graduation."

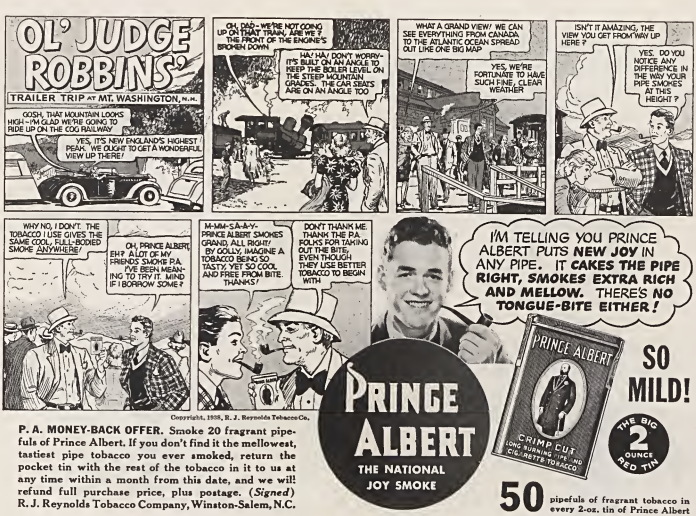
"Did the man whose mangled body was found in the empty lot receive one of those Black Spots?"

"He did. He insisted upon asking every senior he met what he, the senior, intended to do after he got out of college."

"Now that I have all the facts, I'd like to say a few words. Individuals like you are detrimental to a civilized community. Each and every member of the Rainbow Legion should be tarred and feathered as an example to all those others who feel they should take the law in their own hands. Case dismissed."



"Let's move. There's that awful bore from the next stateroom."



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P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

A company of village amateurs produced "Hamlet." The following account of the play appeared in the local newspaper:

"Last night the elite of our town gathered to witness a performance of 'Hamlet.' There was considerable discussion as to whether the play was written by Shakespeare or Bacon. All doubt can now be set at rest. Let their graves be opened. The one who turned over last night is the author."

•

The owner of a house being painted was amazed to find one of his new workmen walking along one hot day all bundled up in clothing.

"Why on earth are you wearing so many clothes, Pat?"

"Oi have to paint this fince and the label on the can says—it says, 'To obtain best results put on at least three coats.' "

•

"Would you like an inside or outside room?"

"Inside—it looks like rain!"

"Does your team employ any strategy?"

"No, we hardly have money enough to keep a coach!"

•

"My wife is the proud owner of a new modernistic home."

"Why, you're the owner just as much as she is, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I'm not proud of it."

•

The English professor lectured on the distribution of world population. He mentioned that only in the West Indies were males in excess of females.

"A happy state of affairs," he said playfully, "Not unlike the state which existed in this community of ours before women undergraduates were admitted."

At this point several women students, affecting to be offended, rose to leave the class.

"One moment, please," said the lecturer. "There is no occasion to go yet; the next boat for the West Indies doesn't leave for another week."

"Gosh, I need five bucks and I don't know where to get it."

"I'm glad of that. I was afraid you thought you could get it from me."

•

"Say, doctor, I asked that nurse to put a hot water bottle at my feet and she stuck up her nose and walked away," complained the patient.

"What else could you expect? That was the head nurse," explained the doctor.

"Oh, do they specialize that much? Then get me the foot nurse."

•

"You know Jane never would admit she loved me."

"Yes—well?"

"Well, I've squeezed it out of her at last!"

•

Banker: I've been working for two years collecting this library.

Jenkins: Goodness, what a lot of friends you must have.

"SHURE AND HIS PIPE DISTURBED TH' PEACE!"



"MARRY ME, MARY?" But before she could answer, Frank's gooey smelling pipe floored her. She just couldn't stand that strong, rancid tobacco. But Murphy saved the day!



"FAITH AND BEDAD! Clean that pipe and fill up with my Sir Walter —the most fragrant blend of extra mild burleys ever put in a 2-ounce tin!" So he did, and she said "yes."

SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA



PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureau of 28 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a *majority* of these colleges.

TUNE IN *Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday night, coast-to-coast, NBC Red Network.*

JUST AS GOOD

A stout Negress came before a New York magistrate, complaining that her ex-husband had made a barbarous attack upon her with a large pair of shears.

"Mistah Judge," she bellowed, "dis here man, he rushed at me wid dese scissors! Yas, suh! An' he cut an' slashed mah face mos' to ribbons. He jabbed mah eyes and carved mah face like it was sausage meat—all torn an' bleedin', it wuz!"

The magistrate looked at her broad smooth countenance, on which appeared not the slightest sign of conflict.

"When did you say this happened?" he inquired.

"Only las' night, Mistah Judge," was the reply.

The puzzled magistrate gazed at her carefully.

"Only last night! But I don't see any marks on your face!"

"Marks!" she roared. "*Marks!* What de debbil do I care for *marks?* I'se got *witnesses!*"

•

The son of a policeman was learning music.

"How many beats are there to a bar in this piece of music, dad?"

"Fancy, asking a policeman a question like that," said the boy's mother. "If you had asked your daddy how many bars there were to the beat, he might have been able to tell you!"

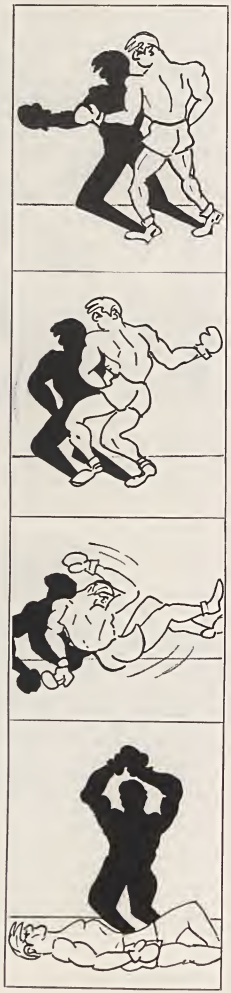
•

Johnnie (looking out of the window): Oh, mother, a motor car has just gone by as big as a barn.

Mother: Johnnie, why do you exaggerate so terribly? I've told you 10 million times about that habit of yours, and it doesn't do a bit of good.

•





Forty Love-Poteat Serving

(*Continued from page 9*)

played seven matches and won them all, losing only four sets out of thirty-three in the last three years."

In 1907 the tennis team wanted to go to Atlanta to participate in the Southern Intercollegiate Tennis Association tournament, but there was no money for the trip. The two members took matters in their own hands, arranged a faculty-student baseball game, charged a small admission fee, and made enough to send themselves to Atlanta.

At Atlanta the boys ran roughshod over all competition, beating teams from such schools as Georgia, Georgia Tech, Mississippi, Texas, and Mississippi A. and M. They won the doubles championship, and then both won through to the finals in singles. Dr. Hubert had the honor of beating Mr. Earnshaw for the title.

Earnshaw used a chop-stroke such as had never been seen in that part of the deep South. He first tried only his top-spin when he met Captain Carter of Georgia in the singles semi-finals, but after Carter forged into a lead, Earnshaw accidentally used his chop stroke. The Georgian missed the ball clumsily, and his alert opponent thereupon chop-balled him out of the tournament.

There was no four-year rule in those days, and Poteat and Earnshaw returned to Atlanta in 1908, though both had been graduated and were working on Master's degrees. The Atlanta Athletic Association, which was sponsoring the tournament, was fearful that they might win again and ruin the tournament for future years because no one could offer them competition. But the Wake Forest men lost in the finals, both doubles and singles, in heart-breakers.

After they became members of the faculty, they utilized their love of the game in coaching the teams. For a time there were no championship teams, but matches were scheduled and played each year, and well-trained pairs (teams then had only two men) represented Wake Forest.

In the late 'teens several names of players stand out: Arthur Sledd, Cecil Best, Edgar E. Folk, and Van Stringfield. In two years of playing together, Best and Folk lost only one match, and that by a 2-1 score to Carolina. In 1919 Folk and Stringfield went to Greensboro and won the state open championship, being among the few college students entered. In three years of intercollegiate competition, Folk won every singles match and lost only one doubles.

Following these men came others who upheld Wake Forest's reputation on the courts: Jasper L. Memory, C. C. Crittenden, Jim Powers, John Vernon, to mention only a few. Ten years ago Mr. Memory returned as Professor of Education and took over the tennis coaching duties, turning out a number of good teams. Mr. Memory and Vernon teamed together to play in a number of tournaments in the state, and won several titles.

At all times Wake Forest has been well represented in tennis competition, although in recent years the squad has been more and more hampered by the lack of sufficient courts, a deficiency which has been more notable as the other colleges have vastly increased their tennis equipment.

For next spring, however, the members of the team and others who like to play the game are promised at least a dozen new courts on the old athletic field. Mr. Earnshaw, naturally, is the principal factor in the enterprise. The addition of these courts and an increased interest in the game augur to bring Wake Forest back into tennis prominence. The team at present is directed by Dr. Folk who returned to the college in 1936 as a member of the English Department.

Hello!

and Welcome . . . .

THE BOOK STORE again extends its hand in hearty salute to the "Oldtimers" and to the men who are to call Wake Forest their Alma Mater in the years to come.

Come in—get acquainted; our service awaits your needs.

COLLEGE BOOK STORE

An Open Letter

(*Continued from page 7*)

without a few trends which later brought about one of the most spectacular events in college history.

In the first place, hazing finally became too dangerous for both parties concerned. The application of silver nitrate became a standard practice and the danger of being blinded if a bit of the stuff should get in your eyes was ever-present. One man was saved from serious injury only by the prompt application of salt water when a crowd of hazers lay in wait for him at the old gymnasium and poured a strong solution of the chemical over his head. Many more freshmen, determined not to be hazed, began to carry firearms and to devise elaborate barricades in their rooms to prevent night raids. The number of injuries increased, and college authorities became fearful that someone would be crippled or killed.

Then, too, haircutting began to be used as an instrument of private vengeance. Not even the upperclassmen were safe; any prominent or strong-minded student felt that he might be seen walking around some morning as bald as the proverbial egg. This fact gave a great deal of impetus to a movement which might otherwise have never gained sufficient strength to make itself heard.

Finally, however, the authorities decided to act. The president of the student council for political reasons refused to act in an attempt to round up the haircutters and resigned in behalf of the whole council. The matter was taken up with the faculty, and 29 men were finally found who admitted that they had cut hair. These men were informed that they might stay in school if they would themselves see that no case of haircutting occurred on the campus during their stay there. If one head of hair fell, no matter at whose hands, the whole bunch must pack up and leave.

The success or failure of the whole plan now depended entirely upon the attitude of the student body. Fired with enthusiasm by a previous convocation, in which Dr. W. L. Poteat had delivered his famous "I am angry" speech, the students met and thunderously applauded the 29 men's promise to protect the school from any further hazing. The fact that many of the men were football players made the scheme doubly efficient.

Since that day in 1935 there has been not one case of haircutting at Wake Forest. In spite of doleful predictions by calamity howlers, sentiment the following year was strongly against hazing and has continued to be so ever since.

Yes, gentlemen, things have changed a bit since you dashed furtively about the campus in constant dread of persecution. The freshman today is a different personality. You say he's cocky and talkative and disrespectful? We don't think so, and doesn't he have a beautiful head of hair?

Bobby Helm.

• ▲ •

Wife: The new maid has burned the bacon and eggs, darling. Wouldn't you be satisfied with a couple of kisses for breakfast?

Husband: Sure. Bring her in.

—*Duke 'n' Duchess.*

• ▲ •

Father in letter to son: I'll try to get up to see you for homecoming. If I don't, send me my coat.

NO DOUBT

You think of quality and service when you have your best clothes cleaned—

WE EXCEL IN BOTH

Dial 375-1

Opposite Underpass

WAKE DRY CLEANERS

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Fast—Efficient Service

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WAKE FOREST, N. C.

OLD GRADS

We Welcome You!

JONES HARDWARE

YOUR GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

A FULL LINE TO GIVE SCHOOL LIFE THE COMFORTS OF HOME

Dealers for

G. E. and Crosley Radios

Phone 263-1 Wake Forest, N. C.

Wake Forest 7; State 21

(*Continued from page 8*)

The teams lined up; at the kick the ball sailed end-over-end down to Wake Forest's fifteen yard line where Rabenhorst caught it and ran back to the forty. There was a fifteen yard penalty on Wake Forest, and, try as they would, they could not advance the ball to the fifty yard line. On the fourth down Harry took the ball and punted, and the ball was taken by State's Gurley, for twenty-five yards.

The State stands cheered as if suddenly gone mad. They felt that this game would be a "push-over." On the next down Gurley took the ball through center for seven yards before being tackled by Rabenhorst. It was second down; the teams lined up, the ball was snapped to the State fullback who backed up and threw a pass to the end for a twenty yard gain. It was first down and ten to go. State then tried an off-tackle play which was stopped at the line of scrimmage. The next play went around end for seventeen yards, taking the ball to Wake Forest's one yard-line.

While the State supporters were begging for what seemed the inevitable touchdown, the Wake Forest stands chanted, "Hold that line!" The line held for four downs and the ball went to Wake Forest, one foot from the goal.

The goal posts at that time were on the goal line and a wire fence enclosed the field at the end jam against the goal line. Rabenhorst had to stay away from the fence and at the same time keep the punt away from the goal posts. He was in a mighty tight spot, and the Deacon supporters knew it. They were afraid.

The Wake Forest team lined up in punt formation. The ball was snapped back to Rabenhorst, who stood far behind his own goal line, and kicked.

The ball barely got above the State linesmen's upstretched hands. It continued to rise, passed over Safetyman Gurley's head and struck the ground eighty-seven yards from Wake Forest's goal line. The ball continued to bounce and roll toward the goal line, and the Wake Forest ends, Heckman and Johnston, were down on it fast. Gurley started toward the ball, but when he saw that it was going over the goal he slowed and tried to block Johnston so that he could not stop the rolling of the ball. As he started to block, Heckman blocked the State man so that he fell against the ball which rolled on over the goal and was covered by Johnston. It was a touchdown for Wake Forest!

The stands were shocked for a moment and there was no noise. Then like a clap of thunder the cheers of Wake Forest burst forth. Freshman caps joined staid gray fedoras in the air. The cheering was loud and long. When Rabenhorst kicked the extra point there was no additional cheering because the loyal supporters of the Demon Deacons could produce no additional noise from their shredded throats. The supporters of the Wolfpack of State College were also applauding. They knew that they had seen the longest punt that had or would ever be seen by them: 115 yards for a touchdown play.

It was during the second quarter that Rabenhorst was hurt and had to leave the game. As he came to the sidelines, both the supporters of State and Wake Forest cheered him long and loudly. It was in the same second quarter that State scored.

Again in the third and fourth quarter State scored. The game was close, however, and the ball was deep in State's territory as much as it was in Wake Forest's. When State scored in the fourth quarter Harry Rabenhorst returned to the gridiron, and again was greeted with the greatest ovation ever given to a single player on Riddick field.

Wake Forest lost the game, but nobody except Rabenhorst seemed to mind much; there was very little attention paid the game when Rabenhorst was not playing. Everybody was discussing the unbelievable kick and recovery.

High in the stands after the game the little brunette said excitedly to her freshman escort, "Wasn't that wo-onderful? I could just love that handsome Harry Rabenhorst to death." The freshman grinned happily at her and croaked hoarsely, "Gosh, I could, too."

• ▲ •

Excerpt from Letter of Rabenhorst

In answer to your kind letter of recent date regarding my punt in the N. C. State-Wake Forest game, I will be very glad to answer your question pertaining to same.

In my knowledge, I know of no longer kick on record nor a touchdown scored under similar conditions. The ball rested on the one foot line and from the point where I kicked to the point of recovery in the end zone it was about 119 yards.

There had been no scoring in the game before the kick. State had driven the ball to our goal line and we held for downs and gained possession of the ball. The goal posts at that time were on the goal line and a wire fence enclosed the field at the end jam against the end line. I was very careful trying to stay away from the fence and at the same time keep the punt away from the goal posts, and so attempted a very high kick. I have been asked repeatedly if a gale was blowing that day. There was very little or no wind at the time of the kick and I feel sure the wind had nothing to do with the distance of the kick.

The kick covered some 87 yards in the air and was touched by the State safety man while chasing it. I think one of the most remarkable things about the play was the covering of the punt and recovery of the ball by our slendid ends, Hickman and Johnston. We were so elated over the recovery of the ball and having scored that we thought nothing of the distance until after the game.

The play has been given world-wide publicity, having been carried by such features as Believe It or Not—Ripley, Robt. Edgreen, Freckles and His Friends, and Strange as it Seems. I have received clippings from friends all over the world, including one from a Shanghai, China, daily.

I hope that the above information will be of value to you in writing your article and of interest to the students and alumni readers of The Student.

With very kindest personal regards to you and wishing the football team and the Old School all the success in the world, I am,

HARRY A. RABENHORST.

A Letter From A French Visitor

(*Continued from page 13*)

unfortunate souls are forced to hire men to fight, the salary depending upon the ability of the player to maim others and upon the generosity of his patron. Generally, they pay less to those they designate as yankees than to the ordinary run of humanity.

Aside from the mayhem, which is the major consideration, I got the idea that there is a sideline of perhaps some slight interest. Mixed up in all the rest I caught an occasional glimpse of an ellipticly ovoid, some buoyant body about the size of a child's head. Its possession was evidently highly scorned, for it was always being kicked and thrown around. I suppose that it is a recent addition, having been run in to please the less hardy of the paying customers and give the game an atmosphere of legitimacy.

Of quite equal interest to the game was the attitude of the spectators. They are bloodthirsty brutes, eternally howling for the dismemberment of various of the players on either side. I noticed, also, that an important part of the game is the consumption, by the spectators, of large quantity of an alcoholic beverage they call "corn likker." I thought of mama's good grape wine, and of the other good drinks we used to get down at the wineshop on the corner. Involuntarily, I heaved a sigh. A drunken gentleman to my right mistook it for a hint that I would like a drink and poked a quart bottle under my nose. As I was afraid I would offend him by refusing, I took a large gulp. Sis, that stuff was awful. It tasted like a wild-cat going down and like a pole-cat coming back up.

Under the influence of the likker some of the folks in the stands got right witty. All of it was new to me—even the jokes.

A man directly behind me weaved waveringly to his feet, steadied for a moment, and began to orate. "Ladies and gents," he says, "Walker's got more laterals than Carter has liver pills! I thank you." Then he fell down three rows of steps and broke a bottle of whiskey. He looked sorrowfully upon the remnants and sadly mumbled, "My life's blood, doomed to waste its sweetness on the desert air!"

A little later, when he had sobered up enough so that he could see the field, he gazed with awe upon the person of one of the more gigantic of the players. "My God," he breathed, "he's as big as a convention!"

After a long period of battling, the players, at a prearranged signal, ceased hostilities and withdrew from the arena. I thought it was all over and started to leave, but one of the students informed me that proceedings had just begun. Anyway, I felt the need of a change of scenery and walked over to the other side of the field where I noticed some half a hundred men gathered with their backs to the field.

On the way over I met a boy and girl going in the opposite direction. Just as I passed them she looked back over her shoulder at the men. Then she looked up at her escort and coyly asked him a question. He must have answered quite frankly, for she gazed at him lovingly through her long black lashes and fondly lisped, "John Alexander, you're just as co-ommon!"

During this same intermission there was a terrific blaring of trumpets and a rolling of drums. As I hastened out from behind the stands to see what it was all about, I found that a bunch of men were parading around in uniforms and playing instruments, each doing his utmost to outdo his neighbor in volume and intensity.

I inquired around a bit and found that each school is supposed to furnish a band to entertain the crowd during the rest period with music and marching. To tell the truth, though, even I had noticed the marked difference between the two groups.

Much the larger band was dressed in bright blue uniforms which fairly sparkled in the wintry sun. They strutted along, as proud of themselves as the devil is of politicians and Germans. They were truly scorners of the earth upon which they trod. They were magnificent.

The other band was much smaller and was dressed in dirty white pants and frayed black coats. Their instruments were as old and much used as a travelling salesman's jokes. They seemed to want to slink about as quietly as possible, being as cowed as a mangy dog with a sore tail. Instead of spurning the earth, they gazed at it longingly as if wishing that it would open and swallow them.

It seems a shame that there should be such a difference between the two. However, I suppose that the thing is governed by monetary considerations almost as much as by school spirit.

After the intermission was over and the bands dragged and pranced back to the stands, the two teams came back onto the field, and the whole thing was to do over again. It was just like seeing a movie over twice.

Well, as I have been invited to listen in on a lecture by a prominent campus figure on that peculiar animal, the Damyankee, I'll close now. G'bye.

Love,

Your BUD.

ECKERD'S
DRUG STORE

ALWAYS EXTENDS
A FRIENDLY
WELCOME
TO ALL
WAKE FOREST MEN

From Wagon-Tongue Bats

(*Continued from page 10*)

better machine at Wake Forest was first centered around the perfection of a fielding team. During his first season as head of activities, the Deacons won eight games and suffered two defeats. The club was rather weak at bat, but time was the only element needed to mold a better all-round squad from a large number of aspirants.

A new feature was added to the athletic program in 1903. The athletes were given college sweaters for the first time. From that time on boys who participated in college sports were proud to exhibit their sweaters draped over manly forms. As is true from all history, some form of weakness must enter every strong organization. The Wake Forest baseball club was no exception, for about this time banquets, at which they saw the young ladies, were first given for the boys. This may not have been the direct cause, but records show for two years afterwards, the boys were afflicted with weak batting eyes. In 1904 they won eight out of fourteen starts, which wasn't bad for the team, but their hitting was still somewhat weak. J. B. Royall, W. W. Holding, and Captain Edwards were most outstanding of the nine. They claimed the state title the next year, winning five gamse out of five starts in the state; nevertheless, this was before the state title was officially given.

Dick Crozier coached the team of 1905, and again they lay claim to the state title, although they were hit hard and frequently by opposing batters. After several years of waning strength, the Deacons came smashing to the front in 1910 and there they remained for three years. Phil Utley, now physical education director at Wake Forest, made baseball history in this year. The game was with Carolina, and when it was over, Phil had gone the route of 13 full innings and allowed the Tarheels only one hit. This was one of the most outstanding feats ever to be accomplished this early in the history of Southern baseball. Centerfielder Faucette was also placed on the all-state nine of the 1911 season.

A most colorful figure entered upon the scene at Wake Forest in 1912. This was Frank Thompson, baseball coach. During his stay on the campus, he put out fighting teams and teams that won a vast majority of their games, but even in defeat they were good losers. His career was ended abruptly, however, for he was called into service in the Great War, and in 1918 he gave his life for this cause. His team of 1913 won the state championship with a total of 23 wins out of 26 starts. Among others, Lamar Stringfield, Phil Utley, Billings and Cuthsell starred on this spectacular team. Cuthsell proved to be one of the best pitchers to climb a Deacon mound. He fanned 14 batters in a single game.

A decided scarcity of material crippled the teams of '16, '17, and '18. In '16 the Baptists won nine games, lost eight, and tied one. Even at that, however, Coach Billings deserved lots of credit, considering the raw material with which he had to work. The teams of '17 and '18 were largely composed of students in the reserve training, and a majority of the athletes were inexperienced baseball men.

After an absence of six years, the state title was won again in 1919 by the Deacons. Besides defeating every college team in the state, they licked several city and camp teams as well as Richmond College of Virginia. In spite of post-war conditions and disadvantages, Coach I. E. Carlyle (alumni president, 1937-8) put out a winning combination with teamwork and slugging which spread wonder and amazement among its opponents. The pitching of Sax Barnes and the home runs of Capt. F. A. Blanchard were the outstanding features of the season.

With the war clouds clearing and regular schooling resumed, baseball recovered popular interests again in 1922. Sax Barnes coached the team of that year and (for the benefit of Ripley) played third base on his own team. Time marched on, and Wake Forest found her way to the top ranks again. In 1925, a team coached by Hank Garrity and captained by Frank Armstrong, won another state championship. Captain Armstrong, Murray Greason (now a coach at Wake Forest), and Vic Sorrell (formerly with the Detroit Tigers), were all-state selections. Timberlake was also a Deacon luminary that season.

1927 brought one of the best teams in the school's history. Pete Joyner and Al Dowtin led the team to another easy state championship. Dowtin had some difficulty in selecting between golf, basketball, and baseball, so he played all of them, and he proved to be a magnificent performer in all of them.

At present the baseball teams of Wake Forest College are coached by John Caddell. Since his arrival here, 18 years ago, the Baptists have been state champions or runners-up every year. He made his debut as a Deaconlet in 1889 as mascot of the team, and he starred on the team of 1900. As a coach of baseball teams at Wake Forest, his record has been equaled by no one.

And so we come to the end of a brief historical sketch of King Baseball as Wake Forest College has played it. From the days of wagon-tongue bats to the present iron men of the sport, she has always been a leading competitor for state and Southern honors and a set-up for no one. Lean years are characteristic of any club; Wake Forest has been no exception, but she has always fought to the final toss.



Dribbling Along With the Deacs

(*Continued from page 12*)

tacular games ever to be played in this state. The day after his team had defeated Carolina, Garrity resigned his position at Wake Forest, and the team finished a mediocre season under all sorts of difficulties.

Following Garrity as basketball coach came a huge gentleman named Baldwin. The new coach was fortunate enough to have two boys here who were destined to take places among the greatest of them all, Mark Ober and Al Dowtin. Al, now the graduate manager of athletics, was not only a basketball star, but was an all-state baseballer.

Baldwin's team of 1927 is easily the most outstanding of all Deacon basketball clubs. It won fifteen straight games before Furman caught it on an off night and broke the string. Dowtin, Emmerson, and James led the team to a record of 21 games won and three lost. Dowtin led the scoring in the state with a paltry 271 points, James finished second to Al with 240 points, and "Cowboy" wound up in third place with 187. The average basketball team does well to total 300 points in a whole season, yet only three men of five on that great Deacon team totaled 698 points.

Sharp is the contrast between the great team of '27 and the one immediately following. In spite of the fact that Dowtin and James, two of our all-time best, played, the team finished the season with the poorest records in Deacon basketball history. It won only six of 20 games, and did well at that. The 1930 team, you remember, was another with a poor record. The boys made a chaotic road trip on which they lost to Navy by a wide margin. Dowtin, who had graduated the year before, was allowed to play in that Navy game, and the reliable Al collected 14 of the team's 20 points.

It might be well if we were to skip the 1931 season after remarking that, under new Coach Hayes, the team won two of 12 games. The main trouble there, however, seems to lie in the fact that Hayes inaugurated a new system which appears to have been too tough for the boys.

"Cowboy" Emmerson returned to his alma mater in 1932, to take over the reins as basketball coach. In spite of the fact that his first team won only four of 12 games, it did better in Big Five competition than had been done in a number of years, and Emmerson's debut as a coach was a mild success. Captain "Spider" was one of the finest basketballers ever turned out by a Deacon coach.

"Cowboy" seems to have had difficulty turning out winning teams, for his 1933 club enjoyed only fair success and won only five of 13 games. It must be said for Emmerson, however, that he was really a fine coach. He revived a waning interest in the court sport which has survived to this day. Emmerson is at present coaching a junior college club in western North Carolina.

In 1934 another of Wake Forest's most colorful athletes returned from high school coaching to take over our basketball teams. That man is Murray Greason who is our present coach. Greason inaugurated a new coaching reign in '34 and '35 with two teams which showed much improvement over those of the years just preceding. Such outstanding ball players as E. C. "Stork" Swing, Frank Clark, and "Goat" Hatcher are all Greason products.

In 1936 our new gymnasium was completed and for the first time basketball took a definite place among the major sports at Wake Forest. The new gymnasium seems to have given basketball a new place in the local sun and, in spite of the fact that the team of that year won only six games in collegiate competition, the sport remained a favorite on the campus.

The freshman team of 1936 was one of the best Deaclet clubs ever to play together, and from that team Coach Greason drew three regulars for his 1937 varsity, Jim Waller, Turk Apple, and Rex Carter.

Wake Forest stepped into big time athletics in 1937 by joining the Southern Conference, and Coach Greason opened that season with the brightest basketball prospects in years. With Captain Doight Morris, Jim Waller, Turk Apple, George Mauney, and Rex Carter as his starting combination Greason brought our first Southern Conference team to third place in the Conference standings. The team, having finished third in the regular season race, entered the annual tournament as one of the seeded teams, and did not disappoint us.

The story of our team's showing in their first conference tournament leads us back to the regular season to a game when Turk Apple beat Carolina in the last few seconds by sinking a beautiful long shot. In a return game the Tar Heels turned back the Deacons by one point to even the score at one apiece. Well, it was that same Tar Heel team which eliminated Wake Forest in the semi-finals of the tournament. Again they won by only one point. In that game, you will remember, the great Jim Waller kept the Deacons in the thick of the fight by getting 19 points. For his remarkable play in the tournament, Jim was rewarded by being placed on the All-Southern team.

This story has now brought us right down to the most modern of the Deacon basketball teams. In 1938 a fine team, led by Turk Apple, was kept out of the tournament by the Duke Blue Devils who won a thrilling game in the last seconds of play.

We are now to a point where we are to consider the prospects for the 1938-1939 season. Coach Greason has the finest prospects since he has been in Deacontown. Last year's freshman team brought forth three men who are among the best Wake Forest has seen in years. Vinnie Convery, Pete Nelson, and Charlie Yernick are those men; they should see plenty of action this season and help us to achieve a cherished hope: to win the Southern Conference championship. Win, lose, or draw, however, basketball will provide all who witness it with thrills, action, and speed. We all hope for the best and know that we shall enjoy many an hour watching the boys show their stuff.





What Difference Does It Make **HOW** We Put It Out? It's Out Ain't It?

Wake Forest Spirit

(*Continued from page 14*)

verted sort of school spirit. Students feel that they are doing Wake Forest a great service and are attaining the acme of patriotism when they smash a Coca-Cola bottle over the head of some boy who, just like themselves, is trying to get an education and is supporting the athletic representatives of his own school. Could anything be more perverted and childish?

Then, there are these painting episodes. You would have to look hard and long before you could find anything more ridiculous. Some dark night a small group of students steals furtively to a rival campus and paints ridiculous scores all over buildings, walks, and even store windows. The perpetration of the painting at State College recently displayed the poorest Wake Forest spirit that has been seen here. They broke a gentlemen's agreement and gave all Wake Forest students the names of liars, vandals, and common hoodlums. The actual cost in dollars and cents to the administration of the college, the innocent merchants and citizens is not considered. Certainly such childish stunts do not help our teams to play better, nor do they in any way hurt the morale of the rival's teams or student body.

So far we have been discussing this matter from a more-or-less material standpoint. Let's get down to this business of the real "Wake Forest Spirit." Essentially this spirit is to further the good name of the College and its students; it backs our representatives in athletic contests in an orderly but none the less wholehearted way. It is the spirit which makes people notice that we back our athletic teams to the fullest extent, but we have no quarrel with officials of the game or the players and students or our opponents. As students of Wake Forest, we must show that we have a respect for law and order and a regard for the property of others.

During the past summer some students stole peaches from many of the through fruit trucks. Many of these thieves were high school students and students from other colleges; however, people who learned of this atrocity now class all Wake Forest students as a bunch of thieves. That little act of thoughtlessness gave the school a black eye. Painting episodes, free-for-alls, goal post conquests and the like give otherwise friendly people the idea that the student body of Wake Forest is composed of rowdies, vandals, and toughs. Those students who are the cause of these impressions do not have Wake Forest Spirit.

What are we going to do about the lack of the proper spirit among some of the students? Any worthwhile and permanent reform has always been begun within the student body, and the only way by which we can bring this reform is to act like gentlemen at all times and frown on such activity by other students which does not exhibit the proper spirit. Are we going to show this proper spirit, the true "Wake Forest Spirit"? It is up to every single member of the student body.

DON'T LET IT HAPPEN TO YOU

Putting off buying coal is a good way to get caught this cool weather. . . Tomorrow you may need heat—

CALL
CITY FUEL & SUPPLY CO.
TODAY

Phone 222-1 Wake Forest, N. C.

"Let's go to the dance."

"Naw. Let's go to the movies."

"You guys forget we have an exam tomorrow."

"We'll toss a coin then. Heads we go to the dance, tails we'll go to the movies, and if it stands on edge. we'll study."

—*Pell Mell.*

You Can't Beat Good Groceries

For satisfying, health building food, nothing takes the place of a good home-owned GROCERY.

Trade with Men Who Know Your Wants and Needs

HOLLEWELL'S
CASH FOOD STORE

PHONE 252-1 WAKE FOREST, N. C.

It Pays—

to get good clothes
come in and

SEE US!

We carry the best.



MARTIN'S
CLOTHING STORE

RALEIGH - - - - - - N. C.

Fayetteville Street

There was a young woman named Minta
Who went to the gym in the winta.
She slipped on the floor
And ran into the door
Oh my how the splinter went into?

This very same lady named Minta
She married a man in the winta;
The man's name was Wood
And now as they should
The Woods have a cute little splinta.

—*Medley.*

• ▲ •

Sign on theatre: Mae West in "It Ain't No Sin."
Sign on tabernacle across the street: 'Tis too.

—*Navy Log.*

—Compliments—

SOUTHERN DAIRIES'
Ice Cream Company

RALEIGH —— N. C.

Phil Latta: This is the plot of my story. A midnight scene. Two burglars creep stealthily toward the house. They climb a wall and force open a window and enter the room, the clock strikes one.

Unfortunate (breathlessly): Which one?

• ▲ •

Latin lectures so uncanny,
But they're hard on your (censored).

• ▲ •

"Come on, grandpa, please tell me a bedtime story before I kick your dern shins."

—*Aggievator.*

• ▲ •

"I would like to get some alligator shoes."
"What size shoes does your alligator wear?"

—*Colo. Dodo.*

• ▲ •

Found on a Freshman's registration card:
Name of parents: "Mamma and Pappa."

—*Aggievator.*

• ▲ •

"There's something dove-like about our child."
"Yes, he's pigeon-toed."

—*Pell Mell.*

• ▲ •

"Who in the hell told you to plant those petunias?"
"Your wife did, sir."
"Pretty, aren't they?"

—*Scripts 'n' Pranks.*

Why Gamble

When having prescriptions filled go to a place where you know you will receive only the best.

HARDWICKE'S
PHARMACY

A COMPLETE LINE OF
- Toilet Articles
- Candies
- Fountain Pens and Other Student Needs

We Deliver

PHONE 276-1 WAKE FOREST

Beside the R. R. Tracks

First Down; Ten To Go

(*Continued from page 5*)

played under two new rules and had the disadvantage in position of their goal.

"The next game our boys went at it with a vim, caught on to their opponents' dodges and won the game in a short time. The third game was simply a repetition of the second. Our boys were favorably impressed with the gentlemanly conduct of their opponents and expressed their complete satisfaction with the decision of Mr. William Wynne, of Raleigh, who kindly umpired the game."

What the score of that first game or games happens to be will remain a secret as it is apparent Scribe Foushee must have lost his notes.

In November of '88 the athletic association was organized. The officers were: President, H. A. Foushee; vice-president, F. L. Merritt; secretary, H. C. Upchurch; treasurer, W. O. Riddick. W. C. "Mustache" Dowd went down in history as being the first captain. He was the founder and editor of the *Charlotte News* and has long since passed on. C. T. Bailey, Jr., was the waterboy de luxe with Johnny Caddell, present baseball coach, the team's mascot.

Raleigh was invited to Wake Forest for a series of games, and the bearded gents led by Captain Dowd walked off the field with a four game victory. This took place on November 24, 1888. Yes, Wake Forest was beginning to get somewhere in the pigskin sport.

Friday, March 1, 1889, is an important date. On that day the first intercollegiate football championship game of North Carolina was played. Wake Forest crossed paws and bodies with the Chapel Hill lads. Half time score showed Wake Forest behind, 14-0.

Wonder what the final score will be? The plot thickens. Wake kicked off and kept the ball in the University's territory, and it seemed certain they would score. But no, a muff (probably a fumble) gave the ball to Carolina, and they played it deep in Wake Forest territory. So deep in fact that we lost the game, 33-0. Scribe Foushee records, "Our team played a very spirited game considering the heavy odds against them . . ."

The Wake Forest team lined up like this: Rushers, Devin, Williamson, Richardson, Riddick, White, Oliver; quarterback, Upchurch; halfs, Dowd, Merritt; full, Royster; substitute, Beckwith.

The team had W. C. Riddick as its coach. He attended Lehigh University and came back to Wake Forest full of ideas. Chief among these was his introduction of the flying wedge. Riddick is former president of N. C. State College.

In 1889 the team was headed for the championship. Some people claim we won it, but as the matter now stands, we wuz cheated! March 29, 1889, we beat Trinity (now very popularly called Duke University) by a 32-0 count. This game was supposed to be for the championship, but something went amiss and more games were carded. Wake Forest lost to the University, then beat Trinity as aforementioned and Trinity beat University. Wake Forest thought two and two made four and demanded the crown. No dice was the answer they received and the fight was carried over until the next session in the fall.

Wake Forest played the University again in December and won, 18 to 8. The complete line up:

University		*Wake Forest*
Bingham	RE	Oliver (Sowell)
Kernodle	RT	Richardson
Lilly	RG	Andrews
Murphy	CR	Burns
Thompson	LG	Hall
Scott	LT	Sikes
Shoffner	LE	Cook
Shaw	RH	Howell
Ferguson	LH	Riddick (Capt.)
Little (Capt.)	FB	Blanton
Rhem	QB	White

A game played in Raleigh between Wake Forest and Trinity produced North Carolina's first smell as to dirty playing and having ringers. This was probably the result of Trinity's winning the game on Thanksgiving Day, 8-4. Protests were made and charges were flung from campus to campus. Wake Forest claimed two men were used the previous season by Carolina and that the umpires were bought. Still, the game went to Trinity, and we again got robbed of the championship.

Then, football at Wake Forest received another set back. The teams got so bad it was necessary to cancel engagements, and the trustees ruled the sport off Wake Forest's campus.

It reappeared in 1909 when even then it was awful. State College gave the Deacons a 76-0 beating. Captain Frank Thompson was the big thorn in Wake Forest's side. The State gym bears his name depsite the fact he coached here a few years later.

(*Continued on page 33*)

WELCOME

STUDENTS - ALUMNI

We look forward each year to Homecoming because old alumni will be returning to pull for our ball club. The boys out on the field need your support. We'll all be there with a mutual desire . . . that is to *see our Demon Deacons defeat Clemson.*

COMPLIMENTS

W. W. (Bill) Holding

Dealer in

COTTON - - - - FERTILIZER

Wake Forest

First Down; Ten To Go

(*Continued from page 32*)

In 1918, when Wake Forest won its first game from State, there were two men sitting in the stands; the older one was Carroll Weathers and his younger friend was a boy by the name of Bill Johnson. Bill was intending to leave the next year to go to a large Northern school, and Weathers had been trying all along to interest him in coming to Wake orest. At the beginning of the game things looked bad for the Deacons, but Weathers seemed to have all confidence in the team of his alma mater. Bill was a Raleigh boy, but he was pulling for Wake orest that day, and when a Deacon made a spectacular run Bill said impulsively, "If Wake Forest beats State I'll come to Wake Forest." Wake Forest went ahead to beat State for the first time in history, and Johnson, true to his word, entered Wake Forest the following year.

If you want to see what that game meant to us, go to the front of the medical building and look above the door. You will see there "William Amos Johnson Medical Building." William Amos Johnson was the same Bill Johnson who sat in the stands with Carroll Weathers and said that he would come to Wake Forest if we beat State.

Things picked up a bit after the World War had slowed the game. In 1920 Harry Rabenhorst, the greatest footballer ever to wear an Old Gold and Black jersey, moved in to become "coach, captain, quarterback and fullback," according to Bill Holding's stories. Harry made a boot that long remains a fire stove tale, which is told in this issue.

Hank Garrity, the great of all Deacon coaches, put in his appearance shortly after this time. It took him very little while to give us the first and only championship team we have ever had. In 1924, Murray Greason, Blaney Rackley, Frank Armstrong, Karleskint, Fred "Kasis Cowboy" Emmerson, D. C. Lentt, C. F. Jones, C. M. Preslar, R. H. Reitzel, Johnny Johnson, Bill Ellerbe, Captain W. A. Johnson, Pete Pegano, Bill Riley, A. G. Ober, Paul Sykes, R. A. Collier, W. E. Daniel, J. Y. Ellington, Lawrence Harris, Wake Forest lawyer, M. R. Vickers, Brodie Hood, T. L. Caudle, and M. W. Meekins were members of the squad.

When Garrity moved out, so did football championships for a time at least. The college saw Pat Miller as coach for awhile, and then along came Big Jim Weaver in 1934. Weaver had a championship freshman club to work in his first season. They looked hot. Hal Warren, Dallas Morris, Jughead Allen, Joe Swan, Bert Shore, Perk Reinhardt, Walt Kitchin, Boots Mumford, ats Voss, Tex Edens, Tony Stern, and others. Great things were expected.

First game saw Wake Forest clean house against Guilford College, 64-0. Carolina was next and the Deacons were favorites for the first time since 1924. However, a 21-0 defeat was handed out at Chapel Hill and back went Deacon hopes. The team played the greatest game of all against N. C. State that season when they beat them in the last minute of play, 13-12. Tex Edens kicked that extra point.

The rest most of you know. How Hobo Daniel made Deacon history as one of the college's great fullbacks. How he kicked another long Wake Forest boot for some 92 yards.

What is in store for the future? We now have a man by the name of D. C. Walker as our coach. He took Weaver's place in 1937. He's making history this year. All looks bright again. Our guess is that with Walker at the helm the Wake Forest team of 1939 will be the greatest football eleven ever assembled on Gore Field.

Welcome
ALUMNI
Help Boost Your
TEAM

JOB P. WYATT & SONS COMPANY
RALEIGH, N. C.
Dealers in
Hardware — Farm Implements



"Chink" Kelly: I've got a perfect news story.
Pitman: How come, man bite dog?
Kelly: No, a bull threw a professor.

• ▲ •

Homecoming day is when,
Our boys play to win,
Dances are held—sucha sin.
Where'll it get you, in the end?

• ▲ •

Jett (in huddle): Those Clemson men are as thick as peas on those line plays.
Wirtz: Shell 'em, my boy, shell 'em.



Do You Mean to Say You've Been Here Since the Clemson Game Year Before Last?

Wake Forest's Leading BARBERS

One Trial Will Convince of our Tonsorial Ability

Simple enough, isn't it?

CITY BARBER SHOP

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

H. B. Moses and R. R. Griffin
Managers

• ▲ •

Rabenhorst Since 1919

Harry Rabenhorst, a native of Baton Rouge and a member of one of that old city's most prominent families, is the oldest member of the Louisiana State University coaching staff in the point of service. He went to L. S. U. in 1925 as backfield coach. The following year he was made head basketball coach and since has been turning out outstanding basketball teams and players. His 1934 quintet was one of the best in the nation, and he has developed many All-Conference basketball players. He still assists in football, helping coach the punters and other varsity backs. He is co-coach of the baseball team.

• ▲ •

Wake Forest Students

ALWAYS WELCOME

WALGREEN'S

REASONABLE DRUGS

Raleigh, N. C.

Nurse: I think he's regaining consciousness, doctor, he just tried to blow the foam off his medicine.

—*Pell Mell.*

• ▲ •

"James, is my wife dressed?"

"No, sir."

"You're fired!"

—*Yellow Jacket.*

• ▲ •

The modern flapper, we read, is very different from the girl of fifteen years back. But on the contrary, she is often the same person.

—*Duke 'n' Duchess.*

• ▲ •

He: Have you heard the new Eskimo song?

She: No, what is it?

He: Freeze a jolly good fellow.

—*The Pointer.*

• ▲ •

Mental Specialist: And that habit of talking to yourself is nothing to worry about.

Patient: But, doctor, I'm such a damn bore!

—*Duke 'n' Duchess.*

• ▲ •

"So you desire to become my son-in-law?"

"No, I don't, but if I marry your daughter, I don't see how I can get out of it."

—*Pell Mell.*

• ▲ •

She: Do you want to stop the car and eat, Sweetheart?

He: No, pet.

—*Log.*

• ▲ •

Poppa love Mamma,
Mamma loved men.
Mamma's in the graveyard,
Papa's in the pen.

—*Syracusan.*

• ▲ •

She: What wonderfully developed arms you have.

Allen Powers: Yes, I'm a football player. By the way, were you ever on a track team?

• ▲ •

Dr. Vann: Why did they evict the medical student from the library?

Stude: They caught him removing the appendix from the book he was reading.

• ▲ •

A woman is as old as she looks before breakfast.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

COME ON DEACONS—

BEAT CLEMSON!

Who Said Static!

SEE

Pierce Radio Repair Shop

The Zenith in Radio Repairmanship

Dealer for

PHILCO

PHONE 248-1

(Member of R. M. S.)

WAKE FOREST, N. C.
(Over Holding's Drug Store)

"Goodbye, Mother, I'm leaving for State now."
"Goodbye, dear. Be good. Have a nice time."
"Can't you make up your mind mother?"

—*Froth.*

• ▲ •

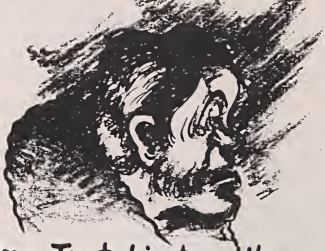
"What the dickens are you doing down here in the cellar?" asked the rooster.

"Well, if it's any of your darned business," replied the hen, "I'm laying in a supply of coal."

—*Widow.*



Hortence Thundermug



Thelma Twitchintwaddle



Théodora Gosewilde



Castoria Plumpjowls



Prize Etchings.. Selected by Napoleon XVII



Clarabelle Motoroil



Gertrude Totempole

(Reprinted by Request.)



for RECREATION
for SPORT
for HEALTH!

10 FRAMES 10c
Student Rates

•

Practice Promotes
Higher Scores

•

TRY OUT and PRACTICE DAILY for the

Fraternity Duck Pin Championship

SEE THE STERLING SILVER TROPHY SOON TO BE ON DISPLAY

SUPPORT YOUR FRATERNITY—
IT'S FUN AND PROMOTES HEALTH

THE WAKE FOREST BOWLING ALLEY

This Tournament Sponsored by THE STUDENT
See its Columns for Details

Real, Reel....

Entertainment

For those who enjoy first run, selected pictures amid comfortable air-conditioned surroundings, Wake Forest now has a new theatre supplementing the many reasons for staying in Wake Forest. No need now to thumb your way elsewhere! Enjoy the new pictures and new equipment of

The New Collegiate Theatre

CHRISTIAN PRINTING CO., DURHAM, N. C.

"Star" Auctioneer For 16 Years

BILL CURRIN, Like Most of the Other Independent Tobacco Experts, Smokes Luckies

Mr. Smoker: You say most of these tobacco experts smoke Luckies?

Mr. Lucky Strike: Yes, 2 to 1 over all other brands combined. Sworn records prove it.

Mr. Smoker: How many of these experts work for you?

Mr. L. S.: Not one! They're all *independent* tobacco men. Auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen.

Mr. Smoker: Are these men the best judges of tobacco?

Mr. L. S.: You bet they are! Just for example, there's Bill Currin. He's been an auctioneer for 16 years, and has sold millions of pounds of tobacco.

Mr. Smoker: And Currin smokes Luckies?

Mr. L. S.: Yes—and has for 15 years. Not only for their fine tobacco, but because of the "Toasting" process.

Mr. Smoker: What does that do?

Mr. L. S.: It takes out certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco—makes Luckies a light smoke, easy on the throat.

Mr. Smoker: That sounds good to me. I'll try them.

EASY ON YOUR THROAT— BECAUSE "IT'S TOASTED"

Sworn Records Show That—

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST— IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

1938, The American Tobacco Company



WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES: Bill Currin—Auctioneer—has smoked Luckies for 15 years

The Story of Swing



Your tired nerves need frequent relief



SCOTTIE Known variously in early history as Skye, Highland, Cairn, and Scots terrier. Nicknamed the "die-hard" for stout heart and unquenchable love for sport. Extremely independent.

He's giving his nerves a rest...

and so is he



LIKE humans, dogs have a complicated, highly developed set of nerves. But dogs rest when they need rest...while we plunge ahead with our hurry and worry—straining our nerves to keep up the pace. We can't turn back to the natural life of an animal, but we *can* soothe and rest our nerves. Camel cigarettes can be your pleasant reminder to take a helpful breathing spell. Smokers find Camel's costlier tobaccos are mild—*soothing* to the nerves.

Successful people advise
"Let up...*light up a Camel*"



RALPH GULDAHL (above), U. S. Open golf champion, reveals: "I've learned to ease up now and again—to let up . . . and light up a Camel. Little breaks in daily nerve tension help to keep a fellow on top. Smoking a Camel gives me a grand feeling of well-being. Here is a cigarette that is actually *soothing* to my nerves!"

DID YOU KNOW:



—that tobacco plants are "topped" when they put out their seed-head? That this improves the quality of leaf? That most cigarette tobacco is harvested by "priming"—removing each leaf by hand? The Camel buyers know where the choice grades of leaf tobacco are—the mild tobaccos that are finer and, of course, more expensive. Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...Turkish and Domestic.

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.



Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

LET UP—*LIGHT UP A CAMEL!*

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves



Swing It, Deacon!

Swing *in the* Public Schools

Rupert (Gummy) Bryan, an outstanding alumnus of the class of '38, is at present teaching school way down in A-hoskie. Rupert was a fine guard on last year's football team, but that's beside the point.

Well, rumor has it that bright and early every morning when Gummy begins his classes he first reads the Lord's Prayer; he then has a period of sentence prayers, and then he has the class rise and sing and swing "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

———— # ————

Nurse: You were just presented with quadruplets.
Father: Four crying out loud.
—Duke 'N' Duchess.

* * *

Jitterbugs are a mad form of American Hitlerism.
—N. Y. Times.

* * *

"Let nature take its course," he cried, as the hurricane ripped up the golf links.—*Froth.*

Young Mother: Come quick, Mandy, the baby's got something in his diaphragm.

Mandy (on run): Laws sakes! If that don't beat all. I just done put it on him. *—Duke 'N' Duchess.*

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. John Beverlin are rejoicing over an eight-pound boy, their sixth child, since last Saturday.
—Newton Mentor-Democrat.

* * *

A newly created papa received the glad tidings in a telegram. "Hazel gave birth to a girl this morning; both doing well." On the message was a sticker reading, "When you want a boy, call Western Union."
—Watauga.

* * *

Old Lady (meeting a one-legged tramp): "Poor man, you have lost a leg, haven't you?"

Tramp (looking down at his foot): "Well, I'll be darned if I hadn't."—*Duke 'N' Duchess.*

Students!...

RELAX From Your Studies
and Meet Your Pals at...



TOM'S

FIRST-RATE RECREATION PARLOR
—— and ——
FOUNTAIN SERVICE

Thanksgiving *in the* Quarters

By CHAS. A. FARRELL

When de frost am on the simmon an dey's drappin to de groun',
An' de corn am in de barnyard, pil'd up big an' round';
When de dew it am a-fallin' an' de moon don't shin' so bright,
Ma ol' 'oman 'lows den dat de 'possum's out tonight.
So hoc yo, Stage, away frum 'fo da fire,
Kase de 'possum am a-trabblin' on de groun'.

When de wind it am a-moanin' thru de trees befo' de do'.
And ma pickaninny's layin' by de fire on de flo';
When dat Sambo strums his banjer and Mirandy 'gins to sigh,
Den de notion come a-creepin' dat Thanksgivin' day am nigh.
So hoc yo, Stage, away from 'fo dat fire,
Kase we's gon' to hab a 'possum mighty sho'!

When de 'possum am a-smokin' in de grease an' 'taters brown,
An' de punkin pies am settin' on de table all aroun';
When Mirandy bring de pitcher filled wid simmonlocus' beer,
Den de notion come a-stealin' dat Thanksgivin's sholy heah!
So you, Honey's, come an' hurry an' dis table gather roun',
Kase de good Lawd he hez heaped it wif de blessin's of de groun'!

♧ ♧ ♧



Thanksgiving *on the* Campus

By TOM M. FREEMAN

When de pigskin am a-coolin' an' de snow draps to de groun',
An' de uniform's in mothballs, pil'd up big an' roun';
When Peahead tote de sco'-book an' his map am all a-grin,
Den de notion come a-stealin' what dat Thanksgivin' sco' done been!
So yo, Deacons, come an' hurry an' dis dressin' room gather roun',
Kase de glory and de blessin's of de gridiron am our'n!

If You Jitter-Go

Swinging jitterbugs, with the vicket's
Craning, swaying; Jimminy Crickets!
Everybody's in the groove—
Waiting for some fool to move.

College swing bands; Foo'ball magic,
Pre-game dope is often tragic.
Post-game swing jobs I adore,
Jitterbug's got me—swing some more.

Goodman, Whiteman, Vanden Dries
All throw caution to the breeze.
Stomp it, swing it, one and all!—
The Jitterbug is on the ball.

Have an apple, large or small,
Q or truck to the Jitters' call.
Pose it—take a Lambeth walk
Follow through, there can be no balk—

For you're following the "Prince of Swing"
Whom the "Party of Jam" has dubbed, "The King."
So stump that light fantastic toe,
Try to keep your balance—It's a Jit'er-go.
—JOHN SNOW.

♧ ♧ ♧

Sonnets

By WILLIAM SHAKE-A-LEG-SPEARE

[NOTE: The author discards Italian and English rhyme schemes and here uses the more modern dongivadam form.]

ALMOST

I've heard men say that swing's insane
And I've believed them, almost
But when it comes to easing pain,
To swing let's drink a toast.
A toast to swing, the modern strain,
That drives us crazy—almost.

SUPPLICATION

Swing is right, swing is wrong—
Till they decide, I'll string along
With Krupa, Clinton, Goodman, Heidt.
I'll hope and pray with all my might
'Ye music Gods, let it be right
So we can dance and sing and play
Enjoy ourselves in this, our day,
With Herby, Sammy, Kyser—Kay!

SEDENTARY JITTERBUG

O, cruel fate that built me so
That swingin' out I dare not go,
I curse the thing that made me large
Lookin' like a laden barge,
A tug,

While streamlined speedsters peck and truck
A wishful Wallflower am I stuck.
Sometimes I think I'll run amuck,
Get off the shelf and on the floor
Until they chase me out the door.
Till that sweet day I'm stationary,
Settin' still, a sedentary
Jitterbug.

But O the joy when I shall see
A girlie tall as six foot three.
I'll hold her close and we'll both see
Mutually, it's 'me for thee.'
When swing is hot we two shall stand
Watching the leader of the band,
To wait 'till some more gentle theme
Shall waft us off into our dream—
So snug!

—*Ghost written by* PHIL LATTA.

The Maestro Shrieks

By FRANK THOMPSON

ARE you a "Jitterbug"? Chances are that you are, or if you're not you've seen many a 'bug at dances, in front of nickelodians and radios, and in theaters. Now, if you're a 'bug, or if you've been around enough 'bugs, you must have thought about them and how they look many times, but have you ever thought of how the many band leaders all over the country feel about these people called jitterbugs?

All of you have heard of the famous Billy (In Person) Vanden Dries and most of you have probably heard his swell band. I have had two bands myself, and have talked to Billy often about bands, musicians and jitterbugs. Bill and I have almost the same idea about the 'bugs, as do most other band leaders. Both of us have spent many an hour on the bandstand l o o k i n g at these strange people and listening as patiently as possible to their requests for numbers. From these hours of observation we have been able to draw p r e t t y definite conclusions about their strange (very strange) behavior. Any fellow w h o has spent as much as a single evening on a bandstand can tell some interesting things about jitterbugs, their behavior and his personal feelings toward them. Bill and I have gotten together and will now disclose the feelings of the band leaders and musicians toward the 'bugs.



The first thing we wish to bring forth is the fact that the jitterbugs are the indirect cause of much criticism of swing bands. Jitterbugs, you know, are people who love swing but who don't know what it's all about. They appreciate only the loudest, fastest swing, and for this reason they request mostly rip-roaring numbers which the lovers of classical music rightly call atrocious. If the 'bugs would grow to enjoy the sweeter swing numbers, the swing bands would be a lot happier.

One of the most familiar sights to the band leader is the face of some young nut leaning anxiously over the edge of the stand to say, "Hey, mister, how 'bout something really hot for a change?" Frequently the last number had been something like Will Hudson's "Dying Savage," and without realizing it the young nut had been driven almost batty by the primitive rhythms of the tune.

One of the funniest experiences I've ever had took place at the local high school in Princeton, New Jersey, where my band was playing for the annual senior prom. About half-way through the evening I told the boys to play "Dying Savage." The tune starts off with a weird drum intro and breaks suddenly into a brass chorus, followed by a tenor sax ride of about 32 bars. Well, we had no more than finished the brass and gotten through about eight bars of the tenor ride when a buxom old thing, who was no one less than the principal herself, came rushing over to shout, "Stop playing, stop playing, stop playing that awful piece!" I stopped the band and turned to my new friend to see what the hell she wanted, thinking to myself, "Boy, this babe is really a longhair." I didn't have time to ask her anything. She boomed at me so loudly that I almost ran away, "Did you see how that horrible thing was making those children d a n c e ? From now on you play like W a y n e K i n g or don't play at all!" I was t o o frightened t o s a y anything, so I turned to the boys and said, "Dish out some corn, boys, and stick with it."

A f t e r thinking t h e thing o v e r f o r a f e w minutes I realized that the "blimp" really did have reason to complain. I had seen jitter bugs dance to that particular tune hundreds of times and had never thought anything of it, but when I thought it over I realized that the particular type of piece affected them much more than the faster stuff. A few times before I had picked out tunes of the same type just to see how they made the 'bugs react.

We had been "schmaltzing" for about three dances when a pretty little blonde came over and said, "Why don't you swing out? You've been playing too many slow tunes and the kids want some hot stuff. Play "Margie" so we can "sharpie" (Yankee for little apple). I could hardly wait until she turned her back, to laugh. There on the floor were two hundred jitterbugs who didn't recognize hot swing when it had been played for them. Oh well, such are the ways of the jitterbug.

(Continued on Page 16)

The Jitterbug's Lament

By W. H. BROOKS

I STOOD in front of my home on the top of the hill with the midnight breezes coursing lightly through my hair. The shine of the moon overhead cast an air of peaceful tranquility over the whole countryside. Away off in the distance the lights of the city winked watchfully through the night. On the road below the occasional flashing of tunneling light signaled the passage of strange people bound for far places.

On the far side of the house the flower garden whispered in the darkness. As I walked between the ordered rows and talked to the blooms in the moonlight, it seemed to me that each one spoke to me of the loveliness of Virginia. I was at peace with the world, gently wrapped in the exquisite beauty of the summer night.



That I might enjoy the scene in its entirety, I sat down on the low stone wall off to one side. The rough stone was damply eool through the warmth of my flannels. Soft, soothing quiet lay over the land.

Suddenly a raucous whining cut shrilly into the night. Seemingly, it welled up from the very earth and spread in ever-increasing circles for miles around. It was hideous.

Gradually I became aware that the noise possessed a sort of rude rhythm, barbaric in its tone and morally degrading in its implications. It wound itself around me and whispered to me with soft insinuations of lust. Irresistably it drew me.

I hurried down the hill, almost running, and turned myself in the direction of the weird, wailing eroon which had fascinated me. Down the hill and over the old wooden bridge I hurried. Past the garage, the filling station and the grocery store I stumbled in my haste. Past the funeral parlor and the Negro church. Forced to cross the street because the road narrowed and only the far sidewalk remained. Oblivious to the sights and sounds around me, I pressed forward, my ears straining to catch every beat, every note, every sobbing undertone, my eyes fixed in the direction from which the sounds were coming.

As I drew nearer and nearer, the noise became louder and louder until it was the roll of thunder, the surge of the ocean beating through my brain. At last I saw my objective. It was a new, white, two-storied building in the heart of "Nigger Town."

The windows of the upper floor were harsh squares of brightness streaming into the murky night. Back and forth across them grotesque shadows capered in impossible contortions. My blood raced in time to the rhythm.

I was not the only white man present. They flocked from every part of town. Women, too. We crowded into the place and clamored for tickets of admission to the session taking place upstairs. Up the narrow stairs we pushed and shoved, most of us already keeping time to the music as we went. By this time we were almost drooling at the mouth in our excitement. When we opened the door the full blast of the music hit us. We almost went crazy. I lost all touch with the outside world.

The rhythm snatched me up and sent me out upon the floor, hopping and contorting with the rest of them, Negroes, mulattos and whites indiscriminately mixed in a hodge-podge of frenzy. Here there was no sense of class superiority; I was aware of nothing other than the rhythm. When it stopped occasionally, that the players might get their breath, I felt a queer unreasoning anger at them. I wanted nothing more than to remain as I was, forever.

The more I exerted myself, the fresher and more vitally alive I seemed to be. How many hours I stayed there I do not know. I was in the toils of a powerful drug. I was helpless. At last, however, the players would send no longer. It was time to go.

Seeing that it was all over I gathered myself together, looked bewilderedly about me, and prepared to trudge the weary blocks homeward. A light mist was falling, causing the black asphalt to glimmer malignantly beneath the street lights. Slowly the sidewalk flowed past under my feet. The cracks between the cement blocks tapered into infinity.

After a long time the Negro church loomed beside me in the pale wanness of the early morning. The figures in its stained glass windows looked accusingly at me through the half-light. Unaccountably I ducked my head and slightly hastened my lagging steps. Then, far off to one side, the undertaking parlor came in view. Just as I drew abreast of it a woman, sobbing,

(Continued on Page 17)

What Is It?

By "LONGHAIR" HILL

A JITTERBUG is an animal which has not yet been successfully defined. Therefore, I will not attempt to define a jitterbug.

I will, however, try in some small way to describe how these things react to swing when they are in their native environment.

There are many different species of jitterbugs. The first one of these to consider is the one who was born a jitterbug. The kind that trucked in the cradle while his nurse hummed *Bye Low, Baby.* This type is incurable. No remedy yet found for the born jitterbug. They did the Charleston in grammar school, the Shag in high school, and the Little Apple in college. Reports say that some legislation is getting under way to mark these creatures so that the general public may be on the



outlook for them. When exposed to swing, jitterbugs are liable to do anything — and they usually do. They can be counted on to begin bouncing up and down, emitting savage yells and giving forth with shouts which mean positively nothing to a civilian who does not savvy "jive."

The second type should be placed under a category called pseudo-jitterbugs. That is, one that wasn't born a jitterbug, but became one either by association or by lack of education. This type reacts approximately the same to jamming as does the first, and that *is* reaction.

Our last specimen might be called the would-be jitterbug. The kind that wants to but can't. Either because of a lack of rhythm or a lack of savagery in their souls, this type is unable to perform successfully the antics necessary to become known as a full-fledged jitterbug of the first rank. This type is curable. It is on the borderline, anyway, and can't make up its mind whether to be a jitterbug or not to be a jitterbug, since, after all, that is the question. Tell this specimen that it looks awkward doing the Little Apple and it will sulk for a moment and finally decide that anyway it always did like waltzing better.

Let's come closer home. Take a trip over to the recent Pledge Dance. On the stage Scales and his solid senders are giving out with all the jam encased in their bodies. Down on the dance floor our friends the jitterbugs are in rare form. Very rare.

There is one of our born jitterbugs. Clad in a lavender and green checked coat, a pink tie, aquamarine slacks and shoe boxes, friend jitterbug is truly giving out. In its eyes we behold a strange light. Its hair is in wild disorder. Living in another world. On the campus this animal assumes different proportions. It becomes a person. He strolls about, not entirely normal, but almost. He is nice enough to attend classes spasmodically, restrain his emotions to a certain extent and be still long enough to sleep sparingly after the last strains of jam have faded from the radio. But produce swing in his presence and the consequences might be disastrous. Think what people would think, or even do, if in the midst of a nice meal over at the boarding house one of the specimens were to hear a solid sender and pounce on the steak and onions with a nice ducky little step of the Yam—not to be confused with sweet potatoes.

Walking around nearer the bandstand, we find a type of jitterbug which did not receive consideration in the category. These lads over at school are normal, healthy students. Here we see them huddled around the musicians, beating out what they deem the time of the music with their heads, feet, hands and anything that these organs of the body might grasp. While doing this, they are heatedly discussing each player and his relative merits to other swingsters as if it were a world problem. Immediately after each number they rush madly up to the maestro and swamp him with suggestions as to what to play next. Mister leader smiles smugly for he knows that although what he thinks of jitterbugs is not fit to think—much less print—they are nevertheless responsible for a large amount of the kale that warms his jeans.

Ah, a pseudo-jitterbug. An almost-but-not-quite mug. The mad pace is telling on this variety. It pants, wheezes, blows and exhales violently. Still determined, though, that swing shall not be played without proper demonstration being put on. Now and then it stops to go and watch enviously the superb born jitterbug, who has energy to burn. Sees a new step and decides to try it on the first victim. Trys it, falls sprawling on the floor amid the titterings of onlookers, rises muttering something about the crazy time that band plays in.

(Continued on Page 15)

It's a Sissy!

By "TANGO" BRISSIE

ALL the world's a stage, and the men and women are merely jitterbugs; they shake and swing their way through this short session, and then pass out.

It really seems a futile employment for such a mass of American people to put their hearts and souls into such a wholesale production of letting themselves go. I say why put so much time into such a futile form of diversion, and in the case of some—occupation, for this is only a sissy's racket. Seldom do we hear or read of a leg being broken or a shoulder dislocated on account of a heated swing session staged by a group of tender-footed jitterbugs.

Follow me and I'll show you that as a jitterbug, you are a softie, that is, until you've tried the rhumba.

Several years ago, during that period of lure for adventure in my life (which is so characteristic of every lad's life) I ventured as far south and west as Mexico. I crossed the Rio Grande, and after journeying some distance into this romantic old country, I came to a small town by the name of Paz. (I found later that this means "Peace," when translated into English.)

Here I secured a job attending the personnel of an egg plant—caring for approximately 2,000 chickens owned as a hobby by a wealthy old Castilian. Quite a generous old cuss, I must say, and he spoke English better than I. Don't get disappointed, for it was here that I did my duty and made love to his beautiful daughter. She would have been a true personification of the acme of femininity had she not been rather surplus around the equator. As I said, she was a rare morsel, and I told her that I loved her, and worshipped the very ground that her father had discovered oil on.

One night she decided to give me a taste of the night life of Paz. We went to a party sponsored by one of the churches in town, for which to gain proceeds to stage a harvest festival, one that includes our spirit of Thanksgiving in half-gallon jugs. Went, we did.

As we entered the odoriferous hall, the party had already begun and everything was in full contact. Fair senoritas were floating around like white feathers at the chicken farm during a tropical hurricane. At first I thought the people already daneing were giving a rough exhibition of jiu-jitsu, as the jitterbugs do it. However, I soon learned that American jitterbugs would have felt as much at home here as a buttermilk salesman would have felt at a bootleggers' convention. The swingsters were doing some form of danee which started with an expanding, revolving and vibrating motion at the ankles and continued to the last particle of dandruff, and increased in violence with every inch of height gained. No referee was to be seen, and I presume there were no holds barred. Senorita Flee Flee (this was the name of my escortress) informed me that this was a novelty stanza of the well known rhumba, called the "Little Jumping Bean." Immediately I thought of the jitterbug's "Little Apple." But the "Little Apple" would have been a cereal in comparison with this heavy dessert. (I say dessert, beeause I was ready to leave after one helping.)

Before she indueed me to give the rhumba a fling, we sat down and had a "shot," as she called it. Possibly hers was a shot, but I believe mine was an explosion. My toes began to tingle, and all in one sudden throb the lights went out. At first I thought it was the house lights, but afterwards I learned that it was just my "lamps." After that short dark intermission, I began to revive, and shortly I was ready for them to bring on all sorts of "Jumping Beans."

The orchestra started once more —the same familiar rhumba beat—and the floor became alive with merry-mad products of humanity. Senorita and I took the floor. I grappled her with all my strength, and with all my brute force of 135 lbs. we started a revolving, vibrating motion. One revolution carried us to the center of the floor; from there on it was a matter of life and death. I thought I was doing well, until I was struck by a flying hip. The rest was blank for a few minutes; I was down for a long count. However, fate was with me, and so was Senorita. She picked me up and carried me out—for fresh air (I hope).

That night was enough. I appreciated Senorita's kindness, but I had decided I was against any form of rhumbas from now on. Some days later, Senorita came to me and asked me to accompany her out again—this time to see the famous Ricardo Differo, who had come to Paz to introduce the "Kangaroo Shuffle" to lovers of the rhumba.



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DANCING

We may be getting a little off on the subject of swing, but that is rather immaterial—swing may or may not last; it is not for us to predict. However, we feel safe in saying that dancing will remain as an institution as long as the human instinct of gregariousness remains.

It appears to us that dancing is merely the medium through which boys and girls may have the social contacts which they naturally desire and require.

College boys and girls have very little chance today to be in mixed groups. At the modern dances one meets more people of his own age than he could at any other social function. Not only does he meet people, but he also has an opportunity to carry on a brief conversation and to learn something about other people. There is no other institution in modern life that offers this, and in this age of speed, social contacts are more important than they have ever been before because one meets many more people than formerly.

The opponents of dancing today are, in the main, people who have never danced, and for that reason are not qualified to give an opinion on the effect it has on the individual. Several years of experience lead us to conclude that there is very little thought of the sensual aspect of dancing among the participants. They are too busy thinking about the music, the people around them, the technique of dancing itself, and the possibility of "getting stuck."

The type of dances that people who are opposed to dancing cite as examples of immorality are those public affairs attended by a mixed group of persons, most of whom are beyond the college age. The opponents know about these dances because they are publicized on account of the brawls that many of them result in, and they immediately brand all dances as this type. They seem to forget that there are thousands of dances, the kind that you and I attend, which are never heard of.

The people who cause the bad reputation of dances are those people who are approaching middle age, and are trying in every way they can to regain their lost youth. They have heard that all modern college boys drink like fish and they feel that they must act like college boys so that people will point them out and say, "My, isn't he well-preserved?" (Pickled would be a better word.) "He's just like a college boy."

What about this dancing on the Wake Forest campus? All of this has been hashed and rehashed as far back as we can remember. It is of common knowledge that it would be less expensive to have our dances right here rather than in some of our neighboring cities. It also seems logical that a well-supervised dance with faculty members present would tend to minimize any drinking that may be seen at dances as they are now. We'd just like to know why we can't have dances in our wonderful gymnasium. We don't see how it could hurt the school to recognize such a prevalent practice as dancing, and there can be no doubt that as long as students are going to dance it would be better for them to dance at home under the watchful eye of the faculty.



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TIME

It was four days before the opening World Series Game and Charlie, who had hitchhiked 600 miles to the stadium, found himself the first in line. The changing weather annoyed him. He spent the first night standing in the rain.

Two days before the Opening Game, Charlie, weaker, and coughing from the cold he had caught, still headed the line. Living on "hot dogs" was beginning to tell on him.

One day, before the Opening Game, Charlie still was first in line. Although the line was now longer, Charlie was too weak for conversation. He was much thinner and paler, and he had to lean against the gate to support himself.

The next morning at ten, the gates were opened and Charlie bought the first bleacher ticket, for the World Series.

Three days later, after an unlucky hitchhiking trip, Charlie arrived home. "Quick, give me supper," he yelled to his mother. "I'm starved."

"I wasn't sure when you were coming," she answered. "I'll have something ready in five minutes."

"Five minutes," Charlie bellowed. "What is this place coming to anyway? Since when do I have to wait five minutes to get something to eat? I could do a million things in five minutes. I want you to know my time is valuable——"



"No plumber is going to track up my new rug!"



"No one leaves until we find out who's responsible for this!"

PEOPLE WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

The doctor who advises you not to eat apples.

The dog-catcher who has pets of his own.

The lady who borrows a gun from her husband and then shoots him with it.

The movie exhibitor who charges deaf and dumb people for admission.

The telephone girl who gives you the right number and then says: "Excuse it, please."

The fellow who is thrown into a tub of boiling water by cannibals and asks for a cake of soap.

The mailman who cannot read the French on the post card you receive from Paris and asks you to explain it to him.

The murderer who is about to be hanged who asks for a foot rest.



P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) **R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.**

HOW THE GAME CAME OUT

The Sports Writer:

As the bright sun sank low behind the gray colored Podunk Stadium, Podunk's sons and daughters were singing of praise for an eleven that showed the cunning of a fox, the speed of a greyhound, the agility of an antelope, the courage of a lion, the power of a team of horses — a crashing, banging, smashing, up-roaring never-say-die team that worked like a machine that swept all before it in its rage, and emerged a gallant victor over its annual rival, Trivial U.

The Tabloids:

Leopards Spot Cubs—7-6.

The Winning Coach:

"You mugs were the luckiest bunch of lilies that ever fumbled a ball, and if you butter-fingered mopes think you're going to have any such push-over when we play Tech next week, you've got another guess coming. The line looked like the six dwarfs the way they were being pushed around. Dopey must have been in the backfield calling signals. Now I want the entire squad to report at One, Monday, and anybody who doesn't show improvement goes back to the scrubs—get me!"

The Losing Coach:

"That Rogers has got so darn smart he doesn't have to listen to his coach any longer. If he'd kept punting like I ordered, we'd have won hands down.

The Right End:

"If that tackle had held my arm just once more, I'd have let him have one right on the nose."

The Girl:

"The dance in the gym was just too swell for words. What a band, and that Podunk quarter-back's the swellest looker I've ever seen."

The Hawker:

"What a floperoo! A floperoo! At least ten thousand people, and I sell five programs. Those college guys squeeze their pennies so hard, Lincoln must be all black and blue.

The Old Grad:

"Yowee! We won. Wait till I see Bill, Monday, in the office. He's an old Trivial man. What do you say we go and celebrate?"

The Undergraduate:

"Not a bad game, eh? Say, how about lending me your English notes? I've got to catch up with my assignments tonight!"

•

Rastus and Liza were married but a short time when he came home with a big wash tub, a washboard and a handsome three-foot mirror.

Liza: Whut's all de truck you brung?

Rastus: You-all kin take you pick. Yo' kin take de tub an' washboard an' go to work, or you kin take de mirror an' set down and watch you's'f starve.

•

English Visitor (to cowhand): Has the advent of radio helped ranch life?

Cowhand: It certainly has, for one thing, we learn a new cowboy song every night. And say — we've found out that the lingo us fellows have used for years is all wrong.

"SHURE AND HIS PIPE DISTURBED TH' PEACE!"



"MARRY ME, MARY?" But before she could answer, Frank's goocy-smelling pipe floored her. She just couldn't stand that strong, rancid tobacco. But Murphy saved the day!



"FAITH AND BEDAD! Clean that pipe and fill up with my Sir Walter —the most fragrant blend of extra-mild burleys ever put in a 2-ounce tin!" So he did, and she said "yes."

SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA



PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureau of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a *majority* of these colleges.

TUNE IN *Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday night, coast-to-coast, NBC Red Network.*

A millionaire, nearing death's door, agreed to try blood transfusion. The supply was obtained from an employee who was a Scotsman by birth, and the result was all that could be desired. When the patient was able to get about he gave the Scotsman $500. After a time the operation was repeated, but this time the millionaire paid $250, and still later, after another transfusion, the Scot was paid nothing at all.

"Ah, Sandy," said the surgeon slyly, "it's only what you might have expected. Your blood's just started to work."

•

Cook: Yes, ma'am, I'm leavin' in exactly three minutes.

Mistress: Then please put the eggs on to boil; and we'll have them right for once.

•

A young man was on trial for illegal voting, it being claimed that he voted when under age. His mother was on the witness-stand, and testified that the young man was of age when he voted.

Counsel: How do you know he was of age?

Mother: Because I am his mother and he was born on Jan. 9, 1916.

Counsel: Now, Mrs. Smith, please tell this jury some particular thing that happened that day that fixes it so firmly in your memory.





What Is It?

(Continued from Page 8)

The would-be jitterbug is standing over in the corner alone. Occasionally bursts into a hot step that he just saw. Then looks around furtively to see if anyone was looking. Decides nobody was and gets off what he considers a killer-diller. Goes a step farther. Into the double kick of the Little Apple. Figures he might even go out on the dance floor in a minute. Rehearses one more time. Turns to see a gang of cynics smirking at him, turns very crimson, then pale, begins to paw the floor with his foot, finally turns and walks rapidly and haughtily away. Over on the campus during the week, we would find this fellow most likely in the library, garbed in huge horn-rimmed spectacles, poring over voluminous books in the library—the conscious mind a thousand miles away from swing.

While we're here we might as well do a turn or two around the floor. That blonde over there. Wonder how she dances. We'll see. Say, this is okay. Oh, she does the Little Apple. Maybe the jitterbugs have something after all. Man, that step really sends! Shucks, almost fell that time. Swing it, sister! Raz-mah-taz! Turn it over. You heah me shoutin'! I ain't denyin'! I keep repeatin'! Listen to that slush horn! Gut that bucket—swingeroo! Jam that solid-sender! It's a killer-diller! Swing! Jam! Swing! Jam! Swing! Jam! Buck—Buck—Buck—e-e-t. Long live the jitterbug!

———— # ————

Pete Davis: "Are you wearing your green suit tonight?"

Jack Knight: "I'm afraid I am."

Pete Davis: "Then you won't mind lending me your tux."

* * *

"Scoopie" P.: "So you're one of my fans, eh? Well, I'm a great believer in hero-worship."

Freshman: "Really? I suppose you have some hero that you worship, too?"

"Scoopie" P.: "Yes, indeed, but there are also times when I just hate myself."

Little John Smith was going to school one morning when he met his teacher. He was very fond of his teacher and when he came near to her he said: "Good morning, Miss Jones."

"Good morning, Johnny," she replied.

With that they both went on their way. Now try to make something dirty out of that one!

* * *

He: "Why wait till we get home to tell me whether or not you'll marry me?"

She: "I'm scared; this is the very spot where my father proposed to my mother."

He: "What about it?"

She: "Well, on the way home, the horse ran away and father was killed."—*Spartan.*

* * *

The car was crowded and the conductor was irritable.

"Where's the fare for the boy?" he snapped, as the father handed him one fare.

"The boys is only three years old."

"Three years! Why look at him. He's seven if he's a day."

The father leaned over and gazed earnestly at the boy's face. Then he turned to the conductor.

"Can I help it if he worries?" he asked.—*Exchange.*

* * *

An infant was awakened from a peaceful slumber in a hospital. Looking down at his raiment he yelled over to the occupant of the next crib:

"Did you put water on my diapers?"

"Naw" was the answer.

The first speaker looked puzzled for a moment and then said, "Hmmm, must have been an inside job."

* * *

Found on an English paper: "—And before Satin was cast out of Heaven, he was an angle."



The Maestro Shrieks

(Continued from Page 6)

The type of jitterbug the band leader dislikes most is the type which insists upon clapping hands and drumming with silverware, etc., to what they think is time to the music. Bill tells me of a time when his tenor man was taking a jam chorus and had to cut it short because a bunch of bugs insisted on clapping their hands out of time. A tenor sax, you know, is the instrument which, next to the drums, sets the bugs most nearly out of their heads. That particular time the sax was riding out on a long chorus of "Melancholy Baby," but the bugs were so out of time with their clapping that he had to ruin a really good ride because they threw him off so. I think that a society to teach jitterbugs how to keep time, would be a boon to swing bands—at least a boon to the musicians' nerves.

Looking down from the bandstand one may always count on seeing about twenty dizzy couples doing the Little Apple or the Sharpie. It wouldn't be so bad if they'd all keep time, but they never do. Then, too, one may always count on seeing the same screwballs doing a half jig, half-smooth dance to a beautiful tune like "Star Dust." Sights like that make a conscientious band leader leave the really beautiful tunes out of his library.

The next time you go to a dance look around at the jitterbugs. Watch them when they go up to the bandstand to ask for the blood and thunder tunes, and imagine how the polite leader feels. Watch the same 'bugs get out of their heads to the fast stuff and remain calm and collected when the subtle-real swing is played.

The jitterbugs are seldom, if ever, the ones who crowd around the bandstand when great musicians are "taking-off"; they're content to leave that to the "alligators," while they go on hopping around all out of time to the music.

All of this is said with no ill feelings, Jitterbugs. Billy and I and all other band leaders love you. We love you, jitterbugs, because you pay the freight. If you stopped being 'buggie we'd lose the opportunity to make the green stuff, but you can't help yourselves, can you? Yes, indeed, we love you, but can you analyze yourselves and say the same? You have an alternative, however, and that alternative is that—if you try hard—you might become alligators (who know what it is all about) and grow to love yourselves as Billy and I love you. Jive on, 'buggies, jive on. . . .

—#—

He was sitting at the bar downing one after another and laughing boisterously. Every so often, as he mumbled to himself he would hold up his hand in protest. Finally the bartender's curiosity got the best of him. "What are you doing?" he asked. "I'm telling myself jokes," was the reply. "But why the hand in the air?" "Oh, that's when I stop me if I've heard it before."

—*Pelican.*

Castle Theatre

Under a new management, continues to serve you—at reduced prices—Matinee 20 cents, night 25 cents. Each Wednesday 10 cents for everyone.

♣ ♣ ♣

COMING ATTRACTIONS:

"Letter of Introduction"

"Mr. Deeds Goes To Town"

"Romance of the Limberlost"

A Jitterbug's Lament

(Continued from Page 7)

came shuffling out. I hurried by as quickly as I could force myself that I would not have to see her face and that she might not see mine.

Indescribably halting were those homeward steps. I felt drained of all initiative, of all common decency. I felt as though I had taken something horribly nauseating and fed it upon the tissue of my soul. Finally, the grocery store limped painfully past, and beyond it the filling station. The boards of the old bridge protested shrilly as I jerked my reluctant feet over them. The final two blocks were endless miles stretching out forever before me. At last I stood at the foot of the hill leading to my home.

I gazed up at the little white house at the top. How different it now seemed! Just a place to live, concerned with the humdrum activities of eating and sleeping.

When I had dragged myself to the summit I looked out once again upon the surrounding countryside. Now it seemed merely a sordid expanse of dirty dreariness. I saw everything from cynical eyes. The world appeared as nothing more than a grab-bag of futility. Petulantly I kicked the flowers which seemed to drag at my legs as I walked past. I had no thought other than attending other sessions of swing at the earliest opportunity. God help me. I became a jitterbug!

Since that time I have attended many similar informal squirmings, some of them better, many of them much worse. Although I realize what they are doing to me, I am powerless to help myself. I am fatally enmeshed in the toils of swing. I look to those higher than myself for my salvation. I have always been a law-abiding citizen. Greatly do I respect the law, and try to uphold it in whatever ways possible. In that lies the answer, for me and for countless others.

Swing should be declared illegal. Or else should be allowed only to those who participate in the presentation of it. The degeneration, mental and moral, upon those most affected by its numbing drug is monstrous and incalculable in its extent. It seizes man and lowers him, both in the eyes of others and in his own estimation. It robs him of the dignity which is an inherent part of his being.

There are those who protest that legislation outlawing swing would be contrary to our American conceptions of liberty. Perhaps so. They go further and say that the people should be allowed to indulge in this musical marijuana because they want to. Perhaps that is also true. But surely that is no less ridiculous than would be the contention that people should be allowed to use opium and heroin—because they want to.

Swing is a pernicious, habit-forming drug, accumulative in its effects and devastating in its results. Its addicts are compelled to hop and squirm about under its proddings in much the same way that angle worms, by their very nature, are compelled to squirm when placed upon fish hooks, and this only adding to their troubles. The more they squirm the worse off they are. And yet they squirm.

(Continued on Next Page)

Recreation!

There's nothing like it! When you aren't feeling up to par, come in and bowl a frame or two.

The Inter-Frat Tournament will soon be in full sway, starting soon after the holidays. Watch our bulletin board or ask at The Student office for complete details.

The Wake Forest Bowling Alley

This Tournament Sponsored by THE STUDENT

SEE THE STERLING SILVER TROPHY SOON TO BE ON DISPLAY

—*Continued from preceding page.*

Some of the more violent cases have become so imbued with the insidious poison of swing that they even defend it as a legitimate form of music. Proudly they assert that swing is a permanent fixture, to remain with us from henceforth. As a matter of fact it has always been with us. Wherever, since civilization first began, there have been cesspools of iniquity, there have been swingsters. The rhythm is not new. It is found in the shrouds of wickedness of ages past. The only difference between the offenders of today and yesterday is that today they are permitted to provoke organized immorality in public places.

The most heartrending thing about the mess is the fact that there are those who devote their intelligences to exhaustive researches into the mechanics of swing, the various characteristic musical squirmings. They are silly, and yet pitiful, spending their time and energies on inconsequential fripperies used to disguise and cheapen life. God have mercy on their souls!

God have mercy on all our souls.

———— # ————

A soldier went to his colonel and asked for leave to go home to help his wife with her spring cleaning.

"I don't like to refuse you," said the colonel, "but I've just received a letter from your wife saying that you are no use around the house."

The soldier saluted and turned to go. At the door he stopped, turned and remarked.

"Colonel, there are two persons in this regiment who handle the truth loosely, and I'm one of them. I'm not married."—*Fawn.*



The secret of smart dressing does not lie in the size of your wardrobe—**it's in its APPEARANCE!**

CLEANING by

Wake Dry Cleaners

Assures

Good Appearance Always

WE CLEAN

Men's Suits, Hats, Leather Jackets, O'coats

—Anything That Can Be Cleaned!

PHONE 375-1 :: OPPOSITE UNDERPASS

C. S. BARNES, Tailor

He struck hur and she uttered no word. Again he struck hur, but no sound eskaped hur lips. Once more he hitter on the hed, but, brave thing that she wuz, she did not whimpyr.

Then in a rage beyond awl reeson by her unkeneern, the brute gave vent to a low maledickshun and began reigning blos on her pretty little hed, even seratching hur in his madness.

Even through this she held her piece, but at length, hur feelings at the blazing point, she gave a reluctent sputter into flaim.

For you see, she wuz only a match.—*Bettilu.*

* * *

Swing
Is the thing
What makes you
Laugh and sing.

Good exercise,
We'd say, but
What about the
Next day?

* * *

"Are you positive that the defendant was drunk?" asked the judge.

"No doubt," growled the officer.

"Why are you so certain?"

"Well," replied the officer, "I saw him put a penny in the patrol box on Fourth Street, then look up at the clock on the Presbyterian Church and shout: 'Gosh, I've lost fourteen pounds!'."—*Duke 'N' Duchess.*

* * *

The other night the inimitable, inevitable Ross Hill said that he'd heard they were making dresses out of banana peels. "To slip on when you're in a hurry," he explained.

* * *

Many a man has made a monkey out of himself in reaching for the wrong limb.—*Punch Bowl.*

Winter's Napping, BUT . . .

DON'T LET IT CATCH

YOU ASLEEP!

Stock Up With Your Winter's Supply of Fuel NOW!

CITY FUEL & SUPPLY CO.

TODAY!!!

LOST

If the person who stole the alcohol out of the jar in my room will please return my aunt's appendix, no questions will be asked. Thanx.

* * *

Gently, he pushed her quivering shoulders back against the chair. She raised beseeching eyes in which faint hope and fear were struggling. . . . From her parted lips, the breath came in short, wrenching gasps. . . . Reassuringly, he smiled at her.

Bzzzzzzz, went the dentist's drill.—*The Widow.*

* * *

Jack Williams: "When I was in Atlantic City I stopped at the Ambassador Hotel."

Eddie Woolbert: "Why, the Ambassador Hotel is in Philadelphia."

Jack Williams: "What? No wonder it took me so long to walk to the beach."

* * *

Small Boy: "Sir, did you lose a dollar?"

Dean Bryan: "Why—er—yes, I did. Have you found it?"

Small Boy: "No, I just wanted to check up on how many were lost this morning. Yours makes ninety-six."

* * *

If they look young, they're old,
If they look old, they're young,
If they look back,
For Heaven's sake, follow them.

—*Varieties.*

Wake Forest Students

Always Welcome

at

Walgreen's

Dr. Wyatt: "I really don't know what the coeds today are coming to. In summer school, a young lady came in to ask about her grades, and when I asked her to have a seat, she looked around for a chair."

* * *

She: This is the smoothest floor I've ever danced on.
He: Yeah, I just had a shoe shine.

* * *

One of the following applies to each of you: You dance best (1) seldom, (2) divinely, (3) without shoes, (4) on her feet.

* * *

According to Dr. Poteat, there are three sexes. They are males, females and tenors.

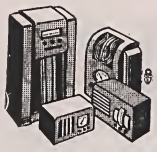
* * *

"Oh, John. A ghost just looked in the window while I was taking a bath."

"How did he look?"

"As hard as he could."

—*Duke 'N' Duchess.*



For All HARDWARE and
HOUSEHOLD ACCESSORIES

Come to

JONES
HARDWARE

We Serve You With Pleasure

Prof. Seibert: Why don't you answer me?

"Shirley Temple" Jacobs: I did; I shook my head.

Prof. Seibert: Well, you can't expect me to hear it rattle 'way up here.

* * *

There are three kinds of women: the beautiful, the intellectual, and the majority.—*Pitt Panther.*

* * *

Ross Hill: Did anybody ever tell you that you were plenty good?

Chink Kelly: No, I don't believe they have.

Ross Hill: Then where did you get the idea?

* * *

Chas. Manning: "What ever happened to the little girl in cotton stockings?"

Second Stooge: "Nothing."

"Ah," he murmured as the light went out in the room across the street, "Now I can sleep."—*Purple Parrot.*

* * *



* * *

Nice Old Lady: How are you children getting along?

Small Boy: Fine; Tony wants to be a gangster, and Jane wants to be a chorus girl.

Nice Old Lady: But what about Joe?

Small Boy: Oh, we had to kill him; he wanted to go to Davidson.

"Name?" queried the immigration official.

"Sneeze," replied the Chinese proudly.

The official looked hard at him. "Is that your Chinese name?" he asked.

"No, Melican name," said the Oriental blandly.

"Then let's have your native name."

"Ah Choo."—*Pitt Panther.*

* * *

Prof. Hagood: "Correct his sentence, 'He came out flatfooted and told the Dean what he thought.'"

Freshman: "He told the Dean what he thought and came out flatfooted."

* * *

Prof. Seymour: Are you qualified to play in the band?

Applicant: Absolutely. I've had two nervous breakdowns, once worked in a bowling alley, and I live in an apartment above a family with twelve noisy children."

* * *

Hitler recently fired an immigration inspector for passing a bum Czech.

* * *

And still the New Jersey boys think that the Southerners of Wake Forest get their Southern accent from drinking out of a Dixie Cup.



IT'S THIS WAY, FOLKS!

To The

COLLEGE SODA SHOP

"The FRIENDLY Place"

Next to the Post Office

For CONTINUED SERVICE . .

* *

Southern Dairies

ICE CREAM CO.

* *

RALEIGH :: NORTH CAROLINA

"Did her father come between you?"
"No, merely behind me."

—*Duke 'N' Duchess.*

* * *

"Darling, you dance like a zephyr."
"Yea? Well you dance like a Mack truck yourself, smart guy."—*The Pointer.*

* * *

She: Is my face dirty, or is it my imagination?
He: Your face is clean; I don't know about your imagination.—*Scripts 'n' Pranks.*

* * *

I shot my arrows into the air,
They fell to earth I know not where;
I lost ten of the damn things that way.

—*Jack-O.*

* * *

N. L. Britt: "Last week at the dance my suspenders broke right in the middle of the dance floor."
Second Dope: "Weren't you terribly embarrassed?"
Britt: "No, my roommate had them on."

* * *

Girl: "Do you know Sally Rand intimately?"
Boy: "Sure, I'm one of her fans."

—*Ram-Buller.*

Sign in Texas Cafe: Use less sugar and stir like hell; we don't mind the noise.—*Yellow Jacket.*

* * *

Eat, drink and be merry; but remember, people who live in glass houses should not throw parties.

* * *

Ray Pittman: I found a feather in my sausage this morning.
Charlie Reeves: It musta been a bird dog.



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Classy Campus Cuts
or
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CITY BARBER SHOP
We Specialize in Both



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about how comfortable
it is to trade at

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WAKE FOREST, N. C.

Fine's
Men's Shop
HATTERS :: FURNISHERS
Fayetteville St. at Hargett
RALEIGH, N. C.

Hodge Newell (at Pan-Hel dance): "Bill, what time is it?"

Bill Burgwyn: "I can't tell. There's two hands on this darn watch and I don't know which to believe."

* * *

Stainback: "Have you an odd cent?"

Second Bum: "No, I use Lifebouy."

* * *

W. F. Med Student (to colored woman, during clinic): "Have you ever been X-rayed?"

Colored Woman: "Naw, sir, but I have been ultra-violated."

* * *

On one of the billboards featuring Smith Bros. cough drops, the slogan reads: "Take one to bed with you." Under which some wag scrawled: "I wouldn't sleep with either of 'em." — *Wall Street Journal.*



Sigma Pi (to old member): "How is old Bill these days?"

Grad: "O, he's much better since his operation."

Sigma Pi: "Operation? I didn't know he'd had one."

Grad: O, haven't you heard about it? They removed a brass rail that has been pressing against his foot for years."

Judge (after giving prisoner a 99-year sentence): "Have you anything to say?"

Prisoner: "All I know is you are damn liberal with other people's time."—*Punch Bowl.*

* * *

First *Old Gold and Black* reporter: "Why is that man over there snapping his fingers?"

Second Sot: "He's a deaf mute with the hiccups."

* * *

K. A.: "Been drowning your sorrows, I suppose?"

Ray Pittman: "No, but I've been giving them some darn good swimming lessons."

* * *

Roommate: "Have you a picture of yourself?"

Frank Thompson: "Yes."

Roommate: "Then let me use that mirror, I want to shave."

THE

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Monogrammed Stationery
Fountain Pens
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. . . Why not take her a bracelet or a necklace when you go home for the holidays? She'll appreciate it.

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WHEN IN RALEIGH
Be Sure and Eat at the
——CAPITOL——

Our Sizzling Steaks and Sea Foods Are Simply Delicious

CAPITOL
CAFE and RESTAURANT

8 West Martin Street RALEIGH

Do You Know...

That *Thanksgiving* is a 317-year-old holiday?

The first Thanksgiving feast was given after the Puritan's first harvest in 1621. It had no special religious significance. In 1623 an abundant rain followed a protracted drought, "for which mercie . . . they . . . set apart a day of thanksgiving." The first Thanksgiving proclamation was issued in 1668 by the Plymouth authorities. The observance of thanksgiving days was common from then on. . . . George Washington issued the first presidential Thanksgiving proclamation. In 1864, President Lincoln proclaimed "the last Thursday in November" as Thanksgiving Day; this date has been similarly proclaimed by all succeeding Presidents.

Do You Know...

That for good, wholesome entertainment the **Collegiate Theater** offers the following coming attractions?

"BROTHER RAT"
"SUEZ"
"MEN WITH WINGS"
"THE CITADEL"
"THE SISTERS"
"THE GREAT WALTZ"

* * *

Collegiate Theatre

WAKE FOREST, N. C.



OTIS RUCKER, Independent Expert Since 1909, says:
"I Smoke Luckies Because They Buy Fine Tobacco"

"I've been an auctioneer and warehouseman since 1909," says this typical expert. "I started smoking Luckies when they were introduced in 1917. The finest tobacco goes into them. Most of my friends in the tobacco business smoke them, too."

Sworn records show, in fact, that among *independent* buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen, Luckies have *twice* as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

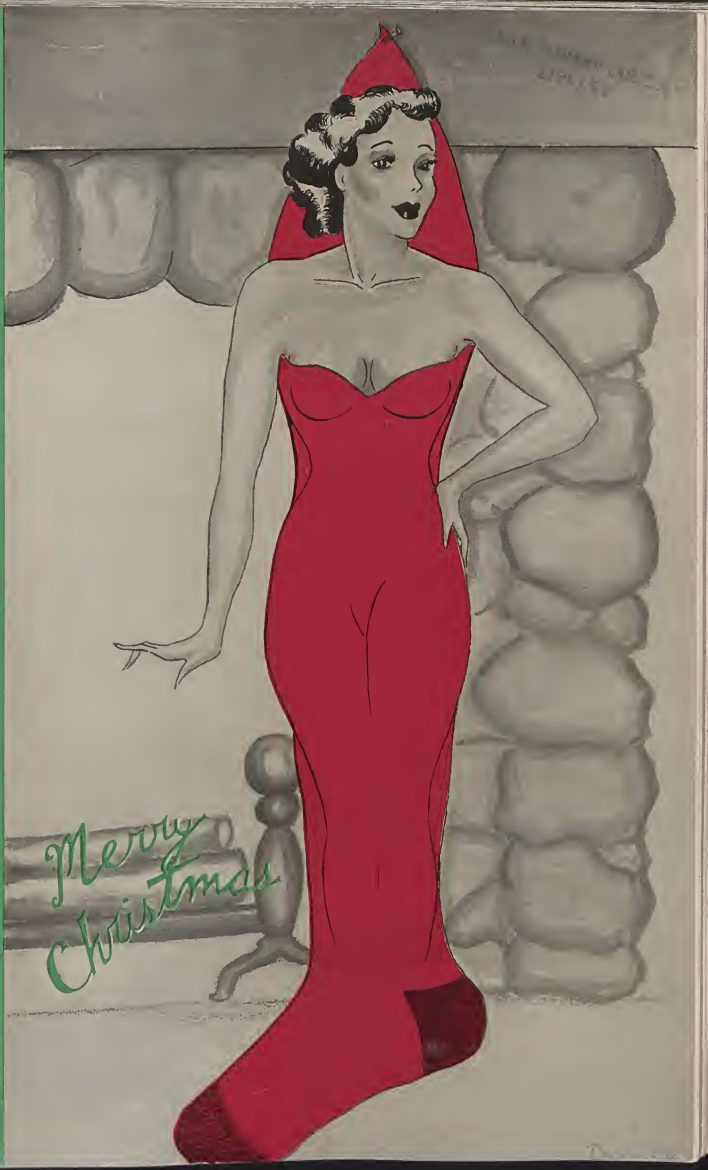
Yes, Luckies give you the finest tobacco. And they are *kind* to your throat! Their exclusive "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh irritants found in *all* tobacco. Try Luckies for a week.



Easy on Your Throat—
Because "IT'S TOASTED"

Sworn Records Show That- **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

The Story



High-tension times are hard on nerves



BEAGLE HOUND—English fox-hound in miniature. Solid and big for his inches, true beagle has the long-wearing look of the hound that can last in the chase. One of oldest breeds in history. U. S. standards specify 15 inches maximum height.

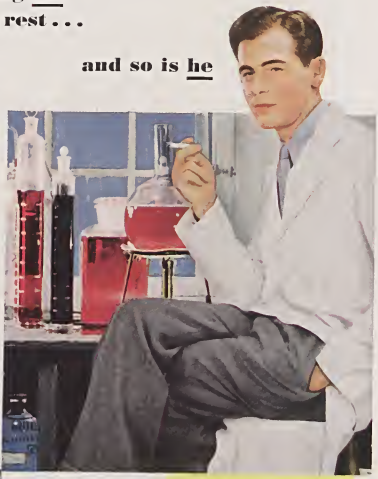
He's giving his nerves a rest . . .

A DOG'S nervous system is just as complex as your own. His reactions are lightning-quick. But when his nerves need a rest, he stops—relaxes. We often neglect our nerves. We press on heedless of nerve tension. Take a lesson from the dog's instinct for protection. Ease up—rest your nerves. Let up—light up a Camel. Keeping Camels at hand provides a delightfully pleasant way of giving your nerves a rest. Often through the day, enjoy Camel's ripe, expensive tobaccos. Smokers find Camel's *costlier* tobaccos so soothing to the nerves.

People who know the sheer joy of an active, effective life say:

"Let up—light up a Camel!"

and so is he





COVERING TRIALS, ACCIDENTS, sports puts a big strain on the nerves of Western Union telegrapher, George Erickson. "I avoid getting my nerves tense, upset," says operator Erickson. "I ease off frequently, to give my nerves a welcome rest. I let up and light up a Camel."



IN THE HEART OF THE CONGO, Leila Denis and her explorer husband filmed Universal Pictures' epic, "Dark Rapture." She says: "Such ventures can be quite nerve-straining, but it's my rule to pause frequently. I let up and light up a Camel. Camels are so soothing."

DID YOU KNOW:



—that tobacco is "cured" by several methods—which include air-cured and flue-cured? Not all cigarettes can be made from choicest grade tobacco—there isn't enough! It is important to know that Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.



Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA



Let up—*Light up a Camel*

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves



The Deacon Wishes You A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!

A Merry Christmas!

* *

IN trying to be sophisticated, worldly college men, most of us have tried to get away from what we call the trite, sentimental, and harried aspects of Christmas. But we have found that in trying to assume this frame of mind our thoughts have invariably had melodies and words of Christmas carols mingled with them. The Christmas season is a period when it is harder for a human being to disregard the sentimental than it is at any other period of the year. Perhaps it is the beautiful music, holly, fir trees, and the candles that are responsible for man's desire to be rather "old-fashioned" at this season.

Of course, we know that the time of the celebration of Christmas does not necessarily come any closer to the date of Christ's birth than does the celebration of Independence Day. However, we have set aside this period for the celebration of the birth of Christ, and at this time we all subconsciously think of the Manger, the Wise Men, and the Angels singing, "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

A celebration which we enjoyed more than any other was during a recent Christmas season when we were working in a large department store. We heard a pitiful tale of lost money and a doll-less Christmas for a little girl. Feeling what we believe is the real Christmas Spirit, we donated enough for the desired doll, and, believe us, it made possible the best Christmas we have ever had. We felt something of the joy that Santa Claus must feel—that joy that has made him take gifts to boys and girls all over the world for past centuries; that joy that has made him always the jovial, delightful old man that he is; and the same joy that has become so necessary to his life and well-being that he HAD to make others happy.

You can take this as a tip from us. If you want to have a real honest-to-goodness Christmas, help some kid have a visit from the real Santa Claus that he wouldn't otherwise have. In that way you can have the merry Christmas and the happy New Year that we wish you.

Volume LV — Number 3

HARRY WILLIAMS, Editor

SHERWOOD STATON, Business Manager

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December, 1938

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Poetry

The Night Before Christmas

[A PARODY]

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Every creature was truckin', including a mouse;
The floor of the parlor was waxed with great care
To smooth up the dance which was going on there.
The couples were appling all over the floor
And watching the mistletoe hung o'er the door;
And I in my tux was lamenting my fate
And had just settled down to a long winter's date.
I had just about gotten into the groove,
Passed first base and was still on the move,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I sprang from the sofa to see what was the matter.
The street lights that shone on the new-fallen snow
Gave a luster of midday to the street below.
Then what to my wonder I happened to see—
A streamlined auto had just struck a tree,
And a fellow who looked like the night before
Sadly stepped out of the battered door.
"I prefer the reindeer," he muttered to me,
"But the kids have gone modern; I brought this you see.
I don't understand quite how the thing goes,
But my son understands and my daughter she knows;
They calmly get in and swiftly drive away;
They go out at nine and come back next day.
They make hay at dances and nightclubs and shows,
And mother and I stay at home while it snows."
The stub of a cigarette hung from his teeth,
And the smoke of it circled his head like a wreath.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to work,
Drank and poured punch, then turned with a jerk
And opened the door, staggered down the street;
And did the Suzi Q with half frozen feet.
But I heard him exclaim as he walked out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

—George Watkins.

Voices

Lost in the gloom of a winter eve, I wandered in a dreary forest.
Suddenly I came upon a doorless tower crowded in among the trees;
High at a small window a youth was dreaming, while,
From near and far, a confused murmuring of voices ebbed and flowed,
Ebbed and flowed about the dreamer.

Sweetly a softly shaded whispering rose for a while above the rest—
Serenity—calmness—quietness.

"I am a tree, standing lonely on a hillside.
To me has been given a vast heritage of peaceful quiet,
And I know the value of quietness.

"With a small still rustling of leaves I smile at the hustling scurry of men—
They worry so.
And I wish I could give them serenity.
I wish I could teach them the constancy of existence—
The eternal roll of the seasons,
The invariable inconstancy of human nature,
The inevitability of life and death.

"Come,
Lie beneath my leaves in calmness and learn the happiness of quiet.
Sleep in the sunshine;
Dream in the sunshine;
Stand in the rain and listen to the myriad musical voices of the raindrops.

"Learn from my contentment the worth of calm placidity.
Have no fears of life nor shrink from death.
Never fear the inevitable,
And life and death are inevitable.

"Shall I define death for you?
How utterly impossible that is!
As if a man standing in the ebon of a moonless, starless midnight on a mountain top
Should attempt to explore the valley below by the pale, wan light of a candle.
In the morning the valley will be there.

—W. H. Brooks.

Prayer for Talent

Lord, I would like to write
Beautiful phrases in Thy sight.
Give me talent, O Lord, and guide my pen
So I may write, Thou knowest only when.

Lord, I would like to paint
Beautiful pictures with lines deep or faint.
Give me talent, O Lord, and guide my brush
So I may paint the robin and the thrush.

Lord, I would like to speak
To the wicked, the righteous, the strong and the weak.
Give me a voice, O Lord, and guide my tongue
So I may speak while I am yet young.

Lord, I want to give
My comrades an example of how to live.
Give me courage, O Lord, that I might show
The world the right way to go.

—Earl Purser.

"God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen!"

By BOBBY HELM

THE young man in a muddy Confederate uniform gazed with a sort of morbid fascination at the swathe of white bandages enveloping his foot and ankle.

"How long do you think it'll take, Doc?" he asked gloomily.

"Oh, about five or six weeks," replied the military surgeon, with professional brightness. "Your ankle bone is splintered rather badly. Of course, you can't think of traveling any farther. We'll find room for you here in the hospital until you can get about again."

"Hell!" commented the young man briefly.

The doctor raised his eyebrows.

"Yeah, I know what you're going to say," the soldier said, noticing the expression. "You're right. I was damned lucky to get off with a broken ankle. But this is the first injury I've had in the war. Understand? For three years I've dodged Yankee bullets and crawled on my belly through miles of muck, with shells bursting on all sides of me. I've risked pneumonia and blood-poisoning and typhoid, and God knows how many other diseases, and not had so much as a scratch or a sniffle. And now —*now* after three Christmases at the front, with maggoty biscuits for Christmas dinner, I carry some important dispatches for the Colonel, damn near get my head blown off doing it, and get leave to go home for Christmas — my first since '61, mind you! And what happens? I get as far as Wake Forest, fall off my horse and break an ankle!"



As the young man paused for breath, the doctor, who had been eyeing him apprehensively, thought it time to interrupt his tirade with an attempt at placation.

"Yes, I know," he broke in smiling. "It's tough luck, but you couldn't help your horse stumbling. And you could have found plenty of places to fall that would have been a lot worse than Wake Forest. It's not often that you break your leg at the front door of a hospital."

"You can't tell me anything new about Wake Forest; I'm no stranger here, you know. Graduated in the class of '60. This building wasn't a hospital then. It was Wake Forest College."

"You're a Wake Forest man?" cried the doctor enthusiastically. "So am I! Class of '56."

The young soldier for the first time raised his head and searched the other's bearded, good-natured face.

"I think I remember you," he said. "You're . . ."

"Kenlaw—Charles Kenlaw. Your face looks familiar, but I can't exactly . . ."

"Yeah! You're one of the men that threw me in the mill stream when I was a freshman. I'm John Page."

"Well, by all that's holy! 'Newish' Page—the scourge of the upperclassmen—the one-man rebellion! Where've you been these eight years?"

"Oh, around and about—lately in Georgia, trying to keep Sherman busy. He didn't seem duly impressed with the Army of the Confederacy, though. Cut through Georgia like a knife through a cheese and turned Atlanta into a suburb of Hell. Savannah's probably gone by now—I haven't heard any news for the past few days."

Kenlaw nodded briefly. "Sherman got Savannah three days ago."

"Well, that means that we'll have him in our laps before long. Now he'll turn north and try to crack down on Lee in Virginia. 'Marse Bob's' going to be pushed a bit hard trying to lick Grant *and* Sherman."

The two men remained silent for a moment, each occupied with his own thoughts, while Kenlaw finished bandaging Page's injured ankle. The younger man stared gloomily out the window into the foggy night while the doctor called an orderly and instructed him to bring a pair of crutches. Page was aroused from his reverie by a hearty clap on his shoulder. The doctor's eyes were twinkling through his gold-rimmed glasses. He seemed to have completely shaken off the brief mood of depression by which he had been touched a moment before.

"Buck up, lad," he chuckled. "You may be missing your trip home, and Sherman may be going to stick his head up and say 'Boo!' at us any day now, but tonight's Christmas Eve, and that calls for a celebration, war or no war. I've got a spot of blackberry wine here that may make the occasion seem a bit more festive."

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That's What I Want For Christmas

Contributed By JIM FARLEY

deer sandie clauz,

ive bean purtie busie trieng to putt out a stewdent for the stewdents to throw in the wastebasket and make cracks about. i dont care about this butt ive yet to here of a person laffing at a joke in this hear magazine. with people like ross hill and gene brissie writin the jokes what can i expect? maybe a picktur of them whould get a laff or doo u think so?

plees bring me a tiperighter wit som capotal lethers on it and a staff—for i nead won bad. also tell me where i can fine a girl without goin to meredith that wont be meen to mee on account of i cant stand eny more 2 timeing.

respeckfurly,
hairy wilyums.

* * * *

Mr. Saint Nicholas,
North Pole.

Bring me a gal P.D.Q. The boys around the house are about to drive me crazy kidding me.

Hopefully,
HENRY HOLLINGSWORTH.

P. S. You needn't try Whiteville and Raleigh I've covered them thoroughly.

* * * *

Well, Claus,

I understand that there is a rumor going around that you have in stock some hunting equipment. If there is anything to it, please bring me a spit wad shooter, a sling shot, and an air rifle. I'm going game warden hunting as soon as the season comes in.

You can forget that Greaso Hair Tonic I asked you for before. I gotta girl now and won't be needing it.

Yours for bigger spit wads,
JULIUS SMITH YOUNG.

Dear Santy,

I'd appreciate it a lot if you'd bring me some hair grower on your next trip. Believe you me, I need it badly. I'm getting hawked at being called "baldy." Don't tell me a touch of Wild Root will clear up that dandruff, I've already heard it.

EDWARD GREASON.

* * * *

Dear Nick,

I understand that you're going to be around this section very shortly, and if such is the case and you are on your customary mission, I should like to make a very urgent request of you. I have been a very good boy this year—well, better than usual, anyway. You may have heard reports to the contrary, but in all sincerity I tell you they are without basis. My working on the *Old Gold and Black*, undoubtedly, is a stigma on my character, but I assure you I am not responsible, because I offered my services to the *New York Times* and the damn fools wouldn't hire me. I'm only working on the paper for experience, anyway. I'm really getting it, too. The life of a columnist is not an easy one, dear, dear Nicholas. A little Meredith girl hurt me terribly at the State Fair recently. (See O. G. & B., Nov. 19, 1938.)

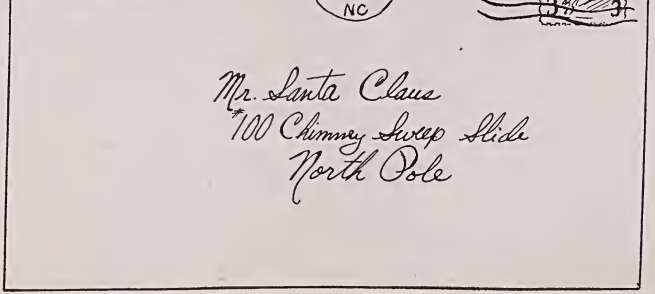
Nick, all this has been told to show you how badly I need and deserve a girl I can love. Bring me a brunette with brown eyes, etc., etc. I need this article terribly, chum.

Thanking you in advance because I know that you will not fail me, I remain,

Your friend,
W. ROSS HILL, JR.

P. S. Please bring a brunette with a car.

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Jingle, Bells!

By W. H. BROOKS

RAPIDLY the time of year draws nigh when all the world is Christmas-conscious, and as the young folks start to pour into the old home town from the colleges and the old folks begin to feel the holiday spirit stirring in their veins, one of the major problems facing the city fathers is that of adequate outlets, in a civilized way, for pent-up emotions. One of the best of these is 'possum hunting.

Now, those of you who are not familiar with the sport have perhaps built up in your minds a determination not to like it. That is the fault of those kill-joys who profess actually to hunt the animal in question, the same being not only very unsportsmanlike but also very impracticable.

All 'possum hunting may be divided into three parts, the first, as I have already indicated, dealing with the actual acquisition of 'possums, for food or for other reasons less clearly defined. I shall not discuss this phase further, since it is not at all interesting and is likewise entirely lacking in the essential elements of romance.

Under the second heading are grouped all those topics which treat of the furtherance of social desires. Here it is essential that there be an indiscriminate intermingling of the sexes, except, of course, to make certain that the sex of each member is opposed to the sex of the other member of the pair. To some people this is the most fascinating subdivision of the whole realm of 'possum hunting. However, although I could regale you with numerous and profitable evenings spent thus under the Georgia moon, the major consideration at this time must be with the remaining, and most interesting, division of the sport.

This third division, to me, represents the ultimate in polite entertainment, and since it enjoys such wide popularity I will devote some time to the explanation of its peculiarities.



To start with, at no time must there be more than one of the sexes present, since, under the influence of its prime consideration (yet to be treated) there is likely to be a grading over into the province of the second division, which deals, you remember, with the furtherance of true love. Of course, the two might conceivably intermingle, but extensive experimentation has shown that the best results are obtained when they are separately indulged. Now for the prime consideration!

The prime consideration is that each member of the expedition be able to consume great quantities of "cider."

To illustrate fully all that such a 'possum hunt embraces, I am going to tell you of a hunt I once had the privilege of observing, though purely as an interested spectator. I suppose I should have mentioned before that in this division it is permissible either to hunt 'possums or not hunt them. At any rate, the actual bagging of the beast is of no significance. Well, to get on with the story:

One night during the early days of a Christmas vacation some several years ago, a small group of young men met by prearrangement on the public square of a quaint old town located in the picturesque hills of north Georgia. Various members of the group were loaded down with paraphernalia and overrun with dogs. There were sacks, and ropes, and flashlights. And an imposing array of jugs, flasks, jars and bottles. The mode of conveyance was an ancient rattletrap Chevrolet. Off we rattled.

After we had bounced along for some thirty or forty minutes we arrived at a likely looking spot for our field of operations. Naturally, the first thing to do was to commence the serious business of the evening, which served a double purpose in that it lightened our loads as well as being the primary consideration. Next we set the dogs loose. Also a long about that time, a fire was somehow started. .

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"Christmas? I've Seen 'Em All"

By EUGENE BRISSIE



WE couldn't hope to have a finer Christmas eve," the "King" said as he kicked off his hob-nailed shoes and leaned back full length before the blazing fire. "I have seen better; and at the same time I have seen worse," he continued, "but I've got about a fuller stomach as I've ever had on a Christmas Eve."

He sighed heavily, and with a half-dreaming grin spreading over his unshaven face, he produced a package of tobacco and began to roll a cigarette.

"At any rate, I'm damned glad to be out of the navy for one Christmas. Maybe it'll be a little different with you—not having a visit from Santa Claus. And if you insist, I'll play Santa for you, but I can't see that it would help us to catch that early freight in the morning. Yes, sir, that baby comes through here bright and early, and if the Lord is willing we'll spend Christmas Day traveling. By the way, I hope the old man over the hill doesn't mind our using his extra house tonight. It's nothing to write home about, and it could be made a pretty dwelling by another coat of paint, but maybe we won't turn in a complaint about the service this time."

The King was an interesting fellow. I called him King because of the royal and supreme air that he possessed as a superior hobo. We had met five days before, and I couldn't say that I liked him and thought him to be an ideal companion by any means, yet at the same time since he was so well acquainted with all the railroad detectives, the trains, and schedules, I thought his company would be a valuable asset to my getting around.

Every time anything came up, he always had an incident to parallel it, and he never ran out of interesting experiences to tell. However, he was not the bragging type; in fact he was rather modest with his words of wisdom and philosophy. He had kidded me all that day, telling me how homesick I'd get when night came around and there wouldn't be any Santa Claus. I tried to laugh at him scornfully, but I did feel rather queer when I thought of it — my first Christmas away from home, a blazing fire, a Christmas tree, gifts and a kid brother.

I can see King now as he stretched out before the fire that night, with the characteristic dignity of "his majesty" and with a thin stream of smoke curling upward toward the ceiling, he closed one eye and began to talk. First he talked about the weaknesses of the American people; they always ate too much, drank too much, and loved to hear the noise of night life incessantly. He wasn't the cynical type of critic, but he more or less included himself in the weak group, or a partaker in the futile undertakings.

"Speaking of Christmas," he began, "it's a funny thing to note the differences of Christmas and it's celebration over the world. In my ten years in the navy I never knew where I was going to spend the holidays. Maybe it would be Shanghai, or perhaps it would be Singapore, but everywhere there was always something different to see. I used to think America varied enough. I would read of the people of Florida going swimming on Christmas Day, and the people of New York ordering a new supply of beer with an extra quantity of "Scotch," and I thought it very unusual. Some people call in the friends and have feasts, and others spend a quiet holiday at home around the fire with the kids. Lights, Christmas trees, holly, mistletoe, and gifts for the whole family.

"The German people have probably the most simple, yet impressive, Christmas celebration of any people in my way of thinking," he went on. "I remember one Christmas that I spent in Hamburg. I took a stroll down the street that 'Eve night—just to see what it was like. All around you could hear the carolers singing the Christmas songs. They almost made me feel like a sissy, and got my sentiments stirred up, but then after all it was a special occasion, and I guess everybody should be happy on

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Anecdotes and Philosophy

By BILL

'TWAS Friday afternoon, and I lay upon my sleazy bed in Hunter dorm and listened lazily to the teachings of my reverie. Idly I dreamed.

"We borrowed a couple of bikes, Martha and I (purely platonic, Virginia), from some of the neighbors' kids. She was dressed in something as brightly blue as her eyes, and in her flying blond tresses I had twined a wreath of forget-me-don'ts and ivy. Likewise I had adorned myself with a pair of dirty slacks, a turtle neck sweater and an old straw hat. We must have been something for the proletariat to gaze upon, but little did we eare because—"

Just then the door burst open with a terrific commotion and my man Godfrey sprawled flat on the floor. He slowly gathered himself together, turning to me with grave dignity and expressing himself in slow and measured accent.

"I just found out something."

"Well, give, Godfrey, give!"

"The world ain't comin' to an end!"

"Godfrey," I accused, "you have been drinking."

"Gosh no," he says, "My girl made me promise to quit drinking. I don't exactly know what she means, but she says that I can get drunk when I get old."

"But what's all that got to do with the world not coming to an end?"

"Well, my math prof says if I ever get my lesson up, the world will come to an end, so I'm just not gonna get it up!"

"Ah hell, you're as stupid as the freshman who asked a certain professor why he is called "Bull." C'mon let's go out to the clubhouse and wrap ourselves around one of the well known skuttles. Your girl will never know the differenee. Y'see it's the things you get caught doing that are wrong. And that reminds me of the story Dr. Sledd tells as happening on his father's plantation up in Virginia.

"Slick's old man had a patch of particularly fine watermelons one year and, consequently, kept better watch over them than ordinarily. One day his vigilance was rewarded. He caught a little bitty darky staggering out of the patch with a great big melon. However, when Mr. Sledd took him up to the big house for the purpose of giving him a good tanning, his old pappy begged the marster to 'Let me take keer of him an' I garntee they won't be no mo stealin'.' So he took the little pickaninny out to the barn to tend to him. Now Slick, who was only twelve or thirteen at the time, had heard the whole thing and determined to slip up to the back of the barn and look through a crack at the lieking. When he peeked in he saw the old Negro seated on a box with his hand poised on high over the posterior end of the miscreant. Whack!

"What you steal at wallermelon for? An. . . . " Whack!

"What you get cotched for?"

During the telling of this we had kind of migrated out to the bumming corner and stood there with our thumbs hopefully poised in a southerly direction. All of a sudden a large shiny phaeton came to a grinding stop in front of us. A grinning head poked itself out at us and artieulated in this wise:

"Wanna ride in my new car, boys? What do you think of it? I like it all right, don't you? Of eourse some people might not like it, but it's all right for me."

And for the three miles out to the clubhouse I had to assure Smiling Ben that his ear was indeed the mosta of the verra besta.

As we alighted from our triumphal chariot at the entranee to our week-end home, I straightaway spied the wistful face of Leo the Cockroach peering at me from the clubhouse door.

"Hiya, Leo the Cockroach, let's have a table in the back room and the suds are on me. What've you been doing all week?"

"Nothing mueh, boss," he whined," I got stuek in the mud out in the Harricane Tuesday night, though."

"What happened?"

"Well, I was walking along the road up to my knees in mud. Rain was falling down like beer out of a busted keg. I couldn't see my mit in front of my blinkers. After a coupla hours I came to a busted down old bridge, and I could hear the drink gargling along beneath it. Just as I get to the other side I take a gander off to the left and I pipe an old slap-happy mousetrap peering up through the rain like a pigsty on Times Square. Well, just as I get to the front of it, I hear a gosh awful scream. Honest it would of made you think all about home and maw!"

Here Leo paused to down a stein of ale.

"Go on, Leo, what happened "

"Huh? Oh nuthin, nuthin at all."

Now I ask you! I was almost as exasperated as Dr. Folk appeared to be when discussing some of these brethren on the eampus. He was particularly eontemptuous of their attitude toward examination.

"None of them," he depreeates, "would even think of eheating on an examination, in the accepted sense of the word. But they think nothing of praying for divine guidance, of saying, 'Oh God, please look over my shoulder and tell me the answers to the questions.' They haven't even got the nerve to do their own eheating and have to rely upon the Almigthy to do it for them!"

To take the taste of these sweetiepies from my memory I swiped a sniff of Leo's broth. As I buried my nose in its fizzling fragrance the sharp sting of the bouncing molecules against the tissue of my schnozzle brought momentary tears to my eyes. Appropriately my mind turned to things melancholy and things unutterably sad. Standing out above all others, like a slab of pork in a pot of beans, was Professor Clontz' despairing wail of, "Boys I just can't do a thing without a map!"

At this point Leo projeeted himself past the barriers of my eonsciousness. "Say boss, I got an idea."

"Yeah, F'rinstanee?"

"Well, if you give me seventy-five eents I ean buy a pint of Harricane lightnin', and a halfa gallon of beer. Then I'm gonna mix 'em together and drink it all at the same time."

"Very well, proceed."

He did. He took about ten swallows and began to get a sort of pur-

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"Ah can't come to work tomorrow, Ma'am. Mah little boy is sick."

"Why, Mandy! I thought you said you were an old maid!"

"Ah is, but ah ain't one of dem fussy kind."

—DeHeg.

Counsel (to police witness): But, if a man is on his hands and knees in the middle of the road, that does not prove he is drunk.

Policeman: No sir, it doesn't. But this one was trying to roll up the white line.—*Bison.*

"If you refuse me," he swore, "I shall die."
She refused him.
Sixty years later he died.

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
Romeo and Juliet.
He had no cash to pay the debt,
So Romeo'd what Juli'et.

— Old Maid.

Some girls like to wander;
Others like to squander,
My girl likes to ponder—
So what?
Burma Shave.—*Tiger.*

Once upon a time there was a Negro woman who named her children Eenie, Meenie, Minie, and Bill because she didn't want any Mo.—*Exchange.*

A girl kissing another girl is like a Republican voting in South Carolina—it doesn't count.

Country Constable: Hey, Miss, no swimming allowed in this lake.

Flapper: Why didn't you tell me before I undressed?

Constable: There ain't no law against undressing.

Ross Hill: Which would you rather do, kiss a girl in reality or kiss a girl in your dreams?

Pat Geer: I don't know.

Ross Hill: You'd rather kiss one in your dreams.

Pat Geer: Why?

Ross Hill: You'd get a better class of women.

The students get our paper
The school gets the fame,
The printer gets the money,
And we get the blame.

The kiss is a wonderful institution. To the young girl it is the symbol of hope, to the married woman, faith, and to the old maid, charity.

Baby Ear of Corn: Mama, where did I come from?

Mama Ear of Corn: Hush, dear; the stalk brought you. —Penn State Froth.

"I'd like to buy a pair of garters."

"Single or double grip?"

"Doesn't matter. I want to make a sling shot."—*Lampoon.*

Soph: Man is wonderful. He has learned to fly like a bird.

Frosh: Yes, but he hasn't learned to sit on a barbed wire fence.—*Yellow Jacket.*

Little Boy: Mother, will W. C. girls go to heaven?

Mother: Yes, son; but they won't like it.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have lived here ten years and cannot tell me the quickest way to the station?"

"I've been a taxi driver all these years."—*Okla. Aggievator.*

Jingle, Bells!

(Continued From Page Six)

Ah, but it was pleasurable sitting there amid such interesting companions, sipping from a gasoline can every now and anon, and listening to the alternately near and far baying of the hounds as they ran their fool selves to death looking for 'possums. Still, a dog would look undignified gargling from a gasoline can. There we sat, occasionally making the night hideous with outbursts of Christmas carols. How long we remained there I have no way of knowing. It may have been hours. Finally, whatever the length of our stay, we were forced by a very peculiar circumstance to quit our pleasant little resting place. The dogs treed a 'possum.

Of course, we had no idea about the probable location of the particular tree in which the 'possum had taken refuge, since the dogs had gone ahead on their own. In fact, I was rather skeptical about the whole thing, but some of our crowd, who had had previous experience along that line, insisted that they recognized by the tone of the dogs that they had just treed a 'possum and were holding it at bay, or whatever they do in such an eventuality. As we were in no mood to argue with any great skill, we were at last persuaded to join in a search to find out just what the dogs were up to.

Over hill and dale did we scamper, each making more noise in his own right than would a whole pack of bloodhounds hot on the scent of a chain-gang convict. After an hour or so of hilarious search, we came at last upon the scene of the betreeal. Someone claimed to spy the malevolent glitter of the creature's eyes glaring down upon us. Personally, I think he lied. However, so sure was he of the evidence of the eyes that he volunteered to climb up after the animal. Up he started.

As the tree was totally without limbs for quite a considerable distance from the ground, I was struck dumb with admiration at the ease with which he sailed up its sheer expanse. His feat was made even more amazing by the fact that he refused to relinquish his bottle. Only when his triumphant shout heralded the successful culmination of his mission did I begin to realize what a precarious position the poor fellow had gotten himself into. He had secured the 'possum all right and had started to descend, faring very well as long as the limbs lasted; however, when he reached the last limb he came face to face with a dilemma. With his bottle in one hand and the 'possum in the other his sole remaining support was his elbows, which he had, by some miracle, hooked over the lowest limb. He was quite nonchalant. I have always admired the calm dignity which he preserved in his time of stress. He peered slowly about him as if to take stock of whatever resources he might have and then quietly addressed himself to one of the more level-headed of the group below, "What'll I do now, Jim?"

"Hell, you damn fool, drop!"

And drop he did! arriving with a thud at the inevitable destination of all things which drop. But notwithstanding his not inconsiderable bump, he scrambled immediately to his feet, with the 'possum in one hand and his bottle in the other. As this seemed to call for a particularly boisterous celebration, we proceed to gargle again our ancient cider.

After a while some one chanced to peek into the burlap sack in which the captive was confined. Its expression of sweet humility so touched him that he forthwith dissolved into tears. It was contagious. After all, what had the poor little fellow ever done to us? We were overcome with remorse; so, after we had each contributed a word of advice regarding the future, we humbly begged the 'possum's pardon and set him free among his native forests, and there, maybe, he is today, sporting around with his ancestors and he himself an ancestor.

At length we wended our way back to civilization and even succeeded in finding the home of one of the boys whose mother was a patient soul. A few of us pulled off a shoe or two before we all piled into the same bed in a glow of contentment at the thought of yet another 'possum hunt successfully and satisfactorily brought to a conclusion. The bed had squeaky springs.

From this account it may be seen that 'possum hunting is an admirable sport to include in your plans for the Christmas holidays. Whoever you are, wherever you may live, it is within your reach. I commend it heartily as a quiet and economical way in which to spend a satisfactory holiday evening.



Best Wishes for an Enjoyable Holiday Season, Boys!

The Vogue Shop for Men



"Look startled, I wouldn't disillusion the old boy for all the money in the world."

"DON'T GO A-WOOING WITH A STEWING PIPE!"



"NO DAUGHTER OF MINE can go with a young whippersnapper who smokes such rank-smelling tobacco. Clean that pipe! Switch to a mild, tasty blend like my Sir Walter!"



SMART GIRL! She swiped her father's 2-ounce tin, and now they've got the old boy's blessing —*plus* the world's most bite-less blend of sweet 'n' fragrant burleys!

SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA



PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureau of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a *majority* of these colleges.

TUNE IN *Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday night, coast-to-coast, NBC Red Network.*

UNBREAKABLE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

(ED. NOTE: *Every year, people make resolutions which they find themselves breaking before the ink has dried on the page on which they have written them. If you happen to write with a pencil, this last line should be read, 'before you've had a chance to erase them'. Therefore, as an added service to our readers, we are publishing a list of unbreakable New Year's Resolutions.*)

1. Resolved not to study too hard.
2. Resolved not to stop smoking.
3. Resolved not to stop drinking.
4. Resolved not to stop tipping checkroom girls.
5. Resolved not to stop eating too much.
6. Resolved not to stop "yessing" the profs.
7. Resolved not to stop wearing my roommate's clothes.
8. Resolved not to stop going to all the proms.
9. Resolved not to stop cutting classes. College must not interfere with one's education.
10. Resolved not to stop making Unbreakable New Year's Resolutions.

•

"What did your wife say when you arrived home at 3 o'clock in the morning?"

"I'll tell you some other time. I must be back in the office in half an hour."

•

Hilda (learning to drive): Irene, that little mirror up there isn't set right.

Irene: Isn't it?

Hilda: No, I can't see anything but the car behind.

•

Frump: What is your favorite book?

Goldreck: It has always been my bankbook, but even that doesn't rate much interest now.

•

Tee: I hear there is another uprising in Mexico.

Hee: How revolting!



The tie that blinds



Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

DIALOGUE ON LOVE

"'Love' is just a creation of the devil, a machination of evil, a synonym for sorrow, and evidence of woman's inventiveness in putting a name to her peculiar kind of hypocrisy. As a word it is verbose, unnecessary, abstract, and wasteful. An acute sign of mental aberration is to speak of, to recognize, or to admit its possible identity. Why, if we were to name a sort of dizziness or headache by some stupid monosyllable that sounds midway between a groan and a sigh as being a sickening physical condition with possible pleasant symptomania, we'd all be slapped into Alcatraz—or some place!"

"I agree with you, friend. All experiments ever conducted, as well as the experience that *I've* had, indicate that the 'heart-pounding,' 'breath-catching' feeling that is supposed to overwhelm one in the sight or presence of the 'lady-love' usually can be traced directly to the powerful odor of her perfume, the powder she chalks up her face with, or the other paints she puts on various strategic parts of her exterior to prevent weathering. You see, this stuff, like adrenalin—or a carload of garbage for that matter—is physiologically exciting. Love is, therefore, nothing more than a chemical illusion."

"Sure. My brother once thought he was in love with a little silk horse. Everytime he saw her, he would wheeze and spume . . . his breath came short, he felt choked up, and tears flowed into his eyes. She used to meet him at a certain drug-store that used to put out window displays with ragweed and goldenrod in order to advertise a hay-fever remedy. (They cleaned up, incidentally.) But my brother caught on soon enough, and stopped seeing her . . ."

"My boy, the duplicity of woman is an established fact. They can't be trusted with wet matches in a flooded asbestos mine. People joke about 'woman's instinct,' and 'womanly wit,' and 'the female of the species,' but intelligent observers realize that these are merely smoke screens behind which they plot and spy, and scheme to wield their pernicious influence."

(Silence of several moments duration)

"Your girl and you . . . quits, huh?"

"Last week, and you too?"

"Yeah, how'd you guess?"

•

"I'm tired," said the first professor, "of these silly jokes about professors' forgetfulness. I heard the most scandalous joke of that sort yesterday."

"What was it?" asked the second professor.

"I've forgotten it!"

•

Henpecked tiptoed into the kitchen and quietly tapped the cook on the shoulder.

"The wife's mother is staying with us for a holiday," he said. "She is due tomorrow."

"Yes, sir," said the cook, wonderingly.

Henpecked fished a piece of paper from his pocket.

"Here's a list of her favorite dishes," he went on, "and remember, the first time you serve one of them you're fired. Understand?"

•

Actress (to lawyer): Shall I sign my stage, film, pen, husband's, former husband's or maiden name?



"GOOD EVENING, ladies and gentlemen, this is station WGIP bringing you once again the Uncle Billy's Pipe Tobacco Company's Highlights in sports. Tonight, our most generous sponsors have arranged to bring you an actual account of that most famous annual sleigh ride—*Santa Claus' Ride From The North Pole.*

"We have just received a flash which means that your regular sports announcer, Ted Jones, is ready to pick up the broadcast from his seat beside Santa in that famous sleigh. Take it away, Ted."

"H'ya folks, this is your favorite sports announcer, singing out the news from the North Pole. And I can tell you I wouldn't trade my pipe of Uncle Billy's Pipe Tobacco for all the gifts in Santa's bag.

"And now while Claus is making final preparations, it gives me time to tell you you're in for a big treat this Christmas. Yes, sir, it looks like a white Christmas. Yup! Here comes the snow. Hold on a second, and I'll let you hear the snow falling. Here you are: 'Woop!' Hear it? That's it.

"And now we're about ready . . . . Santa shifts his pipe — oh yes, he smokes Uncle Billy's Pipe Tobacco, too. What's more, he taught me it's good for chewing and making cigarettes.

"Santa's checking his gift bag; it's packed to the top. Santa's sampling some of the toys to make sure everything is in tip-top shape. Did you hear that rattle? Yes, you guessed it! That's a toy snake for some good little boy to scare the life out of his mother. And listen closely now: 'Hark-Hark'. Hear it? Yes, that's a horn to make some blue little boy, a happy Little Boy Blue.

"And now Santa's beside me in the sleigh. He's getting ready to give the starting signal—oh—! Skipper, the captain of the reindeer has slipped. Whoa, Skipper! Whoa! He looks a little shakey. There he goes down! He's getting up now. He's on one knee. He's up. Skipper's up!

"Santa's out to check up on Skipper. Everything is O. K. and Santa's coming back — oh — Santa's slipped.



He's picked himself up from the snow. Now he's wiping the snow off his face. He's saying something. Let's listen: 'My what cold snow!'

"Now he's in the sleigh and we're off. We're actually sailing in the air. It won't be long before we sight civilization—always easy to recognize—everybody's always fighting. Yes, there it is!

"Now, Santa, before I have to leave you, I'd like to ask you one question. Why do you prefer Uncle Billy's Pipe Tobacco?"

"That's a silly question, Ted. There's no other tobacco like it. Often I wish I had a Santa Claus to write to, so I could ask him to bring me this fragrant, mellow, soothing and — (coughs). There goes a lung, Jones. In spite of times being so bad, I'm beginning to wonder if it was worth $5000 to me to smoke that——"

"Now take it easy, Santa. Ouch! Good-night folks, Ouch!——

"This is your favorite sports announcer, Ted Jones, signing off. Ouch! Santa's some kidder—eh—Ouch! Ha-Ha! Ouch! Merry Christmas. Ouch—Ouch—Ouch!!"

"Christmas? I've Seen 'Em All!"

(Continued From Page Seven)

Christmas. I threatened to join a group of the singers, when I learned that they were served beer and wine at every house, but then I felt that my Dentsch had been somewhat neglected since I was last in Germany, and someone would notice it as sure as the world—if I tried to horn in on their good time.

"I walked on down the street, and looked through the lighted windows. The kids danced and sang around the trees and their high-toned laughter fairly shook the town all over. The poorer families could only afford maybe just a branch of a tree to decorate, but all of them seemed to be happy. Poor kids usually got clothes and necessities for gifts, but the richer families gave their kids toys and all—like the American people do. They didn't have a Santa Claus, but instead all of the family were called together on Christmas Eve night — around the tree — and the gifts were distributed.

"Poor, rich, beggars, all alike, combined their songs of good cheer and joy; their songs of merriment were as penetrating as the incense of Egypt. It was Christmas Eve, and they were happy."

The King paused for a moment, and stared into the fire. I looked at him and imagined that he was going back in dreams to the days he was a carefree sailor, seeking adventure, never caring for the serious vein of life.

"Then again, I was in Rio de Janerio one Christmas," he started again. "There they don't make as much fuss over it as other nations do, because they have so many nationalities there. Every nationality has its own type of celebrations and, usually, church service.

"We were there about three weeks around Christmas time in '28. If I hadn't known myself that it was Christmas, I would have probably never guessed that they were having such a celebration. They don't go in for decorations, trees, and all the type of glamour that America is noted for. The German people there have Christmas trees and celebrate on December 25 by exchanging gifts, but the other people wait until January 6 to give presents. That was the day, you know, when the Wise Men brought gifts to the Christ Child.

"They sing Christmas songs, too. It looks kinder funny to see them going around on Christmas Day in their shirt sleeves, or picking flowers from their own gardens to put on the living-room table. Then, too, I remember I ate some watermelon several days after Christmas there.

You walk down the street and meet people of all classes and races. The poorer families, some of them, don't know what Christmas is, and none of them go to very much trouble to put on big decorations. They all have their different church services, friends from far and near come to see other friends, members of the family who haven't been home for some time come home, and most of their celebrating is done in eating.

"Another interesting thing to learn about these people is the ways in which their gifts reach them. They don't have Santa Claus, as America has, but the German people have the Christ Child to bring their gifts, the Spanish have their gifts delivered by the Magi, and then, too, there are some of them that don't give gifts at all. Here, also, everybody seems to be happy on their summer Christmas Day."

I thought I would pull a fast one on the tramp and ask him about the celebration of the Yuletide season by the Chinese people. As usual, I couldn't trap the old boy, and he had another tale all fixed up. I had often wondered just how, if they did at all, the people of the Orient celebrated the holiday.

"Well," King went on to say, "they have everything from drunk British sailors to street fights on Christmas. That is, of course, the foreigners of the larger China ports. The poor coolies don't know there is such a thing as Christmas trees, colored lights, Santa Clans, or even Christmas itself for that matter. I remember, after I had only been in the navy for a little over a year, we were stationed at Hongkong for Christmas and New Year's. Several of us boys went out on Christmas Eve night, just to kinder get a glimpse of things and see how they did it in other places. The first place we went into was a barroom. That was the noisest place I've ever seen in all my life. We stayed there for about an hour, I guess, and then the party got too rough—even for American sailors.

"Outside the Chinese passed by and only looked on. They had no part in any celebration, it seemed. They work year in and year out, living on their meager fare, and are apparently happy in spite of their poverty. I learned later that there is only one holiday in China; that is New Year's Day, and that comes sometime during the early part of February with them."

By this time the King was getting rather tired and sleepy. He rolled another cigarette and lit it from the glowing coals in the fireplace. Since it was growing rather late, he suggested that we "call it a

A STUDENT VIGNETTE

●

With my eyes nearly closed and my afternoon paper riding high on my paunch, I amusedly watched the springing of young love.

Covertly, timidly he gazed at her. Fearfully, hesitantly he dared to admire her.

Beauty she had. Honey gold hair peeping from beneath a saucy hat. Clear blue eyes demurely cast down. Complexion as smooth and lovely as a sunrise in June. Her body epitomizing grace and perfection. Yes, she was beautiful, but her beauty served only as does a decanter for a precious wine, for her most distinguishing characteristic was a well-bred consciousness of the niceties of conduct. Sitting there on the swiftly moving slowly swaying tram-car, she seemed as out of place as would a lily growing in a garbage heap.

Finally after several miles of quite obvious courage summoning the young man turned to the object of his regard and blurted out all in a breath, "Pardon me, miss, I know I have no right to speak to you, but you are so lovely that I can't resist just a word. Mayn't I see you again sometime?"

Softly, tremulously from between her sweet red lips came the shyly whispered words, "Cut out the build-up, dearie, 1263 Hogan Alley, East-side. Call for Maisie."

—W. H. Brooks.

day" and hope that Santa would bring us a nice empty straw-filled boxcar on the next freight.

We rolled up our coats to use as pillows, and my comrade unrolled the single, dirty blanket that he had. That was our bed, and it was a good one, too. We were almost asleep when I remembed that I hadn't wished "his majesty" a merry Christmas. I did so and then he returned the wish, and repeated, "I've seen all the Christmases there are to be seen, I guess, but tonight I've got about a fuller stomach as I've had in many a year."

Anecdotes and Philosophy

(Continued From Page Eight)

plish yellow tinge around the gills. Five more swallows and he jumped up from his seat at the greasy little table. He uttered a cry of anguish, turned around three times, and collapsed onto the filthy floor. As he fell I caught the gist of a modern proverb:

"Boss, the scum always rises to the top."

"I see you have a new roommate."

"No, I bought this hat myself."



LET'S READ IT AGAIN BEFORE WE CENSOR IT

—*Scripts 'n' Pranks.*

Once upon a time there were three old maids: One was a great big old maid, another was a middle-sized old maid, and the third was a tiny old maid. One night they came home. (The story goes on as usual a la "Goldilocks.") "Good-night, Girls," the tiny old maid said.

Railroad Agent: There's another farmer suing us on account of his cows.

Official: Killed by our trains, I suppose?

Agent: No; our trains go so slow that the passengers lean out the windows and milk the cows as they go by.—Columbia *Jester.*



TASTY FOODS
PURE FOODS . .
Foods that
Everyone
Will Enjoy

Just as much a part of Christmas as the tree, the spirit of giving and happiness is

Your Christmas DINNER

Its success, of course, depends on the foods you serve. . . . You're safe if it comes from

Hollowell's

CASH FOOD STORE

A Most Merry Christmas to All!
Wake Forest Students

Walgreen's

For CONTINUED SERVICE . .

* *

Southern Dairies
ICE CREAM CO.

* *

RALEIGH :: NORTH CAROLINA

A salesman was passing through a small North Carolina town and had several hours to while away. Seeing one of the natives, he inquired, "Any picture show in town, my friend?"

"Nope, nary a one, stranger," was the answer.

"Any pool room or bowling alley?"

"None of them either," came the reply.

"What form of amusement have you here?" asked the salesman.

"Wal, come on down to the drug store. Thar's a freshman home from State College."

"I'm burning up with love," said the young man.

But he didn't have to worry. Her old man came down and put him out.

"Evil Earnie" Earnhardt laid down four aces and raked in the pot.

This game ain't on the level," drawled Two-gun Simpson; "That ain't the hand I dealt you."

Guest (to host in new home): Hello, old pal, how do you find it here?

Host: Walk right upstairs, and then two doors to the left.—*Pell Mell.*

Courtship consists of a man's running after a girl until she catches him.



Radio stations should start the morning broadcast with, "Who in the hell left the radio on all night?"



"The spinal column is a collection of bones running up and down your back that keeps you from being legs clean up to your neck."—*Urchin.*



"Who was that lady I seen you eating with last night?"

"That was no lady, that was my knife."

The fair village was all agog over its annual spelling bee. One by one the contestants dropped out until only two remained, the town lawyer and the stableman.

Everyone waited breathlessly for the world which would decide the match. It came:

"How do you spell 'auspice'?"

The stableman lost.



Doc: When did you first suspect that Pittman was not all right mentally?

Barbee: When he shook the hall tree and began feeling around on the floor for apples.



"Come on, Uncle 'Scoopie,' tell me a story be fore I set fire to your dern B.V.D.'s."



Found in the mail: "Dear Sandy Klaws: You can take your old north pole and go to hell. I'm gonna be a gangster.—Johnnie.



"All Europe needs is a few more good men and some water to pour on the troublesome blazes."

That's all hell needs.

College Boy: You walk as if you own the street.

Pedestrian: You drive as if you own that car.

"How much is this hat?"

"Fifteen dollars, sir."

"Where are the holes?"

"What holes?"

"The holes for the ears of the jackass who would pay that much for it."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Neighbor: I heard your kid bawling last night.

Parent: Yes, after four bawls he got his base warmed.—*Maroon Bee.*

"God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen!"

(Continued From Page Four)

John's lips twisted in a wry grin. "Sorry," he said. "I don't mean to be the skeleton at a feast or anything like that. It's just that it's damned tough having my trip home broken up like this. We have a big place up in Virginia, and before the war the whole family always had a big Christmas celebration together. You know, a tree—a big fireplace—yule log—all that sort of thing. I was hoping we could have it all again this year."

"A Virginia plantation Christmas," the Doctor mused. "No wonder you're depressed. My wife's the same way. It's her first Christmas away from home. She's a Virginian, too."

Page raised his glass. "Your wife? Congratulations! Secession nipped my matrimonial plans in the bud, but if the Yanks don't get me, I intend to be the husband of Virginia's fairest belle as soon as the war's over."

There was another silence for a moment, broken only by the faint creaking of the floor overhead as a nurse passed down the hall. Kenlaw was the first to speak.

"Remember the time we carried the cow up to the third floor and left it in the Phi Hall?" he asked.

Page smiled a faint smile. "I'll never forget it. . . . What made you think of that?"

"Oh, I don't know . . . the difference between that crowd and the poor devils up there now, maybe. Your coming here tonight has made me reminiscent. I keep thinking about the boys at Dr. Walter's boarding house and the way we used to reform the world there—the Eu debates about secession—the midnight feasts down in the woods. I wonder where all the boys are now."

"Probably lying on their bellies in some swamp and taking pot shots at Yankees . . . or singing 'Dixie' around some campfire and trying to persuade themselves that they'll be dying for a noble cause when they get their heads blown off tomorrow."

"The war's already finished for a lot of 'em. Young Salmons—you probably remember him—died of tuberculosis a couple of years ago. He was a war casualty just as surely as if a Yankee bullet had gotten him. . . . Dargan got to be a Lieutenant Colonel and was killed at Petersburg. Almost every month I get news of some new gap in the Wake Forest ranks."

"Yes, I know. I've kept up with the boys as best I could. I wonder what President Wingate's doing."

"The last I heard of him, he was preaching to the soldiers up in Virginia. They call him 'Old Abe' because of his queer looks; some wag accused him of having swallowed a horse except for its tail. He's popular, though."

The two men forgot the war in talking over school days until Kenlaw was called away to attend to an emergency case. Page took up his crutches and hobbled to the door. As he entered the large room which had served as the college chapel, he came face to face with a girl. . . . Sheer surprise robbed him of power to speak for a moment, then . . .

"Evelyn!" he exclaimed.

The color drained from the girl's face. Her lips moved almost imperceptibly.

Make This



Dingy washes are common in the winter months when clothes can't be hung out in the sunlight. Let us do your laundry and we will send it back as clean and white as a new snowfall.

Wake Forest Laundry
AND
DRY CLEANERS

A Merry Christmas
To All

In 1882 Wake Forest students were given a two-day holiday for Christmas, but women of the town of Wake Forest submitted a petition to the faculty asking them to extend the Christmas holidays two more days. The faculty consented, probably because it was their wives who were largely responsible for the petition. The students were cynically thankful for the extension because it afforded them two more days to study for exams which were to follow immediately.

And then there was the bell-ringer whose theme song was "Now It Can Be Told."

Bystander: I could never understand why they call a boat "she."

Sailor: Undoubtedly you never tried to steer one.

Have the House



GOOD and WARM

You can't fully enjoy Christmas morning if your house is uncomfortable and chilly . . . and the best and most economical way to keep your home warm at Christmas and all through the winter is to buy

COAL
from
CITY FUEL & SUPPLY CO.

Bill Eutsler: Where did you get that black eye?

Red Mayberry: In the war.

Bill Eutsler: What war?

Red Mayberry: The boudior.

"John!"

Page regained control of his scattered faculties with an effort.

"Evelyn, my dear, what in the world are you doing here in Wake Forest? I thought you were miles away—in Richmond!"

"I was until about two weeks ago, John. Then I . . ."

"Evelyn—it's like a breath of fresh air from Heaven seeing you here. Tell me everything! How are all the folks? Has there been any fighting around home? Are . . ."

The gravity of Evelyn's face stopped John in mid-speech.

"Haven't you heard?" the girl asked.

"Heard what?"

"Your father and mother have lost everything, John. Plantation, slaves, savings—everything gone. They're living with your uncle in Roanoke."

A wage of bitterness against the Yankee raiders swept over John. He struggled to retain his self-control and prevent the occurrence of one of those ungovernable bursts of rage to which he was subject.

"I hadn't heard," he managed to say.

"The letter must have arrived after you left Georgia."

John was silent for a moment, completely stunned by the news. Then, making a great effort, he recovered some degree of self-mastery.

"Thank you for telling me, Evelyn," he said slowly. "It's a rather nasty blow, of course, to find out that your whole family fortune's wiped out. . . . But thank God *you're* safe! You and my parents are all I have left."

"John," the girl stammered. "There's something else I've got to tell you. I'm not Evelyn Carter any longer. I was married two weeks ago to one of the doctors stationed here—Dr. Kenlaw."

Page felt the solid floor of Wait Hall reel beneath his feet. His whirling brain refused to accept the information he had just had hurled at him. But then he remembered snatches of his conversation with Kenlaw —"Her first Christmas away from home. . . . She's a Virginian, too." Suddenly the fit of blind, unreasoning rage which he had conquered a moment ago swept over him again. He felt the little veins in his temples begin their rhythmic throbbing—always a danger signal.

"Thank you," he said in a hard, tight voice. "This is a very appropriate time for your messages . . . 'Glad tidings of great joy,' and all the rest of it! You're quite right. I wouldn't relish the idea of marrying a pauper, either."

"Oh, John!"

As he saw her stricken face, Page felt his gust of anger leave him as suddenly as it had appeared, and a great, desolate emptiness took its place. He no longer had the capacity for anger, grief, or any other emotion. It was as though he had been drained of all feeling.

"Sorry, Evelyn," he said briefly. "I didn't mean to make a fool of myself. Kenlaw's a fine fellow; I've just been having a chat with him while he set my ankle for me. I hope you'll be quite happy. . . . I mean that."

Evelyn opened her mouth as if to reply; then suddenly, surprisingly, her eyes filled with tears, and she turned and ran from the room. John stared after her apathetically.

He stood there for a moment motionless, then shook his head as if to attempt to clear it, and hobbled to the outer door.

The cold night air served in some measure to clear his brain as he stepped outside. The emptiness was still there, but it had become alive and aching. The momentary emotional anaesthetic had worn off.

An hour ago he had been a Southern gentleman in the most restricted sense of the term. Wealth, social position, a beautiful finacé — all these factors had built up in his mind a sort of protective wall which he had thought that even war could not shatter. He saw now that he had been wrong. He and others of his kind had really been fighting in a war of their own imagination. They had been acting as chivalrous Southern gentlemen, ignoring wherever possible the larger issues at stake. War was to them a game, to be won or lost according to set rules—and if a man lost, he would die, as he had lived, a landed Southern gentleman.

Well, all that had changed for him. Now he was a homeless, poverty stricken man—no better off, economically, at least, than the despised "po' white trash" of pre-war days. Lucifer fallen! His lips twitched ironically. He hadn't even a Hell to rule in!

The South was doomed. With the merciless new insight which had been granted him in the last few moments, he saw that fact clearly. All the adolescent optimism which the Confederates had struggled so bravely to keep alive could not alter the truth. Soon Dixie's last bulwark—Robert E. Lee—would fall before the combined might of the armies of a nation which had discovered and made use of the methods of modern warfare. Then the South would be dead. In future years a pale ghost of it might re-emerge in the form of a romantic legend—a distorted tale of magnolias, mint juleps and faithful body servants—but the Old South would fall when Lee fell. The bleak, cold wind which blew through his mind left only an



SOMETHING . . .

beautiful and lasting makes an ideal gift, one that is useful and lasting when ordinary gifts are gone and forgotten.

There Are Dozens Like This At

JONES HARDWARE

Lamps – Furniture – Appliances
Housewares

infinite gray vacancy to mark its path. Nothing, he thought, could ever fill that void. . . .

Across the campus a group of soldiers began to sing a Christmas carol. It was an old English tune, strangely incongruous in a nation waiting for its death blow. The soldiers began hesitantly at first, and then, as they found their parts, they gained confidence, and their voices rang out clearly and unfalteringly on the midnight air.

"God rest you, merry gentlemen;
Let nothing you dismay . . ."

Page's head came up with a jerk. How often had he sung that song with a group of carefree youngsters, both at home and on the Wake Forest campus. A wave of Christmas memories flooded his mind. . . .

"For Jesus Christ, our Savior,
Was born on Christmas Day."

Countless times he had heard and sung those words without their making any great impression upon him. Now the full significance of the simple phrases—a significance unintended, perhaps, by their original maker—struck his mind with terrific force. They were expressive of man's eternal attempt to rise above his environment and become master of his fate. That driving urge to escape from the bondage of *things* had given rise to every great philosophy and religion the world had ever known. Now, in the English carol, this force manifested itself in the highest form it had ever attained—a simple expression of faith in eternal truths and the power of *ideals* to conquer *things*—"*Let nothing you dismay,* for Jesus Christ, our Savior, was born on Christmas Day!"

Page was young, he possessed a volatile temperament, and music had always had an exalting effect upon him. He did not realize it at the time, but the recent purging of his mental outlook had left his mind like a lump of wax—ready to be molded into whatever form first presented itself. And so, as he listened, the vision of a new South and a new John Page began to take form in his mind. The loss of Evelyn was a severe blow, but even that wound might heal in time. Already he was beginning to realize vaguely that his love for the lovely Virginia girl might be partially due to a generally accepted social pressure and to the limited company of gentlefolk in which they had both moved. He had not yet formed a definite conception of these impressions, but the possibility began to appear on the fringe of his consciousness that his feelings for Evelyn might have been entirely different in the life of the South that would be. For, already Page saw himself as part of that new South—a South strong, aggressive, ready to forget old wounds and hew for itself a new place in a changing world.

"To save us all from Satan's power
When we had gone astray.
Glad tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy.
Glad tidings of comfort and joy."

The last note of the music died away, and strong and clear the Wake Forest bell rang in a new Christmas morning.



WE
HOPE
YOU
HAVE THE BEST
CHRISTMAS
You've Ever Had

TOM'S

That's What I Want For Christmas

(Continued From Page Five)

Dear Santa,

There is something that I need more than anything else in the world, and I know that as we are such buddies, you will not deny me this one thing. Santa, for gosh sake, bring me a nickname like "Butch" or "Slug" or something like that. These names like "Dagwood," "Dogwood," and "Shirley Temple," are about to worry me to death. Honest, Santa, you have no idea. Now, Santa, please don't forget me like you did last Christmas when you brought me only one gallon of peroxide and the curling irons. Honest, I really need that new nickname.

Your pal,
SHERWOOD STATON.

P. S. Don't make a mistake and bring me a name like "Stinky."

* * * *

Dear Mr. Claus:

When I looked on my calendar this morning I noticed that Christmas will soon be here, and I suppose that means another trip from you. When you get down this way, I'd be very much obliged to you if you would bring me some jigsaw puzzles and other games to take my time when I'm not playing golf.

Very cordially yours,
A. A. DOWTIN.

cc/AAD

* * * *

Dear Santa Claus,

I've been a good boy all this fall. I've studied all my lessons and carried my professors apples and cigars and everything I could think of nice. I always stay fifteen to twenty minutes after class to talk to them—about the lesson, of course. Now I have been having trouble. What I want you to do is to bring me about six or seven nice *slender* plaster of paris legs to hang in my room so that I will have something to show for my efforts in this direction.

Also, if you have one around I wish you'd bring me a green and blue and yellow sport coat. My friends

say I dress too conservatively. Do you suppose they were kidding?

Yours,
C. J. McInnis.

* * * *

Mr. S. Claus,
North Pole.
My dear old pal Santa,

I am confident that you have followed each week the Sports Section of the *Old Gold and Black* and will agree with me that it is the best sports section in the world, if not in the universe. Am also certain that you must have listened to some of the radio broadcasts that I have consented to make. Really didn't have time to do them, but you know how those things are—when one becomes a notary, you just can't get away, eh, old man?

There really aren't many things I need since I have almost everything. You have my permission to bring my public these autographed pictures which I am enclosing. If you need any more, wire me; I own the Western Union Company.

Editorially,
Gordon Phillips.

* * * *

My dear Mr. Claus:

Inasmuch as we economists are busy formulating and granulating theories which, if you will, in the main, as it were, so to speak, will tend as soon as the law of diminishing returns sets in to revolutionize the price of the third lemonade, I have not had the time at my disposal to correspond with you as frequently as I should have liked—all things being equal, of course, for you remember JUKVTB-NHYNHYTGB equals "&%—&—$% according to the latest economic journal released day before yesterday, or was it yesterday? Right? The thing I should like to request that you bring me at this time reminds me of the time the Irishman said if he had some ham he would have some ham and eggs if he had some eggs, ha, ha. I should like for you to dispatch at my domicile a Palmer method writing book. I was extremely embarrassed the other evening when I discovered to my surprise that I had completely forgotten how to make "A's" and "B's."

Pan-Hellenicly,
Dr. L. Owens Rea.

* * * *

Dear Santa,

Please bring us a steel lock for our pop-corn stand or a vault to put it in—we don't mind the boys eating the stuff but the way things are going now we ain't sold a bag since Hallowe'en and the boy that bought that one thought he was getting bird seed.

Your friends,
Bennie and Freddie and Smuttie.

P. S. See if you can find a new ear somewhere for Bennie. He hasn't traded since last week and he's getting tired of his Buick.

* * * *

Dear friend Mister Claus,

If you got any laying around anywhere I wish you'd drop me off a few extra fraternity pins. I am such a powerhouse and have so many girls that I don't have enough pins to go around—on account of I always give a girl my fraternity pin the second time I date her, do you think that's too soon? Do you reckon that's why I have such a hard time getting a date after the second one?

Yours respectfully,
Richard Dick Hardaway.

* * * *

Santa, ol' boy,

I reckon I've been just as straight to Persia as I could possibly go and I swear I couldn't find what in the world I was looking for so I thought maybe by some strange chance you might be able to locate one for me. What I want is a brain. No, don't laugh. I want a brain. Preferably a newspaper brain. I'll swear I'm about to run myself crazy trying to put out the paper and go to Raleigh 6 nights a week. It's almost more than I can do—especially without the aid of a brain. So be sure and bring me one, unused, powerful, and fertile brain and I reckon I'll be as happy as anybody in the world.

Journalistically,
Editor Pittman.

P. S. Please bring me some studies on the law of gravitation. I had a date the other night and my girl fell *up* the stairs. I can't understand it.

* * * *

Hiya, Sant,

Lissen, buddy, dese mugs here dona' how do talk, see? I'll put cha wise, see? I ain't got no use for no grammer book myself, but dese guys keep squawking about not being able to savvy my lingo, so youse might as well bring de old boy one of dem books what tell all about how to turn on dat Soudern accent stuff. Poisonally, up around Baston we don't mess wid it, but since I gotta associate wid dese rebels I might as well loin sumthin.

Goose Pendergast.

(Continued on Next Page)



CHRISTMAS is a time when you meet old friends and make new ones. . . . Be ready for the occasion by having your CLOTHES CLEANED and MENDED at

Wake Dry Cleaners

For Mending or Tailoring—
See Clarence Barnes in Office

Dear Santa,

Please bring me a pair of pants stretchers. I can't buy a pair of pants long enough for my legs anywhere.

MARSHALL DURHAM.

* * * *

Dear Santa,

Please bring all the fraternity men on the campus a big placard to be worn at all times, telling what fraternity they belong to. I just can't keep up with who belongs to what fraternity and last fall I was extremely embarrassed when I rushed a man who had been a member of another fraternity for three years.

Oh, yeah, you needn't bring Charles Cheek or Frank Hester one—I'll remember *them*.

Rushfully,

JOHN SYKES.

* * * *

Hello Santa, howya feeling, Santa?

I need a pair of gloves about as bad as anything I know of. I have shook the boys' hands on this campus until the skin is wearing off my hands. Bring me a bunch of new jokes, too, the ones I've been telling for the past 4 years are getting a little old.

Good bye, Santa,

BEAMER BARNES.

* * * *

Dear Santa,

Please, for Heaven's sake, bring me the loudest alarm clock you can find. I can't wake up in the morning to save my neck, and I sure do need to wake up, because I'm working in a boarding house and if you've ever worked in one you'll know what I mean. I haven't been on time in a month, or maybe two, I don't know.

BOB HARRELL.

For GIFTS That Please—

The Largest DRUG STORE in Raleigh . . . the Store of Thousands of Gifts!

Eckerd's

222 Fayetteville Street

CREATORS OF REASONABLE DRUG PRICES

■

Fountain and Luncheonette Service

deer santie,

Pleeze bwing me a wittle scooter to pway wif til i tan drow up wike oder wittle boys. i twry to drow up but i just caint. u tan bwring me a ping-pong ball two if u want to cause i am getting big enuff that i can wreach the table to pway wif the oder big boys. Tank u and be meen to those old meen boys that put me on that old fraternitie last spring in the bi-annual.

by, bye,

stuart sims.

* * * *

Dear Mister Clauz,

After smoking my pipe and sitting down in my study the other evening I was amazed to find that there are certain volumes of Chaucer and still others of Browning and Milton that I do not have in my vast collection of English literature. This, of course, upset me a great deal. Could you imagine it! Some of the works of these immortal writers left from my library, of all people. A man who was not well versed in English literature would be upset, but a scholar of note—myself for instance—would be greatly upset.

Please, for literature's sake, bring me the volumes of these works.

Yours for more and more literatures,

JAMES WADSWORTH BIZELL.

P. S. Drop the September issue of *True Romances* in there, too, I haven't seen it.

* * * *

Dear Santa,

Please send another movie actress through here or something to put me in the headlines. That dern Phillips has had two writeups to my one. Something spectacular's gotta happen, Santy, and I've got to be connected with it, because I can't let that faker Phillips get ahead of me. Bring me something spectacular then and quick; I'm getting worried.

Candidly,

H. ALBERT NEWELL.

These "Mary Had a Little Lamb" jokes and poems are still in circulation:

Mary had a little lamp,
She filled it with benzine;
She went to light her little lamp,
And hasn't since benzine.

Mary had a little lamb,
Some salad and dessert;
And then she gave the wrong address
The dirty little flirt.

Mary had a little lamb;
That's far enough!

Theysitlikethisuponaseat
And now and then they kiss,
Then he says some damn fool thing,
And then they sit
Like ..... this.

People talk about let-downs; they don't know anything. Think how the little sparrow must have felt when automobiles first came out.

A STUDENT VIGNETTE

Herbert stepped lightly over to the radio and turned off the beautiful strains of "Silent Night." With one final glance into the mirror he arranged his scarf, switched out the lights, and descended the stairs.

Out on the street he hailed a taxi. "Ten-twenty-five Holly Street," he said. As he rode along, he could see the magnificent beauty of the Christmas lights, the soft snow covering the park fir trees and the joyous mob of late Christmas shoppers. Christmas Eve with snow, a chilling northerly wind, and an evening with Sylvia at the theater—these things seemed to make the Yuletide season just the type he had read about—modernized. Shimmering colored lights and a good show replaced a quaint evening around an open fire and the hanging of stockings.

In a few minutes the taxi came to a stop. Herbert stepped out and told the driver to wait. Shortly he returned with Sylvia.

They had to leave the taxi a block from the theater, but they didn't mind. There was something romantic about walking in the clear, cold, intoxicating night air. On the way down the crowded sidewalk they passed a street Santa Claus, ringing his bell vigorously and shivering slightly in the chilling wind. "What a shame it is for a boy to become a man," Herbert said, "and realize that Christmas is really just like every other day—almost."

At that moment he was interrupted by a voice from his left. "Mister, could you help a poor, hungry fellow whose luck's run out?" a man said. Herbert stared at him. Then he forced his hand into his trousers pocket where he had all his evening's resources in change. Pulling out his hand, he counted fifty-five cents. Turning to Sylvia he said, "I hope you don't mind walking." Then he thrust the money into the man's hand and looked into his face. The old man raised his glance and between quivering, purplish lips said, "God bless you, my friend, and a very happy Christmas to you and yours."

. . . "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

—Eugene Brissie.

Where there's a will there's a relative.—*Widow.*

Did you hear about the golfer who put a bullet through his father?
Oh, you mean shot the hole in par?
—The Pointer.

Reformer: What's this world coming to? Everything has gone from bad to worse. Does your girl smoke, too.

Second Gin-drinker: No. Not quite.

Season's Greetings

from

THE NEW

Collegiate Theatre

"We All Join In Wishing You a Most Joyful Christmas and A Happy New Year"



Santa Clause

Will Bring Us
A Bag Full of

New Pictures for the New Year

"ARTISTS AND MODELS ABROAD"
"KENTUCKY"
"TAIL SPIN"
"SWEETHEARTS"
"WIZARD OF OZ"

The English are a phlegmatic race. I was once week-ending with an Englishman and his wife. Entirely by accident, I happened, one day, on the Englishman's wife in her bath. Making a hurried retreat, I immediately sought out my host, who was reading in his room, and proffered an apology. He brought his head up out of his book and regarded me for a moment.

"Skinny old thing, isn't she?" he remarked.

THREE ASK POST TO
FIND LOST DOGS—*Denver Post.*
(Note: Very unusual, we'd say.)



"MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYONE!"

CITY
Barber Shop

The plumber's face flushed, but he being a good plumber, it flushed silently.—*Sagehen.*

She lay
A still white form
Beside others that had gone before
Suddenly the air was rent by a shriek
Twice repeated
"I will lay another egg tomorrow," said the hen.—*Yellow Jacket.*

1st Customer: Pie, my boy.
2nd Customer: Coffee, me boy.
3rd Customer: Hamburger, me boy.
4th Customer: I'll have a glass of milk.

Smith Young: We certainly had a big time last night for ten cents.

One of many: Yes, I wonder how little brother spent it?

First Mug: Joe sure had tough luck—getting his hand blown off.

Optimist: But it could have been much worse. Suppose, for instance, it had been his other hand.

First Mug: How could that have been worse?

Optimist: He had his week's wages in it.

...Happy Holidays...

TO ALL

College Soda Shop

"The Friendly Place"

COLLEGE JEWELRY . . . REASONABLY PRICED

We Appreciate Your Business

FRED SMUT BEN

A Convenient Shopping Place



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E. C. SNYDER, Proprietor



A DELIGHTFUL WAY TO SPEND AN EVENING

Bowling

... is GOOD EXERCISE!



Join in the Fun!

Keep Healthy Thru Clean Sports!

THE

Wake Forest Bowling Alley





...and to everybody more smoking pleasure

Chesterfield Cigarettes in their attractive Christmas cartons appeal to everyone. Their refreshing *mildness* and *better taste* give smokers everywhere *more pleasure.*

Chesterfield *They Satisfy*

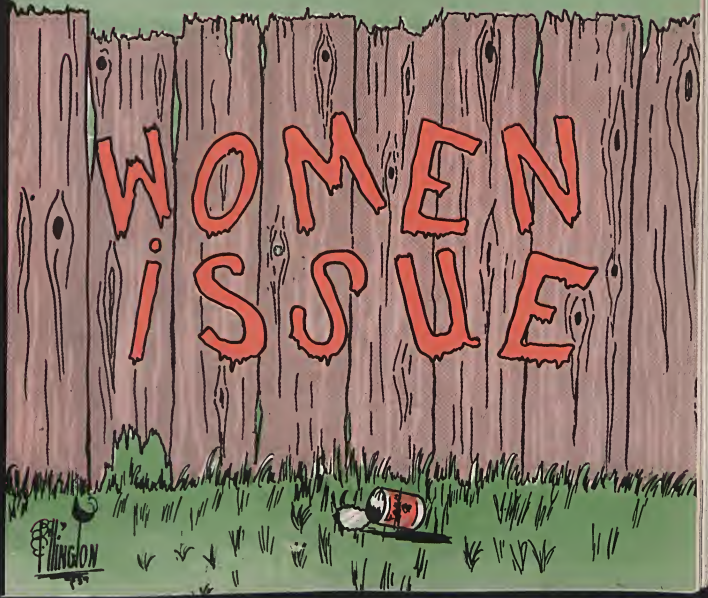
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WAKE FOREST COLLEGE
LIBRARY

The SPOKEN



WOMEN ISSUE

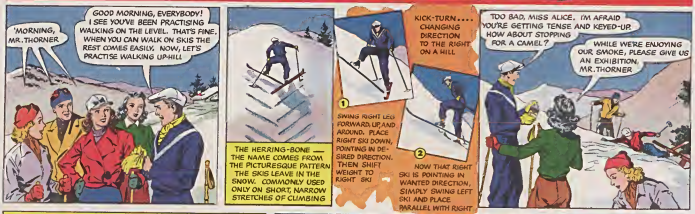


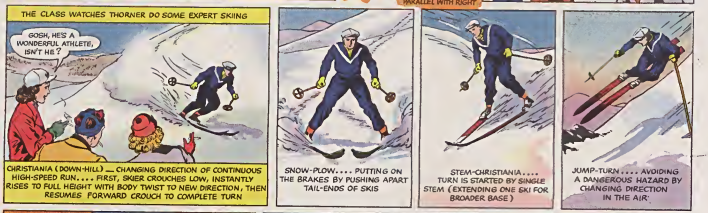
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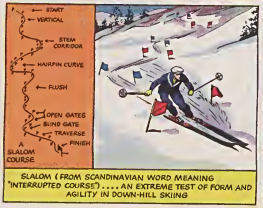
SAYS HANS THORNER, NATIONALLY KNOWN SWISS SKIING EXPERT



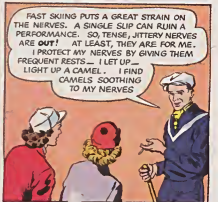
HANS THORNER, DIRECTOR MOUNT WASHINGTON (N.H.) SWISS SKIING SCHOOL













(*left*) **THE BOSTON TERRIER**, shown relaxing, is often called the "American Gentleman" of dogdom. Yet at rough-and-tumble play he's a bundle of flashing energy. His nervous system is hair-trigger fast, sensitive—much like our own, but with an important *contrast*. Right in the midst of strenuous action the dog stops, calms down—*instinctively!* We humans are not so apt to favor our nerves. Too often, we grind on at a task, regardless of strain. Yet how well it pays to give your nerves *regular* rests. Do it the pleasant way—LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! In mildness—ripe, rich flavor—sheer comfort—Camels will add new pleasure to your smoking.

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Winston-Salem, N. C.



COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ... TURKISH AND DOMESTIC

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

SMOKERS FIND CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE SOOTHING TO THE NERVES



Nice Goin', Deacon!

A GENTLEMAN

SO you're a gentleman? There are a lot of men on this campus who maintain that they are gentlemen because they dress correctly, know which fork to use, and can carry on a polite and intelligent conversation. They come from families which are well known and admired. Some of them can drink their whiskey "like an old Southern colonel, suh!" However, we have a pet idea that these things are not requisite of a true gentleman; they may help a man into society, but the "gentleman" of the society and rotogravure pages of the Sunday papers are not necessarily gentlemen, according to our idea.

We believe that a man is a gentleman only when he is considerate of others. He considers the feelings and the property of others and the effect that any act or word of his might have on another person. One has an unequalled opportunity to show that he is a gentleman on the college campus. He is thrown as closely with other people as he will ever be, and his actions here have more effect on other people than they probably ever will.

The gentleman on the college campus is careful in what he says to his fellows because of the effect that it might have on their feelings; he does not hurt anyone intentionally and thinks before he says anything that might unintentionally hurt another. The gentleman regards the property of his fellow-students; he borrows as little as possible and that only after asking. He regards the property of his own college and the property of other institutions; he does not mark on walls, carelessly break windows, or do anything that might halt development of the beauty of his campus. He regards the time and comfort of his fellow-students; he does not visit a friend who is trying to study, and he is as quiet as possible while those who live around him are trying to study or sleep. The gentleman does not cause his professors any undue trouble by arriving to class late or making any disturbance during the class; he regards those who serve him at his eating place and arrives to meals on time; he regards the janitors as well as the beauty of his surroundings by refusing to throw trash on the floors of the college buildings or on the campus grounds. The gentleman shows his appreciation to those who extend to him credit by paying his bills promptly. A gentleman is careful that his influence does not harm those who might be influenced by it. Every student is the ideal of somebody, and he should think of the influence any act of his would have upon the person who looks up to him—a gentleman would.

It's hard to be a gentleman, but it is possible. A man may wear overalls to church, eat with his knife, and be able to talk only of the way the fish are biting in Hog Run Creek, but if he is considerate of those he comes in contact with, we would call him a gentleman in the strictest sense of the word.

So you're a gentleman? Let's see you prove it.

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WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

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Cover by BILLY ELLINGTON

Photographs Courtesy of
WAKE FOREST PICTURE SERVICE, JOHN SCOTT, *Director*

TO A MEREDITH GIRL

I'm simply delighted to find that my heart
Is made of such practical stuff.
I'd fancied it delicate, fragile and frail
But I find that it's really quite tough.

There's no longer need to handle with care,
To jealously cherish and save it.
It's all in one piece without even a dent
From the kicking around that you gave it.

CIGARETTE

I lit a cigarette just now,
It flared as did our love when new,
I paused and then remembered how
I felt, dear, when I first met you.
And so I let the flame go low,
Then puffed again—and Oh!
It flared again with brighter light
And, as I smoked on through the night,
The flame would brighten, then 'twould fade,
But always came back with my aid.
The light's gone now—but there's no doubt.
It didn't die . . . I put it out!!!

—Flarn.

•

FUTILITY

I work myself into a regular dither,
Sending him boodle from hither and thither;
I do my bit to put meat on his shanks;
But all I get for my trouble is "Thanks."

Like his mom and his aunt,
I work 'till I pant;
I make him his favorite cake and pie,
Then eagerly await his loving reply.

I stamp my feet and tear my hair,
And decide it's just too much to bear—
Now when I think that I'm his gal,
He writes to say, "You're my pal."

The rest of the family think it's a joke,
And I am nothing but a dope;
'Cause what's my reward for every blister?
Woe is me. He loves my sister.

—Pointer.

Here's to the lovelight in his eyes;
Here's to the fire in his heart;
Here's to the man who knows it's wise
To keep his loves apart.

—Pointer.

•

I think that I shall never see
A girl refuse a meal that's free;
A girl with hungry eyes not fixed
Upon the drink that's being mixed;
A girl who doesn't like to wear
A lot of junk to match her hair;
Girls are loved by guys like me—
For who in hell will kiss a tree?

—Epitome.

•

Some girls wiggle, squirm and bite,
While others cuss and yell and fight;
But my girl's reasoning suits me quite—
She believes that might is right!

—Punch Bowl.

•

Love and be loved,
Kiss and be kissed
If you don't indulge
You'll never be missed.

—Pointer.

•

I may be mistaken in my reason,
But by the stars above,
I'd love to meet the hound
If this is puppy love.—Yellow Jacket.

You made hay
While the sun was bright.
I sowed wild oats
By the moon at night.

Your hay is stacked
In bundles neat,
But the lingering taste
Of oats is sweet.—Texas Ranger.

The Art of Pitching Woo

By JOHN LOTHARIO DOE

OF ALL the sports in which the masterful male has ever engaged, none is so ancient or so interesting as that of the pursuit and conquest of the fairer sex. There is nothing quite so satisfying to the masculine ego as the capture and complete surrender of the fair damsel upon whom he has been casting a covetous eye. From time immemorial, every normal adult male has felt the lure of this amusement. Many men have tried to fool others, and even themselves, by posing as women haters, but nevertheless, the sight of a beautiful feminine figure has made many an unattractive Bull-of-the-Office long to trade places with his good-looking office boy who has that certain way with all the girls.

On the other hand, many men have gone to the other extreme and have made a profession of love making. Names like Casanova and Don Juan stand out in the history of the art of besieging the strongholds of the female heart like Napoleon and Caesar in the art of the destruction of the male carcass.



In the prehistoric days of the cave may the solution to the problem was rather simple. The desiring male merely slipped up behind a sweet young thing, pounded her over the head with his club (not too hard), and then carried her off to his cave to reap the fruits of his conquest. No wooing or special technique was necessary.

But present day civilization has made things a bit more complex for the mightiest of God's creations. The new machine age has liberated woman from the status of a slave, and has given her a new standing, both socially and economically. With this change it has been necessary for the male to change his tactics, so that at the present time the male must depend more on finesse and technique than upon brute strength to win his heart's desire.

It is a strange thing that men spend hours perfecting a golf stroke or learning to play an acceptable hand of bridge, and yet are content to remain ignorant of the rules and techniques of the most thrilling game of all—that of making love. Although occasionally a virtuoso appears in the field, the average male is woefully ignorant on this important subject. However, the majority of these plodders would welcome any instructions which would make them more adept at this fine art. It is to them that this article is dedicated. If you are already convinced that you are God's gift to the women, then stop right here. This article is not for you. But if you are anxious to acquire more skill, and are convinced that this diversion is nothing to sneeze at, we shall proceed with the instructions. But before going further into the matter, let us make ourselves clear on one point. We do not guarantee these instructions to make a great lover of anyone, any more than a boxing teacher can guarantee to turn all of his students into Jack Dempseys. Not everyone could be an Einstein or Kreisler, regardless of how hard he tried. But we do contend that with patient study and practice, almost anyone can become an acceptable lover—acceptable to someone, at least.

To be successful in the art of pitching woo, one must understand the nature of the fairest (and unfairest) of God's creation. Psychologists, psychiatrists and connoisseurs of the fairer sex have roughly classified women into six different types. We shall attempt to describe each type and give the most effective method of wooing each. Of course, all women will not fall under one particular classification, for some may be a combination of two or more types. Study your prospective victim and try to decide what type or types she belongs to. Then study the proper technique for your advances.

Type one is the Clinging Vine. She believes in the superiority of the male and the inferiority of the female. She is the type of woman so much in vogue in the Victorian novels. She does not want a career of her own; she only desires to supplement the ego of her lord and master. She imagines herself to be utterly incapable of taking care of herself and expects every man to play the part of the chivalrous knight of old. She greatly admires masculinity, and desires to be completely dominated by her hero.

If your heart's desire falls into this category, you must give her the kind of treatment that she demands. Treat her as if she were a delicate flower, unable to

(Continued on Page 15)

Poetizing Pains

By W. H. BROOKS

I SUPPOSE I should be grateful for having been born with an ugly face and a nasty disposition, for because of them I have been less bothered by the various pangs associated with man's love of womenfolk than I would otherwise have been.

One would be foolish to think seriously of plucking the moon from the sky.

Yet even I, cad that I am, have had my troubles with the fair (oh, so very fair!) sex. They have affected me in a very definite but usual way.

While some men fling themselves dauntlessly into the greatest dangers and do great deeds for their individual and collective lady loves, I have invariably been possessed with an overpowering impulse to scribble gentle verse, supposedly glorifying my adored one of the moment.

I was almost fifteen years old before I fell really in love. I can see her now. Mary! But who she was doesn't matter. She is that indescribably lovely creature, that dream girl of the countless hosts of puppy loves. I remember that she had long brownish-golden curls. They hung way down to here. I used to sit just behind her in English class, and when the daily tests came around I always did hers at the expense of my own. The greatest thrill of my life was the first time I found courage enough to twine one of her silken curls gently about my finger. The first Christmas after we met, I sent her a large five-pound box of candy, which I bought from one of the chain grocery stores for the princely sum of 99 cents.

That was romance! To justify my love I felt that I should immortalize Little Mary (I called her "Little Mary") in verse. So I wrote a number of poems, giving them, I thought, the original title, "The Puppy Love Series." I was quite grown up. And quite cynical. The only one of these offerings I find among my papers is the following. As a matter of fact, it will always remain in my heart, for, to me, it speaks faintly of the loveliness of Mary.

PUPPY LOVE VII

My mind's all awhirl
O'er a slip of a girl,
With eyes like deep pools
To entrap foolish fools,
And cheeks like red roses,
And a million artless poses,
And, alas a heart of stone—
The pixy!

All through the dream-like years of high school this state of affairs persisted. Life rocked easily along until I graduated and later came to college.

Here at Wake Forest I studied a little, but spent most of my time wandering through the sun-kissed meadows of my imagination with Mary's hand in mine. However, college changed me. I forgot Mary and began early absorbing this new atmosphere. The following summer I returned to the old home town all educated and fairly reeking with sophistication.



As I no longer had the thought of Mary to protect me from my own foolishness, I soon found myself again hopelessly in love. She was a sweet little trick. The only thing wrong with the situation was that she failed to see anything romantic in my scrawny six feet of ungainliness, my specs, freeks and "let's neck's"! She was definitely unimpressed. However, I, dauntless soul, decided to overcome her natural coyness (what else could it be?) with a flood of poetry and those well-known endearing little attentions. I was some smoothie! Of the attentions I will say nothing at all, but of the poems here is a sample:

DEAD LOVE AND ROSES

Then pin a rose upon his breast;
Let fall a tear upon his head,
And gently kiss his cold white hand,
For Love is dead.

I know that he will ride the breeze
Beyond the moon to fairyland,
Where wood nymphs flit among the trees
And elves and fairies play
(And seas where mermaids play).

(Continued on Page 7)

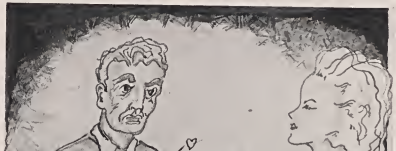
Two-Minute Drama

By EUGENE BRISSIE

THAT was a memorable night—that night we sat on the open terrace, overlooking the young willows around the Kahlert boathouse, facing the mouth of the West River—with an open view straight out to the Chesapeake Bay.

Five minutes before the remains of a recording of Schubert's "Serenade" had been played on the phonograph, and a sudden romantic feeling had replaced my former attitude of disinterest. She listened intently as the music played, not so much as batting an eyelash—because I watched her closely. I could have sworn she sang the song, though her lips never moved, for there was something connecting about the two; both were beautiful.

A pale streak of green lightning flicked across the western sky, and then seemed to chase off into eternity. On the eastern horizon a new moon had risen above the water and climbed teasingly into the bluish sky. For a moment I wondered if I had awakened in eternity, and was alone with the only angel in Heaven.



"Sueh a silly thought," I mused to myself. "An hour ago you met her for the first time, and now you say she's beautiful, and you even think of her in terms of poetry."

Out to the left of us, located some 100 yards away, was the amphitheater where the crowd was gathering for the last portion of the "Gypsy-Day" program which was put on once each year by the camp. I had been sent as a representative of the men's division of the Washington Y. M. C. A. to be the guest of the Y. W. C. A. for the day, and to observe the celebrated festivities. It was a good-will mission, I later learned, and she, Marta Flynn, had been appointed my escortress for the evening. However, this was the first opportunity I had found to talk with her—alone.

"I love to hear you talk," she said slowly, stimulating our conversation.

"Heck, you're only kidding," I returned, trying to blush and at the same time striving to talk twice as slowly as I did at first.

"Where do you go to school?" she inquired, continuing her charming cross-examination.

"Northwestern," was the blank answer I gave her, hardly realizing that she had directed a question at me.

"Northwestern! Er . . . er . . . and you a deep Southerner?"

"Oh, I guess that does sound rather odd, but I went there to attend their school of dramatics—it's such an exceptionally good one—and, too, you see, I'm going to be a playwright some day."

"Dramatics; how wonderful! I've always liked plays, stages, and actors—and playwrights. But I never had the talent."

"Yep. They're all fascinating and intriguing to me," I began dreamily. "You know, there's something about our meeting that suggests a drama to me. Life's just like that—full of dramatic moments and real drama. When I first saw you, I said, 'There's a leading lady for a stupendous production.' Lad meets lassie. . . . He is a dreamer of great plays—even Broadway some day. . . . She is beautiful, charming, and slightly shy. . . . As they meet, they bask in the glories of 'love at first sight' for an hour, and he sees in her the leading lady for a great drama he is planning. . . . He looks into her eyes and tells her that the dew-laden roses have never sparkled so magnificently. . . . Never was anyone so beautiful as she. . . . Some day he sees a million people clamor for her autograph — a female Valentino. . . . For a moment he struggles to visualize a plot that would bring them together in a love scene, in a scene that would be new and inimitable, one that would even be real to him — not make-believe. . . . He finally sees there is no use because he thinks there is no one capable of playing her leading man, because it is so seldom that the author can or has time to act. . . . So he gently grasps her arms, draws her close to him—and kisses her—under the moon, the stars, and by the willows. . . . Just then, he hears her murmur softly. . . . He whispers, 'Dramas with audiences are only for fools, but tonight we'll close the box-office and rehearse from the heart.' . . . End of Act One."

All was quiet for a moment. I breathed an air of triumph—a perfect triumph. A lad with a Southern accent and an author of a two-minute drama, one in which he, himself, played the leading role of his own masterpiece. In the second act, I told her, she was to sing to her leading man.

Suddenly she suggested that it was time for the final program, and since she had a slight part in it, we should move on to the amphitheater. We arose and she cast a glance at the moon, which was now well seated in the star-studded heavens.

"Just a moment," I stopped her. "Could I see you again sometime soon—say, perhaps, Sunday night?"

"I'd love it," she said calmly. "Then you can tell me the remaining part of the drama, and explain to

me the fine points of my role as the leading lady. Don't forget, for, you know, leading ladies are easily peeved and so often change their minds."

Like a nymph she vanished "backstage" of the amphitheater. Slowly I made my way into the theater and took a seat near the outside. The lighting was arranged so as to give the effect of a campfire scene, and in a circle around the fire sat a group of "gypsies." The group sang several folk songs in a chorus, and did a peculiar spontaneous dance about the campfire.

Near the end of the program, the program director announced a special feature. Marta Flynn was going to sing "The Gypsy Trail." My heart almost stopped beating as she sang. Here was the second act of my drama, with the same scene—she would sing to me, the leading man, under the moon, the stars, by the willows!

I didn't get to fill the date with her the following Sunday evening. Found in the mail several days later was a letter from her. I don't have it now, but as well as I remember, it went something like this: "Sorry about our date, but I have been called back to school early for a pre-season performance of the Northwestern University Dramatics Club. But I'll see you, though, there. . . . Dramas with audiences are for fools, so I'll rehearse from the heart.—End of Act Three!"

• •

The Japanese have fine white teeth, says a dentist who has mingled with the race. It comes of a fish diet and constant gnawing at China.—*Jester.*

POETIZING PAINS

(Continued from Page 5)

Where lazy streamlets drowsy run,
And dream their gentle songs of love;
Where glowing skies are clearly spun
And softly filled with shades of blue—
Lovely, peaceful shades of blue.

So dig his grave in forest gloom,
And at his head place roses red;
Then wait no more for him to come,
For Love is dead.

When the sweet young thing finally cast her dewy eye upon the predestined object of her affections, she promptly married him, and I'm afraid they're living happily ever after. At the time I felt as though the whole world were against me. Hither and yon I wandered, my face further marred by scowls of direst gloom. This was especially so when I knew someone was watching. I was The Young Desperate.

Because of my broken heart I turned to the deeply serious for the outlet of my poetic expression. Also, the little I had learned about the immenseness of the universe now began to make itself felt. This was my "oh-what's-the-use" period. I decided to be a great poet and maybe starve myself to death in an old attic for the sake of my art. Of this period I remember practically nothing, for which I am sincerely thankful, not having yet grown far enough away to be as amused as I doubtless will have grown ten years from now. One of my favorite passages has, however, stayed with me. It goes like this:

—*Continued on Next Page*

We Are Looking For You Deacons to Stop Those Teams in the Southern Conference Tournament



W. W. (Bill) Holding

Dealer in

COTTON and FERTILIZER

A GOOD DOCTOR



is only half of the cure—the rest depends on his **Prescription**

Have Your PRESCRIPTIONS Filled at

HARDWICKE'S

PHARMACY

We compound them exactly as your doctor orders, using only the best and purest drugs

GOOD FOUNTAIN and SANDWICH SERVICE

We DELIVER PHONE 276-1

(Continued from Preceding Page)

And the living soon forget the dead,
Having never known the living.

Although this profound sea of melancholy claimed most of the attention of my sophomore year, a gradual change began to make itself felt. Perhaps my broken heart had begun to heal. Or perhaps it wasn't broken. At any rate, I now and then found myself once more able to sing a snatch or two from some old romantic ballad. I even found myself again wanting to rhyme love and dove!

So I knew I was smitten. Of course, I didn't have any idea at all who my loved one was, but that is, at most, a paltry obstruction in the course of true love. Suffice it to say that I returned home that spring firmly bound in the tender meshes of love!

She, too, was a lovely thing. One of these mustachioed come-hither-or-I'll-break-your-damn-neck females who thrive on a diet of hot dogs and hard corn whiskey. For the summer we were happy. She wasn't at all fussy about my appearance. All that she required was that I have enough money to furnish her the necessary hot dogs and whiskey. Nothing could be sweeter. I, a hardened cynic, twined in the arms of Corn Likker Annie!

'Twas romance.

After her fashion, Annie was faithful to me. Everything went along fine until she found, that dark and windy midnight, a truck driver, a damyankee truck driver, who could, and did, drink her under the table. When I staggered into the back room and plopped down under my accustomed table I found them there. Annie opened one bleary eye, cautiously placed a silencing finger to her lips, and blared out:

"Go 'long, sonny, you bother me!"

So there was I, alone and lonely, with nothing left—but my memories. To Annie I wrote a poem, disdaining the rhyme it because she would not have had it so.

TO ANNIE

I met her at a honky-tonk upon a summer's night,
And fell in love.
Now Annie was a lovely thing, so buxom, blear and sassy,
And I loved her.
Gawd, but she sure could drink corn likker!

Back to college I came. Back to my job dispensing sodas and exchanging wisecracks with the callow youths I beheld about me; for wasn't I a man of the world? Definitely. Naturally, I felt somewhat above those who had been so unfortunate as not to have had the experiences that I had had. However, because it was not entirely their fault, I also felt sorry for them. They just didn't know how to go about it. Anyway, it's not every town that's tolerant enough to admit of the educational advantages of honky-tonks.

So the year passed. Uneventful—except that I began to glance occasionally out of the corners of my eyes at one of the prettier of the Wake Forest high school girls. She had a mysterious look about her and unfathomable blue eyes.

Then the usual return home, with the usual result. I fell in love. Overwhelmingly in love. Despite the gal's failure to get all hot and bothered about me, she didn't order me to go jump in the lake as vehemently as the others had done. I cast about for a method of approach. As I had already had flings at the morbid and the gooeyly sentimental and neither had worked, I decided to chance everything on an appeal to her intellect, trying to impress upon her the fact that while I was no Adonis, I was at least a mental marvel. So I wrote intellectual poetry. At least I thought it was intellectual. Here is one of my favorites. I call it—"Loneliness."

LONELINESS

In the woods by a lake at midnight
All the world was steeped in loneliness—
The hard, cold croaking of mating frogs,
And the wail of the wind in the pine-tops,
And the slow crunch of my feet on the dead leaves,
And the still murmur of the lake against soggy shores—
All intensified my loneliness.

But why was I lonely?
Because of the eternal separateness of things—
Of raindrops, and planets, and men.

Evidently this lovely one was on the rebound. She even gave me a blue rose which she had worn in her dark brown hair. Fortunately, she lives far from me, both here and at home. Up till now she hasn't had an opportunity to tell me that she sickens at my proximity.

Once more there is romance. Love . . . dove . . . above. . . .

In closing, let me quote an old Chinese proverb of my own devising.

"Women are like salt. They are here in great abundance. They are necessary to the maintenance of life. And they are as unpleasant as hell when taken in too large quantities."

SATISFIED *with your last* HAIR CUT?



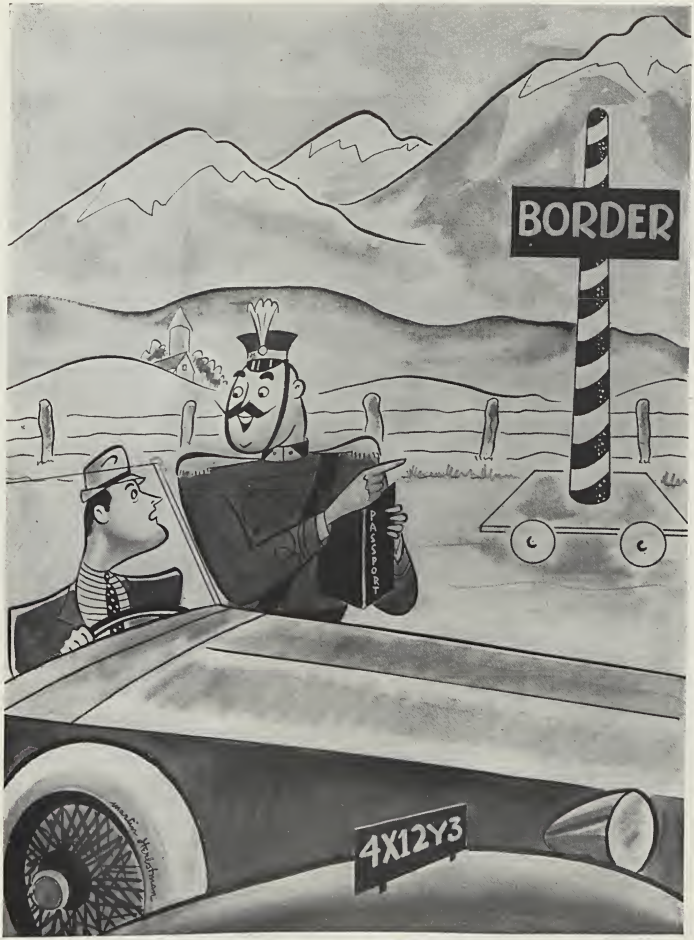
Too Short?
Too Long?
Not Even?

There isn't much to do about it now—But next time have it done at the

COLLEGE BARBER SHOP

(Next to Book Store)

On the Campus



"Oh, that! They got tired of pulling it out of the ground to move it ever so often."

PAGING ST. VALENTINE

When the hardboiled President of Podunk University sat down behind his desk and found, on the top of the blotter, a blood-red letter, shaped like a heart, his own heart skipped a few beats. He knew it was St. Valentine's day but who in the world could have put it there? No one but his business-like secretary, Miss Dembska had access to his office.

Miss Dembska! Sure enough! Miss Dembska, with fluffy waves in her golden hair and large baby-blue eyes. He had always thought of her as a mere cog in the wheel.

But now a great joy welled up in him. He picked up his phone and spoke briskly to the Dean of the Faculty. "Increase all professors' and instructors' salaries. Cancel the probation list and disregard all 'cuts' for the rest of the term. Classes will begin at 10:00 o'clock from now on."

Then he called Miss Dembska in.

"Miss Dembska—er—Babe," said the Pres, "did you put this on my desk?"

"Yes, Mr. President."

"Is it for me?"

"Yes, Mr. President."

"May I open it?"

She nodded assent.

As he lifted the flap from the envelope a red slip fluttered to the carpet. There was a great tenderness in his eyes as he bent over and read the message that was typed on the slip:

"Sample of Utopia Stationery Company's new blotter, $20 per 5,000. Terms cash. Use this blank for order."



"Whaddaya mean, have I an appointment with Mr. Marko?"



"Gimme a hair cut—I'll drop by for it tonight."

GOLF CLUB LUNCH

•

SCOTCH BROTH

CLUB SANDWICH SLICED TOMATOES

LINK SAUSAGE

DANDELION GREEN PUTTATOES

PARSNIPS

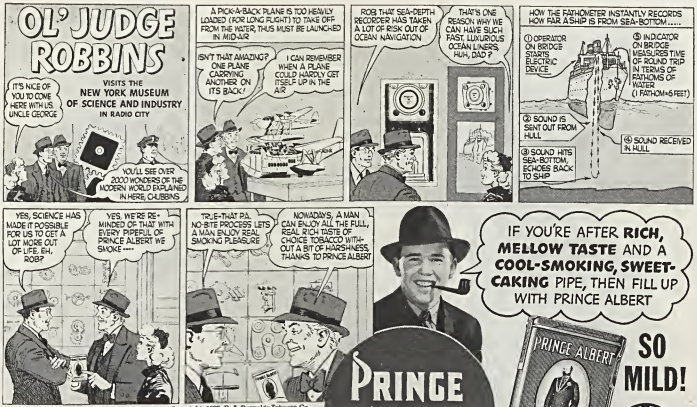
CUP CUSTARD

ROLLS NUTS

TEA

Bride: You must not expect me to give up my girlhood ways all at once.

Husband: That's all right, little girl; go on taking an allowance from your father just as if nothing had happened.



P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

"Have you read your novel to any one?"

"No!"

"Then how did you get that black eye?"

•

Lawyer: I'm sorry, old man, I couldn't do more for you.

Convicted Client: Don't mention it, ain't five years enough?

•

Teacher: It's very deplorable, Smith; you seem unable to add up the simplest thing correctly, does your father help you?

Smith: No, he just laughs and says it's no use in business.

Teacher: Indeed, what is your father?

Smith: A waiter, sir!

•

"You have beautiful eyes," wrote the young lawyer, "and exquisite long lashes, and I love the way the aforesaid eyes peep out from under the aforesaid lashes."

The arithmetic class was learning about weights and measures. "What does milk come in?" asked the teacher.

"In pints," ventured Betty.

"Who knows what else?"

"I know," said Johnny, who had spent the Summer on the farm, "it comes in squirts."

•

A cameraman, working for the company, met a farmer in town one day and said:

"I've just been taking some moving pictures of life out on your farm."

"Did you catch any of my men in motion?" asked the farmer curiously.

"Sure I did."

The farmer shook his head reflectively, then commented: "Science is a wonderful thing."

•

First Holiday Golfer (writing down score): How many did you take for that hole?

Second Holiday Golfer: What about you giving your score first for a change.

Here lie the bones of Pete McBley,
With all his double chins,
Who got plugged in a gun affray
Right where the vest begins.

•

Slender: Say, how would you stop a chimney from smoking?

Bulk: I'd give it one of your cigars.

•

Superintendent: What we want is a night watchman that'll watch, alert and ready, for the slightest noise or indication of burglars — somebody who can sleep with one eye and both ears open, and is not afraid to tackle anything. See?

Applicant: It's my wife you'll be wanting, not me.

•

Teacher: If you had good brains, Tommy, what would you invent?

Tommy: Something that would do my lessons if I just pressed a button, miss.

Teacher: You lazy boy! Now you, Billy, are not so lazy. What would you invent?

Billy: Something to press the button, miss!

HERE'S WHY MARIA WAS MAD AT HIS BRIAR!



HAVE A HEART on your husband, ma'am—don't bawl him out for smoking. After all, it isn't his *pipe* that smells bad, it's that hot-and-heavy *tobacco* he always buys.



NO MORE FIGHTS. Some friend switched him to Sir Walter—two ounces of cool-smokin' burley—so mild it *never* bites the tongue—and a wife-winner for *aroma!*

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS



PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureau of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a *majority* of these colleges.

TUNE IN *Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, coast-to-coast, NBC Red Network.*

BASKET BALL

Many noted sportsmen believe that the game of basketball was suggested by the guillotined heads dropping into a basket during the French Revolution. It's a bloody thought, but not true. A careful study shows that the game originated with the ancient Greeks. One day a Grecian princess who always used to hum a native tune, "A tisket, a tasket," lost her yellow basket and began to bawl. In trying to explain what had happened, she couldn't stop crying, so all the king could hear her say is "Basket" and then she'd bawl. Basket—bawl: Basket-ball; and common usage gave us basketball. (This is what is known as a handsome hobo explanation—pretty bum.)

Basketball was introduced into the curriculum of all the better schools who could afford to buy more than one team, at the request of Big Business. Efficiency demanded an accurate aim in disposing of all advertising mail coming into the office. It is only because of basketball that college men are valuable around an office where something has to be thrown out.

Basketball is played between ten men and two baskets. The basket hangs on the wall and the men lie on the floor. The object of the game is to throw the ball through the basket, but from the results, it's obvious that the players have much more fun tossing it into the laps of the spectators who line the sides of the court. A basketball field is called a court. It's called a court because there's trouble waiting you if you ever put your foot in one.

•

Hotel Clerk: Why, how did you get here?

Hard Egg: I just blew in from Montana with a bunch of cattle.

H. C.: Well, where are the rest of them?

H. E.: Down at the stockyards. I ain't as particular as they are.

•

A modern young flapper was Min,
She tried every scheme to get thin,
In her attempt to reduce,
She sipped orange juice,
'Til she slipped through the straw
and fell in.



"Tebbens is always making mountain out of molehills."

WIMMIN

wimmin are things wich men can not get along without, but would get along much better if they could. wimmin are things that men like to have around to get papers, slippers, and pipes for them when they come home from work, but wimmin don't do things like that, insted they go to bridge parties and make men stay home to wash dishes and take care of the baby which wimmin have—the stork doesn't bring them as many people think.

wimmin have what is called intuition and it tells them to kick a boy before he has a chance to kick her. they also have many other things which are very nice. they are:

[CENSORED]

they have a past and no future and very little presence too. They have feet and hands too but these are seldom noticed.

wimmin are more fun to chase than they are to catch—unless you get to tired of chasing then it ain't no fun at all. wimmin like to act like men and dress like men but they make men get out of cars and run around and open doors for them and pull out chairs for them and stand up when they come into a room even if there are plenty of chairs. wimmin are artists too because some of them can paint themselves up to look halfway presentable but if most of them don't use paint they look like the south end of a northbound mule.

wimmin are funny things that men make fools of themselves over and ain't worth the trouble, but every man thinks that the one he is in luv with is different—which is a big old story.

Policeman (in South Carolina): "Clear this here 'phone booth. They're going to hold the Republican convention here."

●

Is that Rudy Vallee or do we need a new needle.—*Pointer.*

●

Dean: "Is that your cigarette stub?"

Frosh: "Go ahead. You saw it first."—*Tiger.*

●

One Siamese twin: "You must have had a swell time last night, I look like a wreck today."—*Pell Mell.*

●

Rich man, poor man.

Fraternity-brother, fraternity-brother.—*Stolen.*

●

"Where in hell have I seen you before?"

"What part of hell are you from?"—*The Old Line.*

●

The train robber was holding up a Pullman car. "Out with yer dough or I'll kill all the men without money, and kiss all the women."

An elderly man said: "You shall not touch these ladies."

An old maid in an upper berth shouted. "You leave him alone; he's robbing this train."—*Sour Owl.*

●

Slug: Girls can be divided into two classes—the goods and the bads.

Mug: So what?

Slug: Well, some fellows never get caught with the goods.

NOTICE: The following page was to have been filled with material by Ray Pittman, but he didn't come through with the goods. The page might be of some use to you; perhaps more than it would if Ray had come through, because you can amuse yourself during classes, pass the time while waiting for your girl to dress for the dance, or while waiting until someone is through with the morning paper.



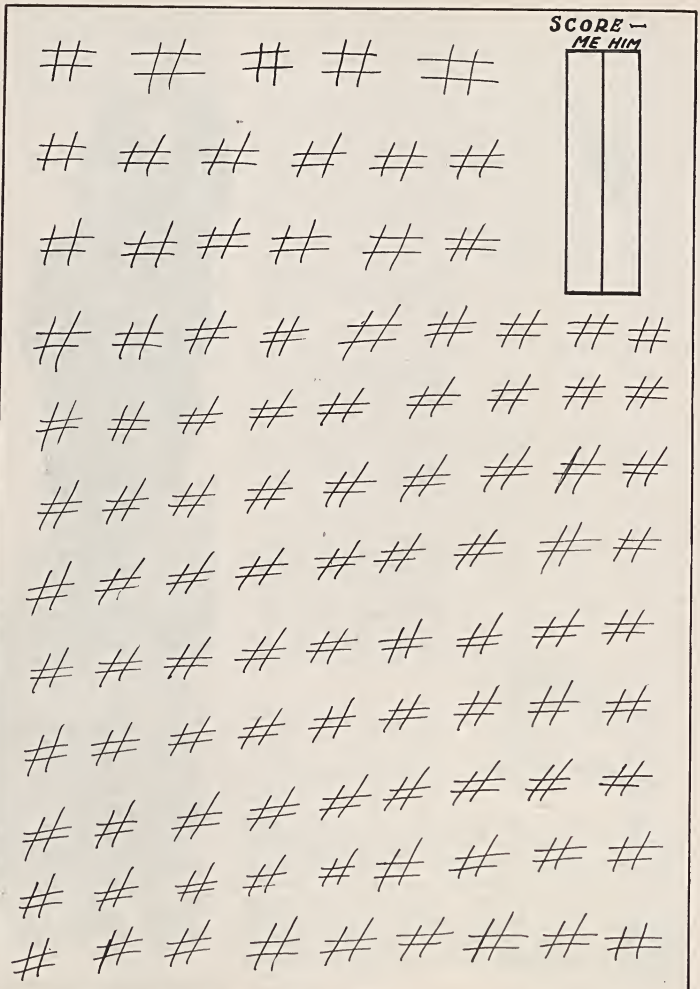
For . ..

Tails • Tuxedos

Come in and see our latest shipment of Midnite Blue and Black Formal Clothes.

We have a complete line of ACCESSORIES to go with all Formal Clothes.

The Vogue Shop For Men


SCORE—
ME HIM

THE ART OF PITCHING WOO

(Continued from Page 4)

take care of herself in this harsh world. You must play the part of the dominating male and sweep her off her feet. Be gallant, be brave, be dashing, but at the same time be gentle, chivalrous, and gracious to her. Show her little courtesies and attentions. Help her across the street. Send perfume, flowers and candy. With this type woman, a little gift or small remembrance at the right moment will leave an impression that will linger for years. With the clinging vine, the movie technique is O. K. She will fall for mush and moonlight and romance. But don't expect her to be good at sports. She is too feminine and helpless for that.

Type two is the Emancipated Female—a comparatively recent product who came into being with the modern industrial age. She is as good as any male and better than the majority, if one will take her word for it. She is not satisfied to be a supplement to the male ego, but demands a career of her own. She resents chivalry and any gesture which suggests that she is in any way helpless or inferior to the male. She is mannish in her dress and is usually good in sports.

The technique for wooing the Emancipated Female is just opposite that used on the Clinging Vine. She demands to be treated as an equal. Engage her in sports, play your best against her, and don't be afraid to compliment if she gives you a good game. Talk to her about serious, important things, and make her feel that you consider her opinion on any matter very important. Avoid chivalry; don't take her arm when crossing the street. Don't get too romantic or sentimental, or she may suggest ice water for your clouded brain. If you are thinking of marrying such a woman, remember that you will become a typical henpecked husband or else your home will be a battlefield in a contest for supremacy.

For the lack of a more appropriate name, we shall call type three Fickle Fanny. She is a schemer. The majority of the famous courtesans belonged to this class, and of this group Madam Pompadour is perhaps the outstanding example. Type three understands completely the art of handling men, and she uses them for her own selfish purposes. She has generally developed the art of flattery to a high degree, and she plays up to the masculine ego for a purpose. She is an actress, ruled by her head, but pretends to be ruled by her



emotions. Fickle Fanny may love a man from the bottom of her heart, but there is usually room for a more desirable specimen at the top. She seems to know just when to let one suitor drop in favor of another which she considers more desirable. She is unscrupulous in her methods, and once she decides to get a man she will do anything to accomplish her end. Type three is the Female Don Juan, who prides herself on her collection of masculine scalps.

In wooing Fickle Fanny, the male must play her own game and beat her at it. He must thoroughly understand her methods, and must keep his head at all times. Let me repeat: *Don't let your heart run away with your head.* Once she is sure that the male has fallen, she is ready to toss him off and begin her hunt for another victim. Be a prize package yourself, a smoothie, a typical Esquirish gentleman. Deflate her ego. Keep her guessing. But better still, if you are looking for a mate or a permanent attachment, let her type alone, if you value your peace of mind, for one can never be sure of a woman of this nature. If you are of a jealous nature, her flirtations will make your life one long nightmare.

Type four is the Creative Artistic Soul, the woman with the much talked of artistic temperament. She is the æsthete, the visionary who lives in a little dream world of her own, and never knows how to face reality. She is usually very talented along musical and artistic lines. Often she is flashing, sparkling in her conversation, but her varying moods make her extremely difficult to live with. She varys between high elation and deep melancholy, and is ruled mainly by her emotions. Great artists are often of this class.

THE

COLLEGE SODA SHOP

Invites you to treat your girls here during the coming week-end—Let us help entertain her.

We will be open after the dance on both nights

FRED :: BEN :: SMUT

The æsthetic woman must be appealed to through her emotions—her love of beauty. Be æsthetic yourself. Try to understand her varying moods and emotions and play upon them as you would play upon a delicate musical instrument. Take her to concerts; discuss art, literature, the beauty and purpose of life, with her. But unless you have the patience of Job and the insight of a psychiatrist, and want to spend the rest of your life humoring her various whims and moods, don't marry her. She is very difficult to live with in a world of reality. It is likely that you would never be able to make her happy.

Type five is Dumb Dora, or, as she is sometimes called, "Beautiful but Dumb." She can easily be spotted by her wise cracks and her continuous senseless chatter. She can always be depended upon to say the wrong thing at the wrong time. Often she is the life of the party because of her naive, childish blunders and her nit-witty wisecracks. She has one code of behavior for talking, and an entirely different one for acting. In her talk she often leaves the impression that she is a hot number, but when it comes down to the bare facts of the matter—well, she just won't let a guy get down to bare facts. Often she is very desirable physically, but otherwise she is a pain in the neck.

If you have your heart set on a Dumb Dora, you must play her own game with her. Laugh at her wise cracks and wisecrack back at her. Never expect her to be sensible, and above all, never try to carry on a serious conversation with her. The sillier you can be the better she will like you, and the more fun she will think that you are. But if you are the least bit sensible, God help you if you marry her. Her wisecracks may be spicy, but remember that spice is not very desirable for an exclusive diet. Scram before she has a chance to intoxicate you with her physical appeal and lead you down the aisle to the altar. But if you insist on playing with fire and do get burned, don't say that you weren't warned.

Our sixth type woman is the Pal type—the emotionally mature woman (may her tribe increase!). She is the best type for a lover or mate. She is neither a Clinging Vine nor an Emancipated Female, but is a happy medium between the two. She neither demands too much attention nor resents chivalry. She can be depended upon to do her part in the home, in sports, and in business. The Pal type is a real companion in every walk of life.

With this type woman, you can be yourself. You needn't pose or pretend to be something that you are not. She will expect you as a human being to have your faults and will love you in spite of them. But she does demand that you be frank and truthful, and she is very difficult to deceive. Fortunate indeed is the man who is lucky enough to have such a woman for a lover.

In ending this article, let me give one word of warning and encouragement. Don't be discouraged if the results are slightly short of miraculous at first. Don't expect an inexperienced bumpkin to read this article and then sweep the belle of the town off her feet on the first date. Paderewski couldn't play the "Moonlight Sonata" the first time he sat down at the piano. Weismuller wasn't a champion swimmer the first time he hit the water. So be patient and don't give up. A little study and practice will produce results that will be well worth your time. So muster your courage and go to it. You may be a Don Juan in the making!

Mr. Ginsberg, dealer in new and used suits, was attempting to sell a rather fine English drape which, in the course of its life, had come rather too near a skunk.

"Dis is a suit, a finer one you couldn't get it batter on Main Stritt. Feel de goots. A poifect feet," said Mr. Ginsberg.

"Yes," said the customer, sniffing, "that's a fine suit, but what's that funny smell?"

"That's me. Ain't I a stinking son-of-a-gun?"

—Sour Owl.

•

They laughed when Vanden Dries walked over to the piano; they didn't know there was a co-ed lying under it.

•

"What is the greatest Greek tragedy?"
"Kappa Sigma."

•

The coroner straightened up from the body. There was a tense, expectant hush—a restless waiting for the gruesome verdict.

The mouse had committed suicide because he found out his old man was at rat.—*Yellow Jacket.*

There was a dense fog and the officer on the bridge was becoming more and more exasperated.

As he leaned over the side of the bridge, trying to pierce the gloom, he saw a hazy figure leaning on a rail a few yards from his ship.

He almost choked.

"What do you think you're doing with your blinking ship?" he roared. "Don't you know the rules of the road?"

"This ain't no blinking ship, guv'nor," said a quiet voice. "This 'ere's a light house."—*Log.*

•

School days, school days,
Dear old golden rule days,
She was my girl in calico,
I was her bashful, barefoot beau,
And I wrote on her slate,
Keep out of the sun, babe, everybody's
Looking through your dress.—*Log.*

•

A priest offered 25 cents to the boy who could tell him who was the greatest man in history.

"Christopher Columbus," said the little Italian boy.

"George Washington," said the American lad.

"St. Patrick," shouted the Jewish boy.

The quarter is yours," said the priest, "but why did you say St. Patrick?"

"Right down in my heart I knew it was Moses," said the Jewish boy, "but business is business."

—Pell Mell.



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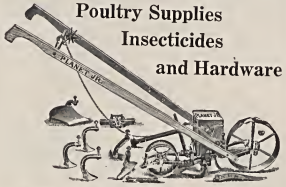
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PLANET JR. SEEDER and WHEEL HOE

Sailor: You aren't getting seasick are you, buddy?
Recruit: Not exactly, but I'd sure hate to yawn.
—*Old Line.*

•

"There's a woman peddler at the door."
"Show him in, and tell him to bring his samples with him."—*Gargoyle.*

•

The only trouble about being able to read women like a book is you are liable to forget your place.
—*Record.*

•

Sign on the back of a Ford: "Not lazy—just shiftless."—*Topper.*

•

A man is but a worm of the dust; he comes into the world, wiggles around a bit, and then some chicken gets him.—*Pointer.*

•

"I've stood about enough," said the humorist as they amputated his legs.—*Bison.*

•

"Are they very strict at your college?"
"Strict? You remember Brown? Well, he died, and they propped him up till the lecture ended."

Harold: "Oh, my darling, I crave to hold you close. I crave to hug you; I crave to kiss you!"
Joyce: "Ah, a crave man!"—*Pointer.*

•

"Hic."
"Hic."
"Don't talk back to me."—*Princeton Tiger.*

•

Old lady: "Little boy, why aren't you in school today instead of going to the movies?"
Little Boy: "Hell, lady, I got the measles."—*Pointer.*

•

K. A.: "Let's cut classes today and go to a show."
Ross Hill: "Can't do it. I need the sleep."

•

S. K.: "See you're getting chummy with the profs."
Worrell: "Yep. Familiarity breeds exempt."

•

They call St. Mary's girls "Mussie-lenies" because they're the Fascist girls around.—*'Scusit, Please.*

•

Judge (to prisoner)—Say, when were you born?
No reply.
Judge—I say, when was your birthday?
Prisoner (sullenly)—Wot do you care? You ain't gonner give me nothin'.—*Exchange.*



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GAS UP at
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Service Station
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Two hoodlums met a Scotchman on a lonely roadside. They assaulted him and attempted to rob him of his possessions. After two hours of endless scrapping the two succeeded in extracting a nickel from the man's pocket.

"Gosh," said one of the robbers as they sat down to rest, "all that work and we only get a nickel. No future in that."

"We're lucky, pard. Suppose he had had a dime."

•

Cautious is the life of the strip tease dancer. Haven't you seen her stop, look, and loosen?—*Bison.*

•

Did you ever hear about the German's cat that had six Nazi kittens—until they were ten days old. They they became Democrats—after their eyes were open.

•

First She: "How do you keep the boys from peeking in the key hole?"

Second She: "I keep the door open."—*Froth.*

•

Rastus and Liza were married but a short time when he came home with a big washtub, a wash-board and a handsome three-foot mirror.

Liza—Whut's all de truck you brung

Rastus—You-all kin take yo pick. Yo kin take de tub and washboard and go to work, or you kin take de mirror and set down and watch yo'self starve.—*Medley.*

•

Papa Moses shot a skunk,
Mama Moses fried a hunk,
Baby Moses ate a chunk,
Holy Moses how it stunk!—*Ranger.*

•

Virtue is always applauded, but it seldom gets an encore.—*Punch Bowl.*

•

The real trouble with our youth of today is that they were out all of the night before.—*Yellow Jacket.*

An old Southern darkey, father of 16 children, was being lectured by the doctor for asking his wife to have so many children.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Rastus," the doctor said.

"Indeed I is," said Rastus. "The next time it happens I's gwine to hang myself."

Well, before very long, the doctor was called to Rastus' house and sure enough another visitor was expected.

"Rastus," said the doctor, "what are you doing here? I thought you said you would hang yourself if this ever happened again."

"Indeed, I did, doctor, an' I took a big ole rope, put it around my neck and threw it over a limb. Den, would you believe it, just as I was about to jump offa that stump, I said to myself, 'Rasfus, you better be careful here. You mought be hanging an innocent man.' "—Yellow Jacket.

•

It was high noon at the Mosque. The high priest was intoning, "There is but one God, and Mohamet is his prophet."

A voice broke in, "He is not!" The congregation turned and among the sea of brown faces was a small yellow face.

The priest straightened up and said, "There seems to be a little confucian here."—*Quip.*

AFTER the DANCE is over . . .

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• •

Wake Forest Laundry

and DRY CLEANERS

Lady (to small boy): My dear, does your mother know you smoke?

Small Boy: Madam, does your husband know that you speak to strange men?—*Puppett.*

•

Service Station Attendant: "How did you puncture this tire?"

C. J. McInnis: "Ran over a milk bottle."

Attendant: "Didn't see it in time?"

C. J. McInnis: "Naw, the kid had it under his coat."

•

"Ah, my little man," beamed the kindly old man to the young freshman, "watch out or the goblins will get you if you stay out so late."

"Like hell they will," retorted the freshman. "I'll go A.P.O. or nothing."

•

Toast to Meredith girls:

Here's to you! May God bless you and keep you. I wish I could afford to.

The dimmer the porch light, the greater the scandal power. —Exchange.

•

Once upon a time there were two Irishmen. There are lots of them now.—*Voo Doo.*

•

A star fell out of Heaven
Right into my arms.

God, but that thing was hot!—
Ga. Arch.

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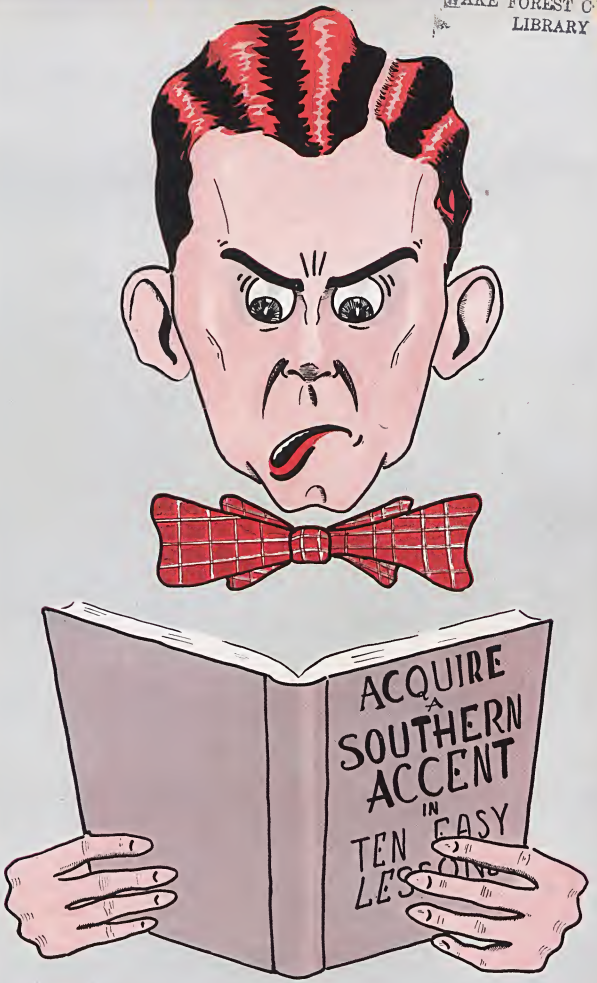
Chesterfields give me more pleasure than any cigarette I ever smoked

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The SPHINX



April '3

YANKEE ISSUE



"Clinging to a tiny platform 600 feet in the air puts a big strain on my nerves," says Charles A. Nelson, steel inspector of the New York World's Fair. His rule to ease nerve tension: "Pause now and then—

LET UP— LIGHT UP A CAMEL"



LIKE SO MANY OTHERS at the New York World's Fair, Charley Nelson makes it a rule to break the nervous tension of crowded days by pausing every now and then to let up—light up a Camel. Observe, on your visit to New York's greatest exposition, how smoothly everything goes. Also note how many people you see smoking Camels. There are dozens of sights at the New York World's Fair—but don't spoil the fun by letting your nerves get fagged. Pause now and then—let up—light up a Camel—the cigarette for mildness, rich taste—and *comfort!*



THE GREAT "SPIKE AND BALL" (*above right*) is the theme center of the New York World's Fair—the Trylon and the Perisphere—7000 pieces of steel joined by a quarter of a million rivets. It's the trying job of Inspector Nelson to check these two huge shells at every vital point. He says: "I've got to know every inch of that steelwork. It's a nerve-straining job, hanging onto girders hundreds of feet up, but I can't afford to get jittery. I *have* to sidestep nerve tension. It's my rule to ease off occasionally—to let up—light up a Camel." (Notes on the two structures above: The great ball will appear to be supported by fountains concealing the concrete foundation pillars. At night, the ball will seem to rotate—an illusion to be created by lighting effects. The towering Trylon will be the Fair's broadcasting tower.)



300 FENCING MATCHES and exhibitions are credited to Rosemary Carver, expert with the flashing foil. "Fencing drains the nerves," she says. "But I can't take chances on being tense, jittery in the midst of a fast parry or lunge. Through the day I rest my nerves—I let up—light up a Camel. I find Camels soothing, comforting. And Camels *taste* so good!"



EDDIE CANTOR—Listen in to America's great comic personality in a riot of fun, music, and song. On the air each Monday evening over the Columbia Network. 7:30 p m E. S. T., 9:30 p m C. S. T., 8:30 p m M. S. T., 7:30 p m P. S. T.

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"Hi, Deac!" "Hi, Yank!"

FAMILY PRIDE

But I do love you more than anything. Those eyes of yours—those wonderful gems; and those lips; they are so thrilling to everyone who looks thereon. Your silken complexion intoxicates me. What's that a scar? It can't be! A scar to mar those perfect features. An ugly gash against such fine loveliness! No, then it isn't a scar, but who the hell cracked this mirror? (McInnis? Of course.)

* * *

First Professor: There's a boy with good stuff in him.

Second Professor: Let's follow him; maybe we can see where he got it.—*Punch Bowl.*

* * *

A coed is an appetite wrapped in a raccoon coat and wearing dirty shoes.—*Froth.*

* * *

Baby: An alimentary canal with a loud voice at one end and no responsibility at the other.—*Jessie's Newcomer.*

* * *

Listed under feminine compliments: "My dear, what a perfectly stunning gown! Didn't they have it in your size?"—*B. J. C.*

When a man wants his handkerchief, he reaches around and yanks it out of his pocket. When a lady wants her's, she rises, shakes herself, and picks it off the floor. —Scottie.

* * *

A man, seeing another man swimming off a Florida beach, said, "Hey, aren't you afraid of sharks?"

Swimmer: "No, I'm tattooed."

Observer: "What has that got to do with sharks?"

Swimmer: "I've got 'N. C. State is the best college in the world' written on my chest, and even a shark wouldn't swallow that."



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"MEET ME AT THE BOOK STORE"

Yankees Are Colorblind

A Son of the Deep South Gives a Clear Yet Profound View of the Differences Between the Ideas of the Yankee and Southerner Concerning the Negro

By EUGENE BRISSIE

HE was a Damyankee.

Of course, he was born in Siam, where his father was serving as a Presbyterian missionary at the time; but he was a Yankee, nevertheless. He came to the United States when he was seven years old—a speaker of pure Siamese, and today he was twenty and he almost flunked English in college last year. I didn't blame him for this, however, because—as I said before—he was a Damyankee, the type that lives in Brooklyn, goes to school in Ohio, and vacations in Connecticut.

Newell (I called him this because anyone could call him Tommy) and I met on the night of June 21, 1938. We both had been selected as co-directors of tennis at Camp Letts, the Y.M.C.A. camp of Washington, D. C., on an arm of the Chesapeake Bay, seven miles below Annapolis, Maryland. I'll never forget that night, for he was about the first Yankee who had attracted my attention out of the ten we had on our counselor staff. The personnel of this group was interesting. Besides Yankees and several boys from the Carolinas and Virginia we had an Egyptian and a Greek on the staff. I say I'll never forget that night because I had picked him out particularly, and he was going to be my specimen, and I was going to make a study of these people.



The thing that made me angry with myself, however, was the fact that I was really beginning to like him after I had worked with him for only four days. I soon became reconciled to the fact that I was in favor of his existence, and gradually forgot that I, according to a custom and what my grandfather had told me, hated him with a purple passion.

For hours during the early summer mornings' coolness, we worked side by side, sprinkling, brushing, rolling, and relining the tennis courts. Naturally we conversed during these long hours of duty together, but I was rather reluctant to stimulate the conversation with little more than a discussion of current events and favorite personalities of tennis. Occasionally I caught myself venturing unconsciously out of this realm and drifting into a session of personal opinion.

While he was on his 24-hour leave from camp each week, I took complete charge of the courts; when I was out, he took charge. The first few times he was away, I enjoyed the freedom of thought that the solitude permitted. However, as the weeks rolled by, I found a certain air of loneliness hovering over the courts when I was engaged in the work alone. I had really learned to appreciate his opinions, and I was gradually thinking him an ideal person for confidence. Maybe this Yankee wasn't such a bad fellow after all?

We became more closely acquainted and attached to one another as the days passed, and every now and then we went out nights together. Much to my surprise these proved to be the occasions on which I really learned to know Newell. No sooner would he consume two or three beers, than he was the friendliest guy I had ever met. In such a state of feeling he always insisted that I get or do anything in the world I so desired—at his expense. The first of these hospitalities I refused, but after several repeated insistances I felt that he meant them.

Soon we became financial partners; when I had money, it was ours; when he had money, it was ours. I bought cigarettes one day; he bought them the next. Finding this quite an expensive item to be drawn from such a small salary, we decided to cut down on our charge-account and "roll our own." This was a big hit. In fact, it caused such a fad that a "Roll Your Own" Club was established among the staff members with Newell T. Preston and "Breeze" Brissie charter members and co-founders.

(Continued on Page 10)

"Big Shot"

CHARLIE was from Atlanta, and I liked him—a lot. Of course, I guess all young grammar school kids are that way. You see, Charlie was a big football star—at least that's the impression he gave me—and he spoke nicely to me; that made him my hero.

My brother was a junior in a small southern college—very much like Wake Forest—only it was in a larger town, and he used to ask me to come down and spend the week-end with him every now and then. I'd go down to see football games and I knew all of his friends, and later I heard them talk about Charlie after he left. I got pretty straight dope on the whole situation.

Charlie was the most likeable person I ever knew; he was big, red-faced, jolly—just like Andy Devine except that his reddish blond hair was cut very short. All the boys at Jackson felt the same way about him when they first met him, but they got to know him as time went on and he became awfully unpopular.

When Charlie entered Jackson College he was the most popular member of the freshman class, both among his classmates and the upperclassmen. He was an excellent football player; he had money, and he had a little V-8 that he would lend to almost anybody who asked him for it. The fraternities, all of them, rushed the boy off his feet, and he finally pledged my brother's fraternity, Alpha Kappa Rho. Of course, being as popular as he was, all of the other fraternities were very envious of the lodge, and the A. K.'s thought that they really had something in Charlie. However, as time went on and I visited my brother, I noticed that Charlie had lost a lot of popularity and then wasn't at Jackson any more; I wondered about the change and his leaving. Finally, I asked Bob, that's my brother, about it and he told me.

Charlie had come to Jackson College on a football scholarship, and from the moment he hit the campus everybody was crazy about him. He was so jolly, and just to see him was to like him. Of course, his prowess on the football field added to his popularity. He was as fast as he could be, considering his size, and he could pass and kick a football the like of which I haven't seen since that time. Charlie was almost painfully polite and considerate, and, of course, that made the boys like him.

Charlie began to lose popularity when he came back to school after some holidays in a great big new Oldsmobile which his mother had given him. His mother just loved him too much. Charlie's father had died when Charlie was just a kid, and her affection was turned on Charlie full blast. She gave him everything he wanted and babied him all of the time. One of the boys who had run around with Charlie in high school and had come to Jackson with him told Bob that one time Charlie's mother had even gone so far as to Simonize Charlie's car for him while he was out with some boys and girls; that just shows you how much his mother babied him, and Charlie got so he expected if of everybody. But I'm getting away from the story—when Charlie got back to Jackson with his big Oldsmobile, it seemed that he began to feel that he was too good for the rest of the boys around there. I guess anybody would have a tendency to feel that way with a big car, money, and popularity. Of course, this attitude came out gradually, but it came, nevertheless, and Charlie began to lose the good will of the boys.

"When Charlie entered Jackson, he was resolved to be the most popular boy on the campus," that's what the boys said who later tried to figure him out; that's the reason why he was so unselfish and polite when he first got there, but gradually he became acclimated to the place and got off his "good manners," so to speak. The new car just made it more evident—his true attitude would have come out sooner or later anyway.

If there's anything college boys hate it's a hypocrite, and Charlie was one of those. The boys that were from his home said that when they would go home together, Charlie would take every individual in the fraternity and talk about his faults. He used to write to his mother and his girl and tell them how dissatisfied he was with the place and how the boys got drunk every night. He neglected to tell them, however, that it was he who drove thirteen miles and got their whiskey for them.

Eventually Charlie saw that he had made a big mistake and that he was losing his popularity. That hurt Charlie more than anything that could have happened to him; he had been babied and petted at home and was used to being the "big shot" in any group, and when he saw that he was fizzling out around the college he wanted to find some way to regain the admiration of the boys.

First he tried to convince the boys that he was a grand all-round athlete. As football season was over and he didn't get into many basketball games, he had to tell the fellows how good he was; of course, this made him even more unpopular.

Then he tried to make special friends with some popular boy on the campus. Bob was president of the A. K.'s at the time, and Charlie did everything in the world he could think of to make Bob like him. He took Bob to shows, bought him sodas and things like that, offered to drive him to Anderson to see his girl, and invited Bob to go home with him several times; however, it didn't go over so well with Bob because Charlie had the idea that the way to make a friend was to take him into his confidence and talk about other boys whom they both knew and their short-comings. He talked to Bob about various boys in the fraternity and told him what he didn't like about them. That sort of thing made Bob mad, and when Charlie saw that he wasn't getting anywhere he promptly turned his attention to "Chuck" Davidson, the captain of the football team. "Chuck" didn't fall for it either, and Charlie tried it on several other boys, but the only boys whom Charlie influenced didn't amount to anything on the campus, so Charlie didn't accomplish his purpose that way.

Popularity was so essential to Charlie that he worried over his inability to regain the good will of the boys. He devised all sorts of schemes, but none of them worked. He became desperate.

Finally, Charlie hit upon a plan which he felt was fool-proof. Charlie knew the boy who worked in the office of the college, and whose job it was to mimeograph the exams for the professors. Charlie talked

(Continued on Page 12)



"Dear . . . that spaghetti we had for supper . . . I don't think you cooked it thoroughly!"

CAMPUS BROMIDES

"If he marked any lower we'd owe him points."

"I'm telling you the material's O.K. What we need is a new coach."

"Well, I never did expect to get back any of that deposit."

"I'm glad I didn't make Phi Bete because if I had, my friends would think I was a grind."

"I knew that instructor when he was still a student. Am I in soft!"

"He knows his stuff, but he can't teach it."

"I'm glad I have morning classes. You know, it gets me up early."

•

Women sure have changed in the last 20 years . . . my girl's 2 years older.

•

Overheard in our house: "Sit down and take up the slack in your skin."

•

Two jail teams were playing a game of baseball. The man at bat hit a ball to right field, but they couldn't catch him going to third, but they finally did catch him between third and Canada.



"I'm setting the alarm for 7:30. Is that too early for you?"



"Your husband will understand—he's been in love."

He: What would you do if I kissed you on your forehead?
She: I'd call you down.

•

A politician needs two hats—one to take pictures in and the other to talk through.

•

He: He's just after your money.
She: Well so are you.
He: Yes, but I saw you first.

•

He: How did you get such a low number?
Prisoner: I knew somebody.

•

Joe: Why do you need a valet?
Jim: I'm a little too old for Mother to dress.



I DIDN'T RISK A PENNY TO TRY PRINCE ALBERT ON THAT MONEY-BACK OFFER —AND I SURE FOUND SMOKING JOY!

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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"How did you find Einstein?"

"I just brushed back his hair and there he was."

•

Grandma: Did you ever hear the story of the three bears?

Child: I think so. Just give me the punch line.

•

Bandleader: I'm going to call the men out on strike.

Owner: If they follow you, it will be the first time since you worked here.

•

He: You go to bed, and I'll wash the dishes.

She: Those paper dishes won't stand another washing.

He: What do you say I erase them tonight?

Man (in pot of cannibal): You went to college and you still eat humans?

Cannibal: Yes, but I use a knife and fork now.

•

"I was so cold last night that I had to throw a blanket over my shadow."

•

"Does this chemise run?"

"Not unless there's someone in it."

•

People don't sleep comfortably down south — there's crackers in bed.

•

Are you skinny?

Eat yeast — it makes everything swell.

A Russian bomb thrower was recently captured in a barber shop. He probably thought it was the last place they would ever think to look for him.

•

No matter how far you travel you only move two feet.

•

In the old days there were no girl cheerleaders—they were bustle-bound.

•

Horse and Wagon
Team! Team! Team!!!

•

They had a rally in a phone booth. Some one had a slug.

•

A drunk got into a taxi and asked to be driven around the park five times. After the third time around the drunk shouted to the driver, "Faster—I'm in a hurry."

"PHEW"... AND FAR BETWEEN!



"MY SISTER IS NUTS about this guy. But that stinko pipe of his doesn't help any. Think I'll swipe it... clean it... and refill it with some of Dad's Sir Walter Raleigh."



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Margin is a demand for money when you are sure not to have it.

Wall Street is a printing shop entirely surrounded by water on which float stock certificates.

Jersey and Delaware incorporate liabilities as assets. Washington crossed the Delaware . . . Delaware is now double-crossing Washington.

Stocks never go below zero.

The man who invented the stock market did not know the existence of the thermometer.

Ninety-nine and one-half percent of speculators lose their money — the other half commit suicide.

•

"Where did you get that skunk jacket you were wearing last night?"

"That was no skunk jacket. I was giving my husband a piggy-back."

•

"You're getting fat."

"Yes—I fell off the roof, and came down plump."

•

Joe: What do you think of electrocution?

Jack: Hanging was all right for my ancestors, and it is good enough for me.

•

Jim: I just burned a thousand dollar bill.

Joe: Gee! You must be a millionaire.

Jim: Well, it's easier to burn them than to pay 'em.

•

He (exclaiming): Well, did you ever?

She: Yes, once or twice.

•

"Do you smoke?"

"Why, yes."

"Have you an extra cigarette on you?"



Orchids To Yanks

TURK APPLE, *a senior from Trenton, N. J., is without doubt one of the most outstanding Yankees we have the privilege of knowing. During his entire four years here Turk has always exhibited qualities of friendliness, consideration, and scholarship. As captain of the basketball team, Turk distinguished himself and, with his teammates, added glory to the name of Wake Forest. Turk will go far in his chosen profession, medicine, as he has those qualities which are admired in any man: friendliness, sympathy, and a will to succeed.*

★

JACK WILLIAMS, *the baseball flash from Franklin, Penn., has exhibited since his entrance to Wake Forest the friendliness that we like to believe is typical of the Wake Forest student. Jack is quiet and unassuming in manner, an excellent student, and an all-round good boy to have around.*

★

EDDIE WOOLBERT, *the junior football end from Pleasantville, N. J., is perhaps the most outstanding Yank we have the good fortune to know. Eddie is an all-round fine boy measured by any standards; he is perhaps the steadiest, most consistant end on our football team; he is an excellent student who has high ambitions, and we'd bet our last shirt that he will realize them; and, above all, Eddie is congenial, considerate, and a perfect gentleman; when things around here displease Eddie he is quiet about it and doesn't gripe to those he meets (this might be a tip to some other Yankees we know). A carload of orchids to you, Eddie, you'll go a long way.*

★

Though SCOOP PHILLIPS *at times reminds some of us Southerners that "damyankee" is still one word, we offer our bouquet to him for what he has done and has tried to do for Wake Forest. Scoop has been instrumental in getting many boys to come to Wake Forest who would not have otherwise come, and who have aided the school in many ways, particularly on the basketball court. He has given Wake Forest and her sons a great deal of very necessary publicity in that home town of his, Trenton, N. J. While Scoop has at times failed in many things that he has tried to do for the college, we give him our bouquet for trying his best and for being one of the most loyal and hearty supporters Wake Forest has ever had the privilege of having in her student body.*

At a dinner recently, a man sitting next to a lady was, to say the least, inebriated. He leered at her and commented, "Shay, you're the homeliest woman I've ever seen."

With a show of spirit she replied, "Well, you're the drunkest man I ever saw."

"I know madam," the souse answered, "but I'll get over that in the morning."—The Pointer.

APRIL 1939

VOL. LV NO. 5

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The WAKE FOREST

Student

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

Member of

The N. C. Collegiate Press Association

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EUGENE BRISSIE, *Associate Editor*

SHERWOOD STATON, *Business Manager*

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Cover by BILLY ELLINGTON



Put In Order Now for Your Dinner Coat for FINALS

The Vogue Shop for Men

YANKEES ARE COLORBLIND

(Continued from Page 3)

A high degree of admiration and envy replaced my former conception of Newell as my new comrade. I was afraid to analyze my thoughts, because I feared there might appear an element of jealousy. I envied him for his baby-blue eyes, the exceellent physical build he possessed, his smooth manner of meeting people, and his inimitable grace in dancing. For this I could have kicked myself in the face. Why should I be jealous of him? I hated him and had hated him for 75 years. Every time I thought of him these factors loomed before me as an illusion, and I usually put them out of my mind and took everything in a lighter vein.

One night we decided to wander up to the nearby beach pavilion and have a few dances or get a bite to eat. As we started out of camp we met "Ebe" Mansoury, the Egyptian counselor who studied at Springfield College during the school year and worked at "Y" camps for summer employment. He was the type fellow who never went anywhere; he was always content to stay in camp. Perhaps he was somewhat self-conscious of his bronze-colored skin and his decided Arabic accent.

"Let's take 'Ebe' with us," I said. "He'd enjoy getting out of camp for a while."

"Sure," Newell replied and at the same time called to the stocky little Egyptian.

After being overpowered by our deaf ears to his reneging, "Ebe" consented to join us, and once again we were on our way.

Our conversation ran in the usual trend of local interests as we drove along, discussing the huge decrease of campers due to the recent and prolonged rainy siege which we had been suffering for over a week.

We reached our destination in some few minutes, and entered the "dive"—as Newell always termed it, seating ourselves at a table in the corner nearest the bar. Leisurely we chatted while waiting for our orders to be filled by the sleepy-eyed waiter. Shortly he returned with our hamburgers and soft drinks, and leaning over the table, whispered to me in a somewhat disgusting monotone that the proprietor wanted to speak to me. Rising immediately, I walked over to the bar.

"Sorry," he said, "but we don't allow Negroes in our establishment." I was almost taken off my feet. He was an Egyptian, and I explained to him. This was the most ridiculous thing I had ever experienced.

"That may be true," he returned, but still doubting me, "yet our regular customers won't understand. In case you haven't noticed, I have a neon sign over the door which reads 'White Only.'"

It was funny I hadn't thought of that before then. I was at a total loss for a few moments; my mind and

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THE MEN'S SHOP

Wake Forest, N. C.

reasoning power seemed to go completely blank. How was I to explain to this man—about . . . my friend—the Egyptian? Turning back to the table, I strode across the room with my eyes glued upon the floor. When I got there, neither of the boys was to be seen.

Outside I joined Newell and "Ebe" who were already in the car. It was obvious, indeed; the Egyptian had understood—even before I returned. I opened the door and climbed in, employing every method I possessed to complain as loudly as I could. Neither of the other two spoke, and with an almost sudden gesture I hushed and slid quietly into the rear seat.

On the way to camp no one spoke. Newell knew the circumstances, but even he couldn't understand, and I couldn't find words to express my opinion. The truth is I had no opinion. Somewhere deep inside I harbored a custom, a custom I had defended to the last ditch on all occasions, and one I thought I believed. As I glanced at "Ebe," who was looking straight ahead into the darkness without so much as batting an eyelash, I could no longer locate that opinion and belief which I possessed as a true Southerner.

The next day Newell and I took it rather easy since the courts were too wet to roll. About noon we strolled out to the waterfront beach—facing directly out to bay—and watched the white caps bob up here and there and then fade completely out of existence. We sat down in the damp sand; he ran his hand lightly over the loose sand, marking out the uneven blemishes in the beach. I tried to appear in deep thought.

"Breeze," he said finally, "life is a hell of a thing for part of us, and a glorious adventure for the other part. You know when I walked down to the cabin line with 'Ebe' after leaving you last night? Well, he didn't say but one thing the whole time. I tried to explain to him that it was just an old 'Southern Custom'—the incident that occurred—to keep such color restrictions, and that I thought it was a hell of a custom. He merely said, 'When I came into the harbor of New York two years ago, I was greeted by the internationally celebrated Statue of Liberty, the symbol of protection to the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave.'

"You and I have discussed everything from A to Z," he continued, "and I always made it a point to evade all social-standard policies of the two sections, because I realized that it is a sore spot to any Southerner. The incident of last night hurt me because we were hosts of America; the other man was our guest. To him America is America—as it should be; to you and me theoretically, it is North and South in custom and belief, though 75 years have been allowed in which to forget."

A wave of patriotic emotion arose within me, and I started to blurt out in protest and defense. Settling down again, I tried to look at the matter from his standpoint. I remained in deep thought for several minutes and then as if it had been dished out to me on a platter—I understood. I could see his point of view. Suddenly it became a picture before me, showing a horde of blacks being mistreated and trampled

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under foot. This scene depicted the very themes of social-equality writers whose works I had always completely ignored. That was his side.

Shortly, the scene changed and I was carried South again, retracing my footsteps of birth and growth. The background of this picture was tinted by the life of a black race, an inferior race, a race whose morals were not of the highest calibre, a class whose learning and efficiency capacities were definitely limited. This was my side.

One week later I stood on New York Avenue in Washington with my hand extended and my eyes fixed dimly on a departing bus. I had just bid Newell a fond farewell—'til we should meet again, which, in our case, would probably be never. In fifteen minutes I was to catch a bus for the deep South, leaving behind different customs, profitable experiences, and changed ideas. Changed ideas! Was I weakening? With this I forced a faint chuckle. After all, I tried to reason, he was only a Damyankee, one that lives in Brooklyn, goes to college in Ohio, and vacations in Connecticut.

THE END

#

"BIG SHOT"

(Continued from Page 4)

to the boy, Mack Jarrett, I think his name was, about getting a copy of the questions of the freshman English exam. Mack was a poor boy and needed money, and the ten dollars that Charlie offered him for the set was awfully big in his eyes. Well, Mack finally sold Charlie the questions. Charlie felt that his problem was solved. He decided that he would ask several boys if they would like to see the copy so that they could be able to answer those questions and be assured of a good grade. He believed that the boys would think, "Sure, Charlie is an all-right guy. If it weren't for him I wouldn't have passed English." It was a fine plan for Charlie's purpose, but he made his mistake in trying to get so many friends at once. There were copies of those questions all over the campus, and a student councilman found out about them.

Charlie received a letter from the council, demanding that he appear before them, and he was panic-stricken. He felt that the disgrace he would suffer would make him more unpopular than ever, and that was something that he could not stand. Well, Charlie couldn't stand the thought of not being the "big shot" and he packed up and left without appearing before the council. Bob said he cried like a baby when he left—Charlie liked it at Jackson.

I remember the last thing Bob ever said about Charlie: "Charlie's cheating wasn't so bad. Us students can overlook cheating, but the thing we couldn't forgive was his placing such a value on popularity. He placed more value in his popularity than he did in anything else. I guess, though, we could have even forgiven that, but it was his being two-faced was what we couldn't stand. Us students can't stand two-faceness in anybody."

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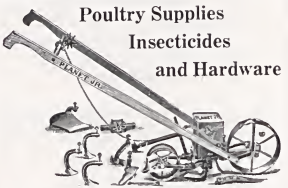
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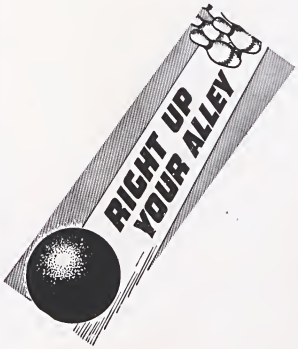
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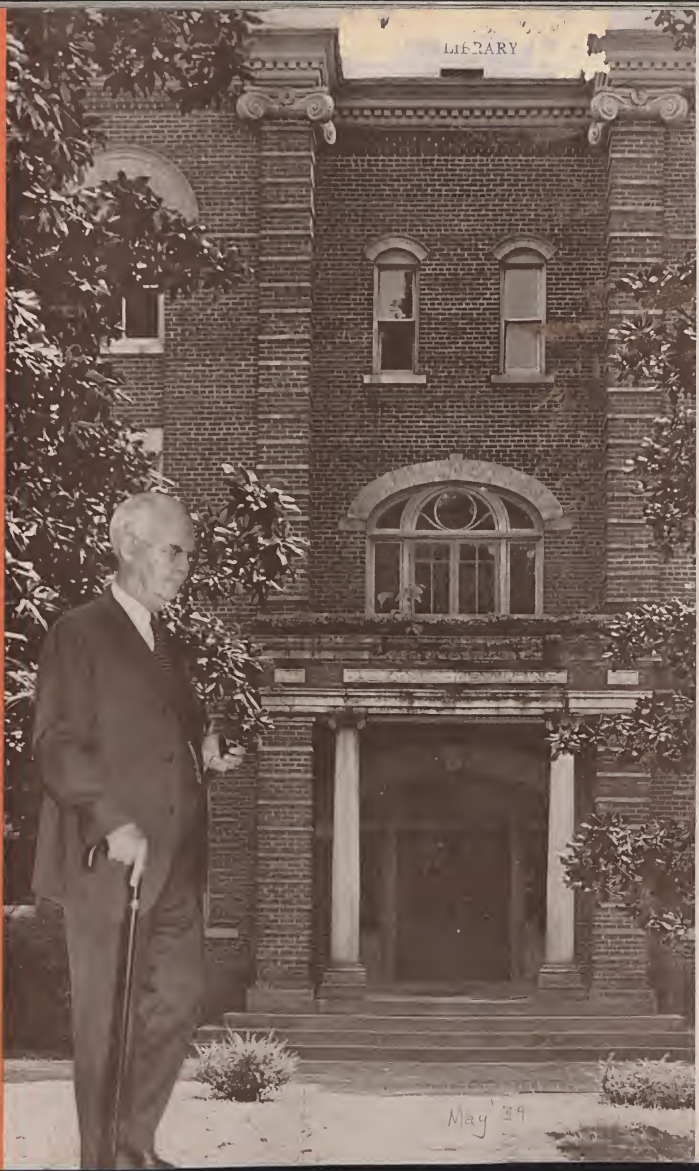


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THEY SATISFY

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The SUDENY





A HOLLYWOOD STUNT GIRL deserves REAL SMOKING PLEASURE!

ALINE GOODWIN, OF THE MOVIES, WORKS HARDER THAN MOST MEN. SHE PRAISES A REST AND A CAMEL FOR FULL SMOKING ENJOYMENT

ALINE GOODWIN, ON LOCATION FOR A THRILLING ARIZONA "WESTERN," IS WAITING FOR HER BIG SCENE — A SPLIT-SECOND RESCUE FROM THE PATH OF 1500 FEAR-CRAZED HORSES

EMERGENCY SAFETY PIT (IN CASE ANYTHING GOES WRONG)

PATH OF RESCUER

1500 HORSES STAMPEDE

MISS GOODWIN FALLS OFF HER HORSE

WE'RE ALL READY FOR THE BIG SCENE, ALINE

I FEEL RESTED AND READY

SHE'LL NEED PLENTY OF STUFF FOR THIS STUNT

DON'T WORRY— ALINE'S STEADY AS A ROCK!

DYNAMITE IS EXPLODED IN THE CANYON TO STAMPEDE THE HUGE HERD OF HORSES OUT INTO THE PLAIN

IT TAKES REAL NERVE TO FALL IN FRONT OF THAT BUNCH!

TIMING'S PERFECT. NOW FOR THE RESCUE

THE RESCUE FAILS!

SHE'S GOT TO MAKE THE SAFETY PIT—OR ELSE

GOOD GRIEF! SHE WENT RICHT OVER THE OTHER SIDE!

GLAD YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, ALINE. SORRY—BUT WE HAVE TO TAKE THE SCENE OVER RIGHT AWAY

WHO'S GOT A CAMEL?

I GET A LOT OF PLEASURE OUT OF SMOKING CAMELS. THEY'RE SO MILD AND TASTE SO GOOD! I LET UP AND LIGHT UP A CAMEL FREQUENTLY, AND CAMELS NEVER JANGLE MY NERVES

"AFTER I ENJOYED MY SIXTH PACKAGE of Camels," says Fredrick West, master engraver, "I took them on for life. Camels taste better. They are so mild and mellow. They're gentle to my throat—which proves Camels are *extra* mild! My work requires intense concentration. So, through the day, I take time to let up—light up a Camel. Camels taste grand. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel' too!"



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LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

SMOKERS FIND: CAMELS NEVER JANGLE THE NERVES

The STUDENT

VOLUME LV | *for* MAY | NUMBER 6

In This Case...

INSTEAD of the usual custom of having a theme for each issue of the magazine, this, the final issue of the STUDENT for this scholastic year, is dedicated to Dr. J. H. Gorrell. On the eve of his retirement, after forty-five years of constant service to Wake Forest, we wish to express our sincere and personal appreciation to "Herr Doctor" for his contributions to the life and soul of our college. Perhaps the material contained in this issue is somewhat lacking in completeness, but due consideration must be given to the particular time in which it had to be put out, and to the space allowed.

* *

A GLANCE into the future, accompanied with a bit of retrospection, leaves us with the incomprehensible realization that another year is on the brink of history. A full résumé of the year's activities is entirely unnecessary to express a word of hopeful appreciation for our magazine—appreciation for the untiring efforts put forth by the retiring editor, Harry Williams, and hopes that we may adequately fill his position. Within the same scope we extend an invitation to all to contribute to THE STUDENT next year. Since it is your magazine, why not put forth some effort to further its hopes?

* *

SALUTATIONS are in order from us to Dr. Gorrell. In saluting the veteran German professor, we pay tribute to a former member of THE STUDENT staff. For over twenty years he served as faculty editor of the magazine, during which time he was privileged to slice the work of writers who have since become notables in the world of journalism and fiction. It was under his direction that the first copies of THE STUDENT were assembled and bound, to be kept for future references of college activities. The files were organized and turned over to the college library.

BACK in the days when Professor Memory, Dr. Folk, and Dr. C. C. Crittenden (now Secretary of the State Historical Commission) were students, the college had a rule that a class must wait fifteen minutes after the last bell before it was automatically dismissed if the teacher had not shown up. These three men were registered in Dr. Gorrell's class which met immediately after lunch. Often, the story goes, the Doctor was a few minutes late, but one beautiful autumn day he was so tardy that the class began to envision a holiday. As the minutes drew on towards 1:45, they spied Dr. Gorrell approaching from across the campus, and it looked like a spoiled holiday. Legally, of course, they were entitled to it, and morally they thought they ought to have it. But there was no escape out the door. They ran back in to the building and climbed out of a window. The last of them — except one — disappeared just as Dr. Gorrell came in the door. That one told on them! The stool pigeon was punished, for he had to read the entire lesson since he was the only one in class, but it cost Memory, Folk, Crittenden and the other Jessie James's about fifty cents apiece to buy a box of cigars in order to win their way back into Dr. Gorrell's graces.

* *

WHEN Dr. Gorrell made his first appearance on the campus, according to Dr. Sledd, he was considered by the ladies to be a good "catch." He was invited to a picnic by some friends and a good sprinkling of the fairer sex were on hand. The site was a river bank, and the ladies cautioned Dr. Gorrell about the abundance of poison oak in those parts.

"Bah! It won't hurt me," he replied and to prove his assertions he reached down and grabbed a handfull of the dreaded oak. He briskly rubbed his hands together and even went so far as to wash his face in it. The result—Dr. Sledd vows that for a week he had doubts about his friend's recovery.

* *

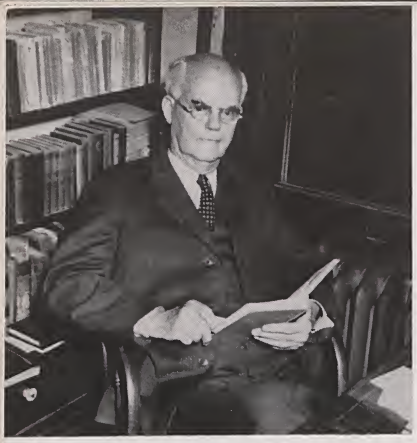
"GORRELL," Dr. Sledd tells, "wouldn't get into mischief while in college, for it would just catch up with him. One night a group of boys went to rob an apple orchard. While they thought over ways and means to accomplish their scheme, the owner fired a few volleys with his shotgun. The man with Gorrell fell as if he were mortally wounded, crying 'Run Gorrell, run! I'm killed, I'm killed!' Gorrell didn't wait to pronounce a benediction over his supposedly wounded comrade, but broke the world's record for speed getting back to town two miles away."

* *

THE good doctor "Finxtus" was a brilliant student in all his subjects except math—in his college days. Dr. Sledd tells us that Gorrell decided something had to be done about the math jinx, so he and a few friends decided to temper the atmosphere of the classroom. To facilitate their plan, the doctor, "Slick," and several frends transported three cows up three flights of stairs to the math classroom.

* *

ANOTHER story has been circulated about the run-in which Prof. A. L. Aycock once had with the "Deutsch" professor. It seems that he was late again for class and all his students left. Young Aycock, ever the man of the literary world, was making his way from the deserted classroom to the library when he ran squarely into the belated "Lehrer." An explanation was attempted, but the result was a march, professor and student, across the campus and up two flights of stairs to the classroom. After proceeding to call the roll, Aycock was asked to read the lesson, after which Dr. Gorrell made an assignment for the next hour and then dismissed his "apple-polishing" student.



DR. J. H. GORRELL

Herr Doctor

IT was forty-five years ago that a shy, young man, just out of Johns Hopkins University with a Ph.D. degree tucked safely under his arm, stepped off the railroad coach where the Seaboard Railway station now stands, and cast an eye over his new field of operations. He had agreed to teach for one year, and as he looked over the campus, which comprised four buildings, beautiful trees, little shrubbery, and of no particular shape, he probably wondered if he could stick it out for a year.

He was a Virginian, and had decided to sojourn in North Carolina on a seemingly blind mission. To him there was one redeeming feature about the whole situation; that was the presence of Dr. Benjamin Sledd, another Virginian.

However, it was this same soul that lingered yet a little while, and became the man who gave to Wake Forest an invaluable service in language, religion, literature, history, and the art of living.

And now—forty-five years later—that same young man is to retire from active classroom work, carrying with him a host of friends, and leaving behind a Wake Forest campus that has been made more versatile by his efforts. The same man, who has been responsible in more than one way for a building on the campus who served the local publications for over twenty years, to whom a yearbook was dedicated, and who has lived among the students to such an extent that those who have been privileged to walk with him have been afforded broader scopes of firm foundations upon which they may stand, leaves the classroom, but remains to be a bulwark of strength to students and members of the faculty alike.

The life of the man, professor, leader, and friend is too much to be expected in a single, or a series of stories. Nevertheless, on the eve of his retirement, it is a sheer privilege to offer this brief account of the life of a teacher who has helped in innumerable ways to make Wake Forest the school it is today, with the hopes it has for tomorrow. Numerically speaking, his services to Wake Forest have been forty-five years.

He was born in Lexington. The story goes that his father had moved to Lexington because General Robert E. Lee had gone there. The General and his father were very good friends, the older Gorrell having served under the Southern leader for four years as an artillery officer. Since he was living in a college town, and because his father was partial to the name of "Lee" of Washington and Lee University, young Gorrell entered the famous Virginia school to pursue a college education.

After attending Washington and Lee for four years in order to get a Bachelor of Arts degree, the student Gorrell continued his work there for another two years, securing his Master of Arts degree also. That was in 1891, and the following year he was chosen to teach English and German in the academic school of his alma mater. However, he later gave up his position there, and went to Johns Hopkins University, where he received a Ph.D. degree in 1894. While enrolled in this famous University, Dr. Gorrell achieved the distinction of becoming an honorary student, thereby having his expenses eliminated. His major work was in English, and he carried a double minor consisting of History and German.

Having completed his work there, he set out to seek a position as an instructor in a college or university. This account offers a fascinating story within itself. Perhaps his own words better tell of how he chanced to come to Wake Forest:

"It seems that unemployment in educational work was as great then as now. At last on a Saturday toward the middle of September, an embarrassment of riches befell me in the shape of the offer of two positions—the first was the presidency of a college in Louisiana with the recommendation of my father's friend, Col. William Preston Johnson, then president of Tulane; the second, with a salary at least three and perhaps four times as small as the first, was that of acting professor of modern languages at Wake Forest. My father, staunch Baptist as he was, advised me to accept the latter offer, and I followed his wise counsel.

". . . I came, I saw—a beautiful campus with its magnificent grove of stately oaks, four plain brick buildings, our revered leader, Dr. Charles E. Taylor, and eight devout and devoted professors, nearly two hundred enthusiastic students, a limited endowment, and an unlimited opportunity for work. . . ."

Gorrell...

The story of a man whose services have not been restricted entirely to classroom duties, but devoted also to the lives of Wake Forest men.

For the first three years as a professor here, Dr. Gorrell taught French, German, and all the history that was offered by the college. It is quite interesting to note, further, that he also taught Spanish here during the Spanish-American War. At that time many of the students were interested in Spanish, and so he offered the course of his own accord. However, it had to be dropped later, due to the fact that French and German were in such demand.

Some time later, Dr. Gorrell was compelled to restrict his classroom work entirely to German, but he headed the entire modern language department until Dr. Parceli took over the French department several years ago.

It was while Dr. Taylor was president of the college that religious duties were brought to be associated with classroom activity. In full coöperation with this plan, Dr. Gorrell proved to be an indispensible part of the local Baptist Church. For thirty-five years he was connected with the finance department of the church, serving as financial secretary for a number of years, and church clerk for fifteen years. It fell his lot to secure speakers for the church services during the absences of pastors, and oftentimes he filled the pulpit himself. At times he preached for weeks in succession, due to the fact that it was sometimes hard to secure a guest speaker.

His activities in church and religious work were not restricted to the local field. For two years he served as supply pastor of a church near Apex, and for several months he supplied at a church at Rolesville.

In 1904 a new building was proposed for the Wake Forest campus. Strangely, it was mentioned without any definite plan to secure funds for its materialization. It was here that Dr. Gorrell opened a new line of service. In collaboration with Professor Carlyle, whose duty it was to solicit funds, Dr. Gorrell and company began what later became the Alumni Building. The structure was begun with a neat sum of $50, which was the sum-total of all available funds. Although the work progressed rather slowly, it was erected clear of debt entirely. The foundation was laid in 1904 and the finished product was dedicated in 1907. "Herr Doctor" Gorrell had first-hand charge of the labor done on the building, all purchases made for materials, and the paying off of all workmen. The completed product cost a total of $16,000, and it has recently been evaluated at $40,000.

THE FOLGER SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY

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TRIBUTE

As if it were yesterday I recall the beautiful autumn morning when I first timidly entered the door of Dr. Gorrell's class room. Subsequently I was to establish a beaten path to that door, for so friendly and understanding was he as a man, and so effective as a teacher, that I was led to take every course he offered, both in French and in German. He had the happy faculty of giving to his students not only a knowledge of the languages, but also an appreciation of the literatures he taught. And now he is to retire. As the spokesman for many generations of Wake Forest men, I wish here to pay to him the tribute of our affection and gratitude. May he long live to enjoy the reward of quiet study and reading which he has so abundantly earned.

Joseph Quincy Adams.

On behalf of the alumni of Wake Forest, Dr. Gorrell was presented with a silver cup—one of his most highly prized possessions. The inscription on the cup reads like this:

"Presented to
Dr. J. H. Gorrell
by the
Alumni Association
As a Token of
Appreciation for His Untiring
Services in the Erection of the
Alumni Building,
Wake Forest College,
1907."

And so J. H. Gorrell presented his services to our college in the material shape of invaluable assistance in the erection of a building which has proved indispensable in daily use to Wake Forest students.

Throughout his forty-five years of labor, Dr. Gorrell has been a benefactor of students. Thousands of students have been the beneficiaries of his powerful Christian spirit, his masterful teaching, and his loyal friendship. None have come in contact with his colorful personality without having their lives enriched by such an experience. He has never given them a list of "don'ts" but has presented a walking example of truth and goodness.

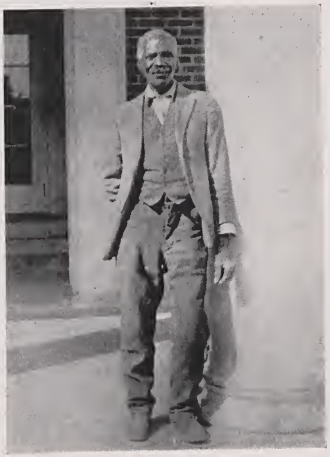
In turn, he, himself, states that the greatest asset he has found through the years has been the friends which he has found within every student body—without a single exception.

The Man Who Insisted the President

By CHARLIE CROCKETT

ONE of the most outstanding personalities of the history of Wake Forest was Dr. Tom Jeffries. He was connected with and known by students and faculty for approximately fifty years, and even today one of the first persons the freshman knows is "Dr. Tom."

The freshman comes to know him because he often hears the members of the faculty speak of the great old man. The new student strolls out across the campus among the magnolia trees—the beauty of which was made possible in a large measure by Dr. Tom Jeffries. Many of these trees were planted by his painstaking hands, and much of the wall surrounding the campus was laid by this colorful character of Wake Forest history. Perhaps the freshman has had a father, uncle, or cousin who came to Wake Forest, and in that way has heard of him.



DR. TOM

"I was born in Fergina, in Bluestone Township fo' de war. I moved den from dat place, after de s'render, down to Roydton, an' I remained ontwel I tecided to come to Wake Fores' under de 'min-istration of Dr. Taylor, for to insist him in de College grounds an' affairs aroun'."

At any rate, all who now hear of the old Negro's bits of philosophy and enjoy the present campus conveniences of Wake Forest should try to picture the difference between the campus then, and that of our campus today. In his autobiography, which appeared in the 1925 volume of *The Howler,* Dr. Tom said:

"W'en I firs' come here, 'bout forty-nine years ago, de place was 'propriated as a kind of stock pastur' an' den dey tecided to take de stock out of de campus, and Dr. Taylor an' I tecided to beautify de place by settin' out trees an' scrubbery an' so forth, corrected by him. I use' to go out in de woods an' get different marieties of trees, after we done order other marieties sueh as magnolias an' set 'em out in various places in de campus."

Continuing with his story of his life, the old Negro said: "I think my sueeess is come by tendin' to my business an' always usin' exertins to gainin' frien's stid o' gainin' foes. All de people dat graduates an' goes away look as if dey is as glad to see me as if I was de President of Wake Fores' College.

"I have trusted in de Lord an' I haven't put nothin-befo' Him, an' I've always had a reward."

That was characteristic of Dr. Tom Jeffries. His simple, sane, and surprisingly wise counsel was offered to many people during his life. While at Wake Forest, he worked under the administrations of Dr. Pritchard, Dr. Taylor and the late Dr. William Louis Poteat. His was not just work, but it was good work; his philosophy was not dialect, but words of wisdom, and a greater sense of humor was not possessed by anyone.

In his work and duties he was as punctual as congenial. The college officials depended upon him to see that the shrubbery and trees were tended; that the grass was properly cut; that the flues were regularly checked; and that the bell should be rung at the appointed time. He worked long and hard, putting his mind and body to the work assigned him. It was not long before Dr. Tom had become invaluable to campus life—soon after he had come to Wake Forest. On matters of importance, he could be trusted to deliver any message or deposit any amount of money for the college.

His impairment of the English language was indeed amusing. Entertaining legal societies or even the student body at times, Dr. Tom's voice has echoed through the maze of magnolias which his own rugged hands set in the soil.

The witticism of his speech came in the putting of the wrong prefix or suffix to words or in using a word of like sound to the intended. He invariably used "honorment" for honor; "resist" for assist; "scrubbery" for shrubbery; "insult" for consult, and many, many others. On hearing of Dr. Poteat's intended resignation, Tom went up to him and said: "Doctor, I hears you are going to make an assignment this year."

In talking about the cook once, Dr. Tom said, "I has had a permanent reversion wid de cook, an' she made her assignment dat she could not come."

Often Tom would turn his wit on a student. Once a freshman was half rebuking and half criticizing Tom for raking leaves when it would have been easier to burn them. When a number of upper classmen had gathered around to appreciate an appropriate answer, "Dr." Tom looked up energetically and said, "Well Mister, I don't knows you, but I judges by your remarks that you mus' be a newish." Every one but the freshman bursted into a hearty laughter.

(Continued on Page 12)

An Alumnus...

Mnemosyne

A lilting line of "Auld Lang Syne" . . .
And what does Memory Hear?
A thousand voices from the past
Speak to the listening ear.

The fragrance of a wilding rose—
And what does Memory see?
Blue skies, green hills, broad meadow lands,
And rivers tumbling to the sea.

A fragment of a robin's song—
And what does Memory say?
Song birds, wild flowers, sweet apple bloom,
And West Virginia May.

★

To a Post Office Pen

Soiled and battered public pen
Servant of all sorts of men;
Here's a colored servant girl,
Writing for a hair uncurl.
Coming next with carrot lips.
Thinking sole of week-end trips,
Scribbles nonsense on a card
Mabel Montague La Pard.

Follow next a comet's tail
Passing by, directing mail,
Scratching message, merry, sad.
Aching heart poured out in ink.
Greed, despair, distraught, half mad;
Those too near the insane brink.

Sparkling youth, dull middle-age
Sophist, Dreamer, prophet, sage
Use this servant day by day
Starting magic on its way.

★

A Pastural

I see a green field
A bull grazes in the center.
On two sides, wood;
On two sides, barbed wire fence,
Horse high,
Bull strong,
Pig tight.
A man comes in from the woods;
His shirt flames red against the green
The bull sees, hears, trembles, and for the fence
Skedaddles.
The bull, tail-bannered, head low-ered, bellowing
Charges!
Who bets on the man?
I bet on the bull!



FLOYD T. HOLDEN

A Sketch

FLOYD TRIPLETT HOLDEN was born December 15, 1869, eight miles west of Philippi, West Virginia. His education was begun in his native county, and it was continued at five other colleges and universities.

He entered Wake Forest in September, 1908, and received the Bachelor of Arts degree on May 30, 1910. While working on his degree at Wake Forest, he assisted Dr. Benjamin F. Sledd, head of the English department, teaching freshman English.

In 1910 he went to Baltimore City College to become a member of the English faculty. He will be retired from that school in December, after celebrating his seventieth birthday. Since he has been there, two volumes of the college yearbook have been dedicated to him. At present he and Mrs. Holden live at 2221 Saint Paul Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

Because an alumnus of Wake Forest College has made such contributions to the American field of education, we take pleasure in devoting this page to Mr. Holden, and presenting a few of his many verses.

—*Editors.*

[SEE "IN 1910" ON PAGE 11]

Poetry

There's poetry thru all the world
The song of bird, the cattles' low,
The rain, the wind, clouds cyclone hurled,
Then after storm God's arched bow;
The waking east, the glowing west
The common toil, the lab'ers rest;
The life that hears at set of sun
"Come home, my child, your task is done."

★

A Dream

In my dreams I often hear
Mid the songs of yester-year
The gurgle and the gush
Of the waters as they rush
From their fountains in the hill-lands
Toward the sea.

★

Trees in Venable Park

They stand amid the misty gray.
To me they're just as fair
As when they sang in summer time
With birds' nests in their hair.

All standing cold and stark, and bare
These trees this wintry day
Tho stripped of leaves still quiet lift
Their mighty arms to pray.

★

King Tut

King Tut
Died years ago—
Was buried in a tomb;
But now they've dug him up once more.
Tut, tut!

King Tut—
They said, "He's dead."
A gold-lined tomb he had.
Of late 'tis said, "King Tut's still dead."
Tut, tut!

King Tut—
His tomb's been frisked.
He doesn't seem to mind.
It must be swell to sleep so well
Tut, tut!

[ADDITIONAL POETRY ON PAGE 11]

Things I Didn't Get Around to Writing

By HARRY WILLIAMS

As the boy from South Carolina takes over the editor's job, responsibility, and grief, I'd like to wish him luck and encouragement—I believe he'll make the best editor the STUDENT has had in many a long year. He has the responsibility now, and I can say pretty much what I please without fear of censure—I hope.

First I'd like to say something about the STUDENT. I had some pretty high ideals when I took over the editorship of the magazine and thought that we could put out a book that was worthwhile and at the same time entertaining. We tried that on the first issue of the year. Whether you remember it or not, I don't know, but I do; it was a hard job. The magazine was the "Homecoming" number and was the largest STUDENT that has appeared since the change in policy. After the magazine came out I tried to find out what you fellows thought of it; I hinted and fished for compliments, or, at least, some opinion of it. A few said it was a good issue, some said it was dry, but the majority lifted their eyebrows and maintained a polite silence.

Well, the STUDENT is supposed to be by and for the students of the College, so on the next issues, I tried to put a little life in the thing and make it more entertaining to the majority. I believe that the covers provoked quite a bit of criticism; I'm sorry if they were shocking, but it was just our attempt to add a little animation and color. The jokes were criticised, too. I was more or less resigned to that because I know that as long as jokes appear in a publication, some of the readers will take offense. However, I tried to keep away from the vulgar, sexy sort of joke—how well I succeeded, I don't know. I do know that the STUDENT is a great deal cleaner than most of the college magazines we see.

I understand that a certain group on the campus has taken it upon themselves to investigate all the publications on the campus; STUDENT and *Old Gold and Black* in particular. It's strange that my report comes through hearsay. It appears that I am "on the carpet"—I wish somebody would tell me where the carpet is.

* * *

I have an idea that the most prevalent sin among college students is irresponsibility. Why you see it among college students and don't see it much in the business world is, I guess, because the irresponsible ones are soon after college weeded out and become the type one just runs across but doesn't hear of.

* * *

I have often wondered why college boys hate the feel of brick under their feet. It seems that after brick walks are built on the campus in almost exactly the same place that the old footpaths were, new footpaths spring up that deviate only a fraction from the new walk. For instance, take that little path that has just been plowed up in front of the church. Before the brick walk was built in front of the church, there was no little path to shorten, by approximately twelve feet, one's journey to the post office. The brick walk was built, and almost immediately the little path came into existence. I don't believe any of us likes the looks of the bare, muddy footpaths on the campus, and now that we have walks connecting every building, there is little use for them. This would be one helluva looking place if they built brick walks where every little footpath is now, but it wouldn't do much good if they did because we would immediately find some new way to get to walk in the pasture, haysceds that we are.

* * *

This idea of just telling a boy that he doesn't have to pay his board bill and then making him work anywhere from three to six hours a day for meals that are valued at anywhere from five to twenty-five cents each doesn't seem quite fair to me. The boys who work in boarding houses don't get enough for their work. I would think that it would be a good idea for them to organize, and, in this way, they could have the power of numbers behind them and demand a reasonable amount for their work. They should be paid at least twenty-five cents an hour. A check on the amount of time a boy works per week could be made, and at some regular time he could be paid for his work in some sort of script that could be used to purchase his meals. It's probably an impractical, fly-by-night idea, but it seems to me that some arrangement should be made to aid the working boys so that they won't defeat their purpose by having to work so much that they can't get what they should from their classes.

* * *

Wake Forest students have a fine friend on this campus, but for some reason, I guess it's because he wants to make a living, he has been kicked around a lot. Snyder, of the book store Snyders, is the fellow. We really don't think that he charges too much for his stuff, we just say so because it seems to be the thing to say around here; some bright boy started it and others less original took it up because they thought it an opportunity to be funny. Snyder has probably loaned more money to college boys than anybody in town; he has probably lost more by crediting college boys than anybody else in town, but this fellow who has been kicked all over the lot because he has to pay taxes, rent, and, for some strange reason, wants to provide for his wife and kid, has never brought any action against a student to recover the hundreds of dollars he has lost. He's an all-right guy, this Snyder.

* * *

When Dr. Gorrell retires, a new German professor will have to be procured. I have heard that there is a possibility that some student or recent graduate will be offered an instructorship until some man with more experience and degrees can be obtained. I don't know whether this is the plan or not, but I certainly hope not. It's an expensive way to save money. I had my first year of German under a man who was a good fellow, but he was no teacher; he couldn't teach, and, what is worse, he didn't know much German. I have suffered with each subsequent course in German because of the inadequacies of that first professor. It doesn't seem quite fair to expect a student to do any good in advanced courses when his introductory course is under an inefficient instructor; especially in languages, where the foundation is so important.



"If he's supposed to be a weasel, he a skunk, she a louse, he a rat, and she mousey, why not get Walt Disney to do it?"



PRINCE ALBERT'S NO-RISK OFFER SAYS: 'MELLOWEST, TASTIEST.' AND, MAN, I SOON SAID THE SAME— AND HOW!

STEP RIGHT UP. HERE'S THE GOOD WORD ON P. A.

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



SO MILD!

50
pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

YOU CAN'T LOSE

on Prince Albert's fair-and-square guarantee (lower left). Either P. A.'s choice tobaccos put you next to princely smoking or back comes every cent you paid—*and no quibbling!* Prince Albert's special "crimp cut" tamps down easy and burns slower for longer sessions of rich, tasty smoking. Mild? You said it! P. A. smokes cool, so mellow because it's "no-bite" treated. There's no other tobacco like Prince Albert, men, so snap up that offer today.

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Radio Salesman: Madam, you pay a small down payment and then you pay no more for three months.

Mrs. Snapper: I'll bet that snoopy Mrs. Quizz told you all about us.

•

Two women had just come out of a local theatre after seeing "Robin Hood."

"I liked it," said one, "except that they didn't show the part where he shoots the apple off his son's head."

"That wasn't 'Robin Hood'," corrected her companion. "That was 'Arrowsmith'!"

•

Capt. (to private): Why are you always behind the rest of the marching soldiers? Are you yellow?

Soldier: No, sir, but someone has to stay behind to pick up the brave heroes.

There should be no monotony
In studying your botany.
It helps to train
And spur your brain—
Unless you haven't gotany.

•

Edgar: That's a fine suit you're wearing. Whats your tailor's address?

Charlie: 124 West street.

Edgar: Why, that's where you live!

Charlie: Yes, he's living on my doorstep.

•

"Scot: Are you a good caddie?

Caddie: Yes, sir.

Scot: A real good caddie?

Caddie: Yes, sir.

Scot: Are you good at finding lost balls?

Caddie: That's my forte, sir.

Scot: Well, then, go and find one so we can begin the game.

Judge: So you beat your wife, kicked her, hit her with a chain, and threw her down the stairs. What would you say if I sentenced you to a year in jail?

Man: Well—if you want to break up a honeymoon.

Judge: I'll give you a suspended sentence, but next time I'll fine you.

•

"Do you sell dog biscuits in this rotten little shop?"

"Yes, sir. Will you eat them here, or shall I send them around to your kennel?"

•

Employer (to new bookkeeper): Why, you've entered all your debit items on the credit side of the ledger! What does this mean?

Bookkeeper: I always do it that way. I'm left-handed.



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... the catch of the season for more smoking pleasure

In every part of the country smokers are turning to Chesterfields for what they really want in a cigarette... *refreshing mildness... better taste ... and a more pleasing aroma.*

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LOOK OUT! SHE'S THE "WILD WOMAN"



ONE WHIFF of that workman's smelly briar, and Borneo Bess went on a rampage! Hey, you—clean your pipe and smoke a *mild* tobacco that *smells* good!



AFTER THEY quieted Bess, they made it a permanent peace by refilling the offending briar with a sweet-tastin', grand-smellin' burley blend: Sir Walter Raleigh!

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS



PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureau of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a *majority* of these colleges.

NEW RADIO PROGRAM: *Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House," 10:30 EDST Tues. nights, NBC Red Network.*

BARBER SHOP BROMIDES

"Just a haircut—I always shave at home. Skin's too tender."

"Could you also trim the hair a little while you shave the neck?"

"You should gimme half price — I'm nearly bald."

"The last barber cut my hair for ten years. I don't go to him because he just died."

"What do you do with all the hair you cut?"

"Gimme the same haircut you gave me last year."

"Once over twice."

"Don't take too much of my blood. I'm anemic."

•

Fortune Teller: I see a tall, stout woman following your husband.

Client: I'm sorry for her, then . . . he's a postman!

•

Polly Voo Frawnsay?
Whatcha say?
Do you speak French?
Yes—oh yes.

•

He: And I've got a gold medal for running five miles, an' one for ten miles; a silver medal for swimming; two cups for wrestling, an' badges for boxing an' rowing!

She: You must be a wonderful athlete.

He: Athlete? I run a pawnshop.

•

The landlady brought in a plateful of extremely thin slices of bread and butter, which rather dismayed her hungry men boarders.

"Did you cut these, Mrs. Brown?" asked one.

"Yes—I cut them," came the stern reply.

"Oh," went on the boarder. "All right—I'll shuffle and deal!"

•

J: How was the horseback riding the other day?

T: It was all right, but the trouble was that I had such a polite horse that when we came to a fence, he let me go over first.

A SENIOR AND HIS ROSE-COLORED GLASSES

Oh, I can remember when I was a frosh,
Wasn't so long ago either, I guess;
How they hazed me and kicked me around, oh gosh—
I'll never forget how they made me undress
And they drove me to the city and made me get out
Without any clothes on, and then in my strife,
They pointed at me, and they started to shout—
That was, without doubt, the best year of my life.

And I'll never forget how they ducked me that year.
In their Fountain of Knowledge, boy that was some night.
Oh, it's true, I got sick—guess I died, pretty near,
But gee, I'll say it was worth it, all right!
And those fights with the Sophs, how we'd scrap on the lawn
I was always cut up, and my clothes were all torn,
But, heck, I could do it all over again.

And those classes, oh boy, and those profs, gosh oh heck,
They were a riot—I'll never forget.
The course I passed by the skin of my neck.
And those that I flunked—but I'll never regret
That I went to college, it's wonderful say,
I'm sorry it's over, the months were too few,
If I could I'd begin again starting today—
In spite of its taking five years to get through.



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The WAKE FOREST Student

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

Member of
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EUGENE BRISSIE, *Editor-Elect*

SHERWOOD STATON, *Business Manager*

DAVIS HERRING, *Business Manager-Elect*

N L. BRITT BITTY BULLOCK
DONALD BEADSHER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5]

The Wood Thrush

Coming with the break of day
Pulsing full of summer morn,
Thrilling forth thy sweetest lay
Over mead and field of corn.

Often from the wooded hill
Have I heard your bell-like note
Rippling in ecstatic trill
From thy mottled breast and throat.

Sweetest bird of childhood days,
Speaking still of woodland flowers
That we gathered in our plays,
Wading brooks through summer hours.

Bird of bounding pulsing life,
Essence still of liberty,
Help us free from cark and strife
With thy ringing melody.

Ever come and ever sing
When come back the days of May,
Making wood and thicket ring
With thy jubilant roundelay.

Help us conquer time and woe,
Take us back to barefoot plays
Till thru all our hearts there flow
Memories sweet of bygone days.

Better still than memories old
Is the strength thy songs impart
For the tasks the hours may hold—
Tasks that tax the brain and heart.

In 1910

It was a smaller and simpler Wake Forest that Floyd T. Holden entered nearly thirty years ago, not only as a student, but as a colleague of Dr. Benjamin Sledd, in the English department. Yet it was not without its dignity. Let any student of the great college of modern times pick up "Youth and Culture" and read the magnificent baccalaureate address of President Poteat to the graduating class of 1910—the one called "Culture and Democracy"—and he cannot fail to perceive that the institution, for all its lack of pretension, was an authentic part of the Republic of Letters, felt the impulse of the great currents that were moving the world.

Upon this institution Holden looked with a kindly and perceptive eye. Smallness and simplicity did not deceive him. He understood that here he was in touch with life illuminated by idealism, and he knew that it was good. The lyrics in which he reported that life are, like the college, small and simple; but they came from the heart of a true poet and they have the dignity that arises, not from elaboration and ornament, but from contact with the eternal verities. Wake Forest treated him kindly, and he more than repaid the debt by enriching its life with his music.

GERALD W. JOHNSON,
Class of '11.

★

An Autumn Memory

We buried Mother when the hills
Glowed warm with autumn flame.
Her love of beauty, that had marked
Her daily life and thought,
Had helped her work, endure, achieve
Thru humdrum years.

Now rest had come; she lay asleep
Mid beauty which seemed to hold in sum
The loveliness for which her soul had yearned
From childhood to the gates of death;
Beauty had crowned her days.

★

Sonnet

I've marched with time thru many toilsome years,
Thru shadows black close filled with pain and woe;
And yet I know in spite of bitter tears
That marred my vision here below
That sun was there behind the cloud, the sky
Held still the stars; flowers waited spring;
That God sent silent comfort from on high and healed and "made the woeful heart to sing."

Since all the verities of star and sun,
Seedtime and harvest thru the seasons round
Remain and minister to every one;
Since keeping power in hidden ways profound
Has been with me my travel still to guide,
I know God keeps, let joy or ill betide . .



Put In Order Now for Your Dinner Coat for FINALS

The Vogue Shop for Men

THE MAN WHO INSISTED THE PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 4)

On another occasion while Tom was burning some leaves a freshman remarked, "Tom, they're almost as black as you are." An immediate reply fell from the old darky's lips.

"Yassir, yassir, an' next spring dey'll be mos' ez green ez yo' is."

But inspite of his witty remarks, he was admired by those whom he contacted; his associations afforded him an outlet for his individuality and placed him in a conspicuous light for the students, the faculty, and the citizens of Wake Forest to revere and respect.

One day Dr. Tom was placing a piece of sheet iron around the stove in Dr. Gorrell's recitation room in Wingate Hall, and when he was asked why he left such a wide space between the sheet iron and the stove, his reply was: "Dis is to provide for de evangelation."

When h's work on the campus became too pressed for him he would always refer to it as "jungle koosh." H's expression for cleaning up the dormitory rooms was "to do a little priming."

A student who was anxious to get into the reading room to get a book late one afternoon, was reluctantly admitted by Dr. Tom with this admonition: "Ef yo' promise me to get yo' book and come out of dere without de leas' defatication, yo' kin go."

It was in the law building that Dr. Tom made most of his speeches. He was an ardent admirer of Dr. Gulley and as his association with legal phrases became more pronounced, he would refer to moot court as "mutual court," and he called his faculty helpers his "worthy sentries."

In an address made at the annual smoker of the Supreme Court law class, Tom literally and liberally spread himself in his speech before the young legal lights. He said in substance: "I jes' dou' know what record to take, but I guess as how I learn 'bout de preparation fo' preparedness, I'll take dat line.

"I an' Dr. Gulley has been in touch for lo! dese many years, an' what he dou' know, no man in North Calliy does! Dr. Gulley hab so much skillery in de law dat he can jes' rub his hand ober yo' head an put you through. He am so ecriped up dat ef yo' jes' take what hab expired to yo,' you'll succeed. I has been here a long time an' many a plumage has I hearn 'bout Dr. Gulley; nothing but praise an' thanksgiving fo' him.

"I give my hearty hoard of thanks to perfessor Timberlake fo' being sech a good lawyer. 'Course, perfessor White am good, but we had to form his acquaintance, an' we wuz in touch with perfessor Timberlake.

"Now young gemmen, I hopes yo' doesn't hab to come back to hab more reverses wid Dr. Gulley, but dat yo' will go forth to stand' behin, the bars of justice to practice de law, an' jes' remember what Shakespeare said: 'Be shore, shore, shore you're right, den go ahead!'"

At any time could he be called upon to deliver an address of similar force and equal exultation. He was never short of words nor did he stammer in making an address.

Dr. Tom delivered a stirring message at the annual "Marshall Setup" in 1916 before a large congregation. This was one of the many at which he spoke. He began, "I am befo' yo' all again on a very serious an'

To the Student Body and Faculty

Of WAKE FOREST COLLEGE . . .

"We Appreciate the Co-operation and Support
You Have Given Us the Past Year!"

To the Senior Class . . .

"Our Best Wishes For Your Success!"

"WHIT" — "FANNIE" — "JUNE" — "JOHNNIE" — "AUBREY"

The Collegiate Theatre

honorable occasion an' am very glad to see we is on the great an' noble Marshall's Setup once mo.'

"We has mo' men here than any other institootion in the skillery of education in de world. That shows just how our reecklessness an' resignation is growing. We has some very extinguished perfessors, but not takin' part in dis occasion until tonight.

"I am glad that I has the privilege of addressing, I desire to pre-establish to you all that Wake Forest has de refutation of preparin' dey selves an' other people. We has here mo' men of ingeniosity than any other college in de world. We has never been successful to turn out any men dat we are ashamed of. That shows de good of a institoot so beautiful an' so great an' so noble.

"I mus' say that we should feel proud of the largest graduatin' class in de world an' we are invaucin' in de discovery of education, an' that's why we should prepare ourselves an' feel proud of dis occasion. We are losin' de larges' graduatin' class in de world, but we kin get two fo' to tck dey places. So we don't miss em, fo' dey go to envelop de world.

"As de old saying is, I preserve to be a Wake Forest man an' I like to see all things grow fo' perfection in Wake Forest. I was once a eitizen of Virginia an' now I am a North Carolinanan. De Virginians come to North Carolinv fo' de skillery of education.

"I did not suspect to make such a long an' noble export on dis occasion an' already Dr. Sledd has addressed you very fine and malicionsly on d's occasion.

"I hope you will be successful, for I know you won't pass widout yo' has shoes on yo' feet. Jes' put Shakespeare in front of you, and be shore, shore, you're right and den go ahead. I thanks you for your unseparated and honorable attention."

However, on July 4, 1927, this generous and picturesque character died in an humble home, but one which bore the beauty and attraction that his ingenuousness could mold through his half century at Wake Forest. He died as he had lived, after laying stone for stone around the entire Wake Forest College campus, and making of himself a glorious ideal for those of his race. Ivy and honeysuckle now cling to the smooth edges of the time-worn stones.

The following are excerpts taken from Dr. Gorrell's address at Tom's funeral:

"The outstanding fact is that this good man made himself known, loved, and honored by the thousands of

WALGREEN'S . . .

Your health and comfort while here is our concern. . . . Drugs, Sundries, Fruit Juices.

Wake Forest Men Are Always Welcome!

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BATHING SUITS
MOCCASINS
TENNIS SUPPLIES
and
All Warm Weather Student Supplies

Best Wishes
To the Seniors!

College Book Store

When
MOTHER and DAD
Come Up For Graduation . . .



take them
to the

CAPITOL
CAFE and RESTAURANT

8 West Martin Street—RALEIGH

men who came in contact with him by means of his uniform courtesy, his quaint philosophy, his unfailing humor, his indefatigable industry, and his sturdy devotion to the humble but necessary duties of his position. And all this honor he attained in the quiet walks of life undesirous of making public display of his undeniable talents in judgment and efficiency.

'Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife
His sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
He held the even tenor of his way.'

"The college has lost her most loyal and devoted servant . . . no hour was too long and no labor too strenuous that he did not offer cheerfully his full measure of devotion to the college. He loved with all the great intensity of a great soul . . . and that love was returned in ample measure by the great host of Wake Forest men who today mourn the silence of that heart whose every pulsation was a call of devotion to the interest of his 'boys.'

". . . And when the shadows lengthen and evening comes and the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over and our work is done, we shall not be able to desire for ourselves a more blessed reward or a greater need of praise than that which can so truthfully and so unreservedly be accorded to our departed friend: 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' "

———— # ————

He asked for burning kisses;
She said in accents cruel:
"I am a red hot mamma
But I ain't nobody's fuel!"

"I have a friend I'd like you girls to meet."
Athletic Girl: "What can he do?"
Chorus Girl: "How much has he?"
Literary Girl: "What does he read?"
Society Girl: "Who are his family?"
Religious Girl: "What church does he attend?"
Sorority Girl: "Where is he?"

●

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
Upon a moonlight ride.
When Jack came back
His eye was black.
His pal, you see, had lied.



Get It NOW . . .
Primp Up With a **Vacation HAIRCUT**

City Barber Shop
WAKE FOREST, N. C.

¶We wish to express our appreciation for your patronage this year—

WE HOPE TO SEE YOU AGAIN NEXT FALL

We Appreciate Your Business

COLLEGE
Soda Shop
"A Happy Vacation to All of You"



It's Perfectly Cleaned
When It's Done By
WAKE FOREST LAUNDRY

You safeguard both your clothes and appearance when you send them here for cleaning.

Our Method Restores Color and Life to Fabrics

Wake Forest
LAUNDRY
AND DRY CLEANERS

"... IN THE NIGHT"

(With apologies to Sandburg)

▼

The train comes
about four a.m.
and stops beside Simmons dormitory.

It whistles,
and screams and screeches.
and howls, and shrieks, and hisses,
and raises one helluva fuss,
and wakes everybody up.
and then moves on.

———— # ————

A lady in a bus stared with disgust at a ragged urchin beside her. At length, unable to restrain herself, she said:

"Have you a pocket handkerchief?"

"Yes'm," the ragged urchin sniffed, "but I ain't allowed to lend it."—*Bison.*

•

If Adam came back to earth the only thing he would recognize would be these jokes.

•

Dr. Vann: "What are the names of the bones in your hand, Mr. Christian?"
J. D. Christian: "Dice."

•

My girl drives me nuts when she tells me about their cow back home that drank some purple ink and mood indigo.—*Bison.*

•

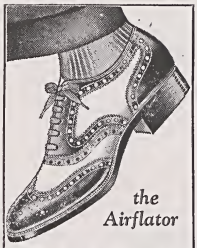
Every Scotchman has nothing but praise for sermons. More than that, they prove it.



Delicious
HAMBURGERS
and
HOT DOGS

While studying during exams . . . drop in for a quick bite to eat. We stay open until 2:30.

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Take It Easy!

Try "taking it easy" when you walk — and the best way to do that is to come in and get a pair of our Jarman Airflator Shoes! The Airflator has a special cushion innersole, one-eighth of an inch thick, that softens every step you take. Airflator styles are up-to-the-minute, too — come in and look them over.

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SHOES FOR MEN

Most Styles
$5 to $7.50

B. & S.
Dept. Store

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

"Graduating Class, We Wish You the Best of Luck!"

A long whisp of artificial grain was the ornament on a girl's hat in the tramear. It was placed horizontally, and it was tickling the face of the man who sat next to the wearer. Soon it came to rest in his ear.

The man took a huge elaspknife from his pocket and began stropping it on the palm of his hand.

"Oh, what are you going to do?" cried the girl.

"If them durn oats get in my ear again, miss," replied the vietim, "there's going to be a harvest."

•

Frosh Purser: Are you a professor?

Snyder: No, I won this tie in a raffle.

•

Rumor has it that Mickey Mouse will play Rat Butler in "Gone With the Wind."

•

Theta: "No, we mustn't! Didn't you know that the Deans have decided to stop necking?"

Data: "Aw, heck! The first thing you know they'll be wanting the students to stop too."

•

"What's the matter with your hand?"

"I went down to get some eigarettes and some fool stepped on it."

The Southern father was introducing his family of boys to a visiting governor.

"Seventeen boys," exclaimed the father. "And all Democrats but John, the little rascal. He got to readin'."—*Pell Mell.*

•

Baby Stork: Momma, where did I come from?

•

Officer: "What's the idea of drivin' that truck so fast—do you think this highway is a race track? Haven't you got a governor on this thing?"

Negro Driver: "Nawsuh, boss, the Governor is back at the capitol; that's fertilizer you smells."—*Pell Mell.*

Compliments of

CITY
FUEL & SUPPLY
COMPANY

"Where the Boys Meet"

Students...

OUR STAFF WISHES TO SAY IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE TO SERVE YOU... WE'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU IN SEPTEMBER!

TOM'S

BILLIARDS :: SMOKES

"Where the Boys Meet"

Enjoy the Advantages of Efficient and Attractive Office Equipment

The speed, accuracy and economy of handling the many transactions in an office often mean the difference between profit and success or loss and failure. Replace expensive, wasteful, out-of-date methods with modern **Globe-Wernicke** office equipment and systems, that enable people to accomplish more work with less effort, keep office routine operating smoothly, and increase efficiency and economy.



STEEL WASTE BASKETS

These attractive, sturdy, steel waste baskets are made in two sizes of heavy steel with welded joints and baked enamel finish. Each size is available with or without legs. Rounded corners have rubber protecting bumpers . . . sliding domes or legs on bottom. No sharp corners inside. Basket illustrated is 14½" high, 12" square at top, 10½" square at bottom. Small basket without legs is 11½" high, 11" square at top, 8¾" square at bottom. Furnished in dark green, or walnut and mahogany. Also green, brown and maroon "Duro-Velv" finishes.



STEEL OFFICE CHAIRS

Smartly styled, comfortable, well-built steel chairs that assure long, satisfactory and economical service. Available in a variety of styles—executive swivel, side chairs, arm chairs, and posture chairs. The Comfit posture chair (illustrated above) gives support where support is needed and at the same time is comfortable. They make correct posture easy and natural. There are only four simple adjustments—all very easy to make.

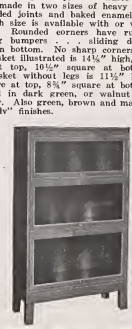
Available in a variety of finishes and several grades of leather.



STEEL FILING CABINETS

There is a **Globe-Wernicke** filing cabinet for every business need and price range. "7000" and "8000" line files are equipped with the exclusive G/W Tri-Guard three-rod filing principle. Guides slide on three rods—one at the bottom and one on each side of the drawer. Rods over top of drawer sides act as a "sway-check" keeping guides and folders upright. They will not sag nor recline at an angle greater than 45°. Drawer slides are improved cradle type ball-bearing progressive extension slides.

All styles are available in letter and cap sizes in two, three and four drawer heights. May be had in green enamel or walnut and mahogany grained finishes; also in green "Duro-Velv" finish.



STEEL BOOKCASES

Globe-Wernicke steel sectional bookcases with receding type glass doors protect books from dust and damage. They can be built up section by section to meet individual requirements. Available in three sizes, 12", 14" and 16" high (outside) in green or walnut and mahogany grained finishes. Sections are 31" wide and 10" deep inside. Unit shown above contains top, base and one of each size book section.



STORAGE CABINETS

These well-made steel cabinets meet every storage requirement. There is a size and style to fit the floor space available. Three different height cabinets may be had—full height (78"), counter height (42"), and desk height (30½"). Finished in green or walnut and mahogany grained finishes.



HORIZONTAL SECTIONS

Stock horizontal units are available for filing all types of records and permit many useful combinations. Made in two widths, 33" and 16½", each in two depths, 17" and 25". Illustration above shows how various sizes can be used together to form a combination filing unit. All sections are easily intermembered.



STEEL DESKS

Globe-Wernicke offers two popular lines of general office desks—GlobeArt line (shown above) and Advance line, each in a variety of styles and finishes. **GlobeArt Desks:** This superb line of desks has many built-in features for the convenience, efficiency and comfort of the user. They are attractive, well-made and will last a business lifetime. Rounded corners and legs add to appearance and prevent injury to user and damage to clothing.

Advance Line: A new idea in desks for general office use . . . rigid steel construction . . . light in weight . . . Masonite top . . . beautiful green, brown or maroon "Duro-Velv" finishes . . . not easily scratched nor marred.

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LUCKIES ARE BETTER THAN EVER! They are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in recent years. As tobacco experts like Mr. Burnett point out, Luckies have always bought the cream of the crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today... And remember: Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts — auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined. Try Luckies for a week and then you'll know why . . .



With Men Who Know Tobacco Best—It's Luckies 2 to 1

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE
LIBRARY

The STUDENT



Vol. LVI OCTOBER No. 1

By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested — slower than *any* of them — CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



Copyright, 1939
R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

WHATEVER price you pay per pack for your smokes, Camels give you more actual smoking pleasure for your money. A prominent scientific laboratory made impartial tests on 16 of the largest-selling cigarette brands. Here are the results:

1 CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED *SLOWER* THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED — 25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3 In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR *LONGER* than the average time for all the other brands.

In Camel cigarettes you have a case where choice quality and *extra measure* go along together. Better smoking—and more of it. Turn to Camels and enjoy to the full those long-burning, costlier tobaccos—so mild and tasty!

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF—
MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Penny for penny your best cigarette buy

LONG-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS

THE STUDENT

VOLUME LVI for OCTOBER NUMBER 1

In This Case

ON THE COVER: in an attempt to secure a seasoned photograph which might convey the "spirit of the current season," we have turned to football as a fitting medium. While Prime Minister Chamberlain and Daladier and Herr Hitler lead their forces into battle on European fronts, football captains of American colleges and universities are pushing their fellow-warriors into the "young wars" on grid fronts. Here we have Rupert Pate, of Goldsboro, in a typical pose while the stalwart tackle is looking over the offensive set-up of an opponent. Although hampered by injuries, Pate well deserves the title "Captain" in local football circles. The photo was taken by John Scott, former student of Wake Forest who now has a brother, Robert, taking over the photographical duties here. At present John is a member of the Raleigh *News and Observer* staff, through whose courtesy this photo appears.

* * *

ANOTHER FEATURE of the season would include views from all angles of the freshman class—an unforgettable reality of every college campus. However, the Wake Forest freshman is not so dumb after all. On a recent questionnaire filled out by members of the incoming class, one lad listed as his favorite mazazine (not being acquainted with THE STUDENT) "Ladies Home Infernal." One of his colleagues selected as his favorite proverb "Lamarr the Merrier."

* * *

AN ODDITY of rare occasion was revealed in connection with the record enrollment of the college this year. An alumnus of Wake Forest, Dr. Barnes, a student of some ten or fifteen years ago, drove all the way from Arizona to bring us a student.

* * *

THE WAR SCARE has bolstered business for the local infirmary to an amazing degree. Common ailments found among the students, who are over twenty-one and under forty-five, include flat-feet, revolving knees, color-blindness, and even dandruff. From the number of colds on record we might even venture to say that some of them have already suffered from drafts.

* * *

WHAT HITLER NEEDS is not to be found among the armies of France and England. Some other editorialist beat us to it, but we repeat that a fat frau would hold him in check better than a machine gun. Could you imagine Der Fuehrer forgetting himself momentarily, as he began a speech, and talking baby-talk to members of the Reichstag, or getting his ears boxed for dropping crumbs on a clean tablecloth?

* * *

SPEAKING OF PROBLEMS, an eminent lecturer waxed warm in an appearance before an educational group recently. "The negro is with us," he blared forth, "and we must cope with the problem his presence presents." His problem does provide an inexhaustible source of study-material. This brings to our mind a remark made by Dr. Reid last year when he said that the people in some sections of South Carolina even argued as to whether the black man had a soul or not. When asked as to how they might account for any relation the mulatto might have with the Boundless, the "Sandlappers" scratched their heads and finally gave him credit for "a half-soul at least."

* * *

MARRIAGE IS not only a gift from the gods, but is also a gift of the "guards" as well. Proof of such a statement might be drawn from our own campus. Louis Trunzo and Tommy Tingle, guards on the Demon Deacon eleven, provide about 400 pounds worth of proof. As another aside, we might mention that the Trunzo family circle was recently increased by one in the birth of an eight and one-half pound daughter. Oh well, maybe she will consent to be sponsor for the football team of 1958.

* * *

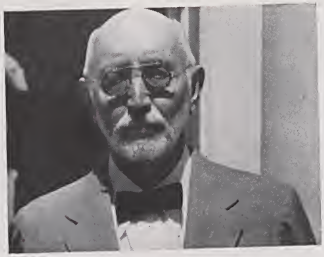
A WOMAN PILOT of Washington, D. C., recently flew over the city dropping pamphlets in the intended form of peace propaganda. Printed on the sheets was "We mothers don't want our sons to again have to fight." For her act the Aeronauties Commission has called for her to show reason for not having her license revoked. *A New York Times* writer wonders if her high school won't cancel her diploma, when the commission has finished its case, for using split infinitives.

* * *

MODERN SWING MUSIC seems to produce an outstanding number for each summer season. Strangely enough, the feature hits seem to be utterly without reason or sense. Only last summer we were singing "Well, All Right" (a contradiction of the old saying that no man ever gets rich for repeating the same thing over and over—when a man wrote the song), and the summer before we went wild to the tune of "A Tisket, A Tasket." Some young creator of lyrics has ventured to predict that his song will be next summer's hit. He says he is going to write one entitled "If a Bricklayer Can Lay Brick, Why Can't a Plumber Lay Plums?"

* * *

FOUND IN the Mail was a letter from Harry Williams, last year's editor of THE STUDENT. Harry is attending the Duke University Medical School this year, and strange to say is studying at the same institution. He informs us that drastic rumor from our direction has led him to believe that "The magazine is coming out—and when?" We're sorry that we have deprived him of his favorite literature for such a length of time.



THE

In September 1914, Dr. Sledd Was in London; He Wrote of an Impression

It was twenty-five years—and perhaps a month—ago that a "Gentleman from Virginia" was stranded in London. Daily news items carried threats from across the channel to "blow up" London most any day: the threats were somewhat similar to those we read in this morning's paper.

The gentleman was Dr. Benjamin Sledd, professor emeritus of the Wake Forest College English Department.

So could you blame him, if, during the long evenings of autumn, 1939, he wandered back twenty-five years—reminiscing about the particulars of England in that day, her situation, and the hours which he had spent there?

We chanced to find him, attired in bath robe and house slippers, one morning last week. We held up before him a copy of a poem which we had secured from the musty pages of the November issue of the 1914 Student, a poem which he had written while in London that September. Anonymously it was sent to the *London Times,* but it remained anonymous only a few days. Geoffrey Robinson, then editor of the *Times,* sought the author and invited him down to his office to have tea with him one afternoon.

Dr. Sledd accepted his invitation to tea, expecting to remain with his new acquaintance at least ten or fifteen minutes. Instead, he remained for three hours, during which time he made a fast friendship with the editor and his staff. The "lovable young man of literature" was introduced to the entire staff of the paper, including the bellboy. And he was invited to more teas, at which he had occasion to meet many of England's outstanding men, including Masefield, Noyes, Wells, and others.

And at this point in Dr. Sledd's narrative an incident of his stay in England came back momentarily to the professor, bringing with it particulars from his storehouse of living realities. He was carried back to his visits around the English lakes, the Scottish highlands, and even the time that he sat in the window of Anne Hathaway's little cottage. No longer was he the American scholar, but he was English—of the fourteenth and fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—living among his immortal friends, and breathing the air of comradeship with his fondest teachers. As he tarried at the house of Hathaway's, perhaps engaged in a conversation with Anne or another member of the family, an American visitor mistook him for "Shake himself."

We had almost forgotten, by this time, the poem which we mentioned earlier in our visit to his home—the one entitled "A Virginian in Surrey," published in the *London Times,* and later reprinted in *Les Temps,* leading newspaper of Paris.

And then he skipped back to the outbreak of the war and a morning in September 1914, when he was stranded in London. He took a walk that morning into Surrey, a southern county which comprises a part of London. Before he had ventured far, he met a regiment of English soldiers. "English soldiers can't sing," says Dr. Sledd, "but these were whistling for all they were worth." They couldn't afford guns for drilling purposes; therefore each man was equipped with a strong stick.

Upon seeing the young men, who presented a scene of devout hearts in the face of many obstacles, Dr. Sledd retreated to one side of the road to allow the men to pass. They marched on down the road, leaving behind an impression that all England was to feel within a few days time.

No sooner had they passed than the gentleman from Virginia took a seat by the roadside, under the shade of a tree, and wrote the poem which won for him many friends over the entire country. Critics of the day were quoted as saying "it was one of the best war poems printed to that date," which included the works of men like Kipling and Bridges.

Here it is:

A VIRGINIAN IN SURREY

They come, they come!
No blare of a bugle, beat of drum.
No flaunting flag, no battle-cry;
Only the measured tread of many feet
Startling the drowsy street,
The wayside silence deep and sweet.
As past they go
With sure, unhurrying pace,
I mark the firm-set Saxon face,
The calm-clear Saxon eye.
And then I know
The secret of their race:
To wrath and action slow, ah, slow!
Yet, once aroused, to do or die.

Not at the call of man-made laws
Grimly they march into death's jaws:
From far and near, day after day,
From grimy haunt and lordly home,
From teeming street and lonely way,
England's young manhood gathering come
At duty's proud command.
Nor go they to withstand
Long-vaunted harrowing of their land:
Behold, the invisible sea,
Bearing that unmatched fleet.
No foeman dares to meet,
Clips around their isle his warding arms,
Safe even from war's alarms.

(Continued on page sixteen)

WARS

. . . In September 1939, Aleksy Was in Lodz, Poland; He Faced Paralyzing Reality



"I STOOD yesterday," wrote Aleksy, "and saw my own home destroyed. The ground beneath my feet literally pulsated with the simultaneous explosions of from eight to ten bombs, and before my own eyes, I saw my house, though small and plebeian as it was, cave to the earth, only to be heaved completely into the heavens by the second, third, and fourth series of bombardments. . . . Pardon my poor writing, for I am penning this from the rear of an army truck, which is moving up to the Slovakian front.

". . . But still my people say with their own blood, 'Stop, Mr. Hitler'!"

And two lines down the letter came to a hurried end. The roughly folded edges gave evidence of his rush, and even now I wonder if his haste wasn't in vain.

* * *

There was something mysterious about Aleksy Lesniewiez the first time I saw him. That was the day he first arrived on the Springfield campus last summer, and it fell my lot to introduce him to Masasoid —our Indian father. Straight from Poland? Yes, and hardly had he found himself at home long enough to attempt to use his correspondence course in English. After all, thought I, what good would his English do him over here, when, eventually, he would have to abandon it for the use of the American language?

Nevertheless, I found a keen interest in him. Perhaps it was the manner in which he could smell spring during the early mornings of June. Or maybe it was because he used to incessantly drag me out to any Polish concert which might be appearing in Springfield, Mass., where we were attending a Y.M.C.A. training course. One look from his dreamy eyes, a few hummed strains of "Ave Maria," and I would buckle my coat about me, shut my book, and in three minutes be waiting for a bus across from the lunch corner. Then to the concert, after which we would invariably take on a bottle of Piel's beer, and then another evening had been spent for the cause of an American training course— in Polish style.

I say there was something mysterious about Aleksy because of the many different traits he possessed. A lover of sports, his robust form could be seen on the tennis courts most any day. Or perhaps I would chance to see him all alone, staring dreamy-eyed into space. I loved to watch his stolid profile, see him blow clouds of smoke through his tight lips, and clutch the cigarette-holder between his thumb and forefinger, often using it as a pointer when he wished to explain some statement. Each time he smiled, a gold-plated tooth shone brightly from the left corner of his mouth. And I can't forget his accent; even now it seems to haunt me, with its musical quality, its almost-at-times cynical tone, and the definite place which it played in making him live up to the nickname we gave him as "The Duke of Poland."

It was after dinner one evening in late July that I had a chat with Aleksy which I remember as if it were yesterday. The day had been warm, so we went out under a tree on the Old Dormitory campus, so we could get the full benefits of the customary breeze coming in from the west hills. Attired in linen trousers and a sport shirt, which was open three buttons down from the throat, he took a seat beside me on the evenly green grass. He reclined on one elbow and drew a packet of cigarettes from his shirt pocket. When I refused to take one, he said "Auld Lang Syne" and pushed them back a second time. His conception of American customs could be summed up in his bits of Americanized philosophy, which he picked up at various places. For instance, he once heard the old song sang as a toast, and since that day he used it as an expressive medium of Polish hospitality to an American. Then again I am reminded of his quoting time and time again the engraving over the doorway of International House at Columbia University, saying "'That Brotherhood May Prevail,' I offer you this."

He told me that he would soon return to his native land, where he would see his young wife again. A new and even more youthful flame always kindled in his eyes when he spoke of "the Duchess of Poland."

When asked about the possibilities of a war in the future, he remained quiet for a few moments, and then gave me his story. They would have to fight, he believed. And they would probably be overpowered by the massed forces of Der Fuehrer. But he also repeated that he was ready to return and "die if necessary" for his native land.

"My country may die tomorrow—as a nation," he said, "but our traditions of over a thousand years, our music, and our Catholic faith will make Poland, as a people, live forever."

He went on to say that his country had fought, been freed, been conquered, and free again—over and over, during the last thousand years. "And my son," he gleamed into the future, "will be born to fight for Poland's freedom tomorrow."

* * *

Two months have passed since I last attended a concert with Aleksy—with the Polish music which will assist in keeping Poland together as a People forever. His study of Physical Education, to be used in Y.M.C.A.'s of his native land, was cut short, and I accompanied him to the New York harbor on the morning of August 20.

From the moment I clasped his hand at the wharf

(Continued on page sixteen)

POETIC URGE . . .

IN VARIED MOODS

MOODY FITS

Melancholia went to sleep
And slept for time unknown;
Then Joy came by on dancing feet
And stopped with me to sing her song
Of pleasant things to see and hear,
Though life be short and the day drear.

Melancholia had a dream
Of Stygian mires and hell;
She dug a pit of ghastly scenes
And, stumbling, in her pit I fell;
Then Joy danced on despite my plight
And 'round me settled starless night.

—Arthur Sewane.

* * *

A WINTRY NIGHT

Crimson leaves
Drifting in the dim light;
Late birds
Shrieking in their circling flight;
White snow
Falling from a heavenly height;
A sparkling fire—
These make the wintry night.

—John A. Freeman.

* * *

TO AN UNSEEN BIRD

Little Bird, up in the sky,
Is there no one to hear you sing,
To praise your song, but I?
Your notes unto the winds you fling,
Upon the winds they fly:
Little Bird, what joy they bring
To such an one as I.

—John A. Freeman.

THANKS, FOR MUSIC

Praise not me for the music you hear,
That the toñes are so perfect, the note so clear:
But praise, oh praise, where credit is due—
Praise him who made an instrument true:
The miner who labored through sun and through storm,
The smithy who shaped it and gave it its form.
The man who made the spring and the screw,
The men who lived where the cork-tree grew.
The man who polished it and finished it down—
These and more, thank for the sound,
Rich and pure, true and mild;
Soft and low or high and wild.

—John A. Freeman.

* * *

PENITENCE

For past mistakes, forgive me, Lord,
For failings all my own—
For too little words when big were meant,
For too many, too few, or none.
Forgive me if I spoke in haste
With little thought of care:
Forgive me when I've left unsaid
A kind word or a prayer.

—John A. Freeman.

THE POOL

Each evening I wander by a pool
A short way from my door.
There I can see God
In all his wondrous glory.
I hear him say: "My son,
This is my gift to thee."
But no, 'tis only the wind—
Caressing gently the boughs of a tree.
Yes, 'tis just the breeze
That brushes so coolly—
Against my tear stained cheek.
I stand there quietly—Worshipping Him—
The God that made us—
The creator of all things.
In the clear, cool, silent water—
Are seen small white clouds
Chasing across fields of blue
And sometimes hiding
Behind the beautiful trees
So perfectly mirrored there.
Ah yes! The pool is a mirror—
One in which I see expression
Of God's beauty, and great power.
Even so, life is a pool—
A giant mirror—reflecting—
How beautiful, how clear, how clean?
How well may God be seen
In the mirror that I control?
My Life!

—C. Roger Bell.

MOON GOD OVER KOWLOON

By George M. Kelley

A Story of the Orient Brought Home to Us By One of Her Adopted Sons

THE BEGGAR in the market place put one finger over his left nostril and blew his nose. He wiped his hand on his dirty trousers and leaned back against the wall of the temple and grinned. The punjabs squatting on the pavement at the far corner of the square whispered and glanced again and again at the shadowy interior visible through the door of the ancient house of worship. The throng moved slowly, but they all knew, and they too glanced at the temple.

Sai Chaat sat behind the curtain. His head was close shaven, his eyes bright but expressionless. Cotton underpants and a gray shaam covered his small frame. His left arm rested on his leg. His right arm stretched on the table as he moved a tea cup from the left to the right with the four-inch nail grown on his little finger. The gong sounded beyond the curtain, he heard his father move and then break into a soft chant, but he sat in the same position, slowly moving the cup from side to side.

An hour later the chanting suddenly died down and there was a rustling of silk at the curtain. "Worthy seventh son of a seventh son, you betray the fact that the spirits stir your soul with trouble."

"Yes, holy one, you have taught me many things, but never have I mastered the feelings of my soul."

"Ah, Sai Chaat, do not move the cup and even I will be unable to detect that trouble lies within your chest."

Sai Chaat turned for the first time and looked at the bearded priest at the opening in the curtains. They stared at each other for minutes. Not an eyelash flickered, and no sound fell on the ears. They thought of the twenty years spent together, the hours of training, the ancient philosophy of speaking in soft tones to those asking advice. They remembered how the father would rebuke the son and teach him the worthiness of good needs; they reviewed the long line of ancestors they represented; the son pictured the honored work and wisdom of his father; the father watched his son move the tea cup.

"My beard is long and white, my son," the priest spoke softly breaking the silence, "and when I awake I cough and spit white. I will not be here for many moon feasts to come . . . it is up to you to continue the work of your fore-fathers and make a worthy priest."

"A woman enters to worship," Sai Chaat answered humbly.

The priest turned and moved to the side of the altar. Sai Chaat went to the curtain, opened it and looked into the large room. The great god of the moon sat at the left. A stone image dressed in gold embroidered silk and cobwebs, seemed to snarl over its large belly at the scene below. The priest struck the gong, and Sai Chaat noticed that the girl moved forward. She was pale and awe-struck as she mumbled to the priest. Her belly was swollen—Sai Chaat opened the curtain a little further—with child, he said to himself. He strained forward to see her face; yes, it was the carpenter's daughter, every one in that section had known her. He thought of the night she had come to him. It was raining and . . . but that was several moons ago; surely it wasn't his child . . . but what did it matter?



The girl bowed before the idol, and left as the priest ended his chant. A man came in and showed the holy one his boils and bowed to the god for blessings; a widow, a mother with a whimpering baby, and a white-headed grandmother came to make their daily vows. Then the hour of noon drew near, and no one entered because at noon the people rest and wait until there is a shadow to show that the rays of the sun are slanting and that the heat will decrease.

Lin Kai, the priest, and Sai Chaat reëntered the little room divided by the curtain. They sat at the table, and poured tea from the ancient pot in a padded case which was always kept near the stand by the wall.

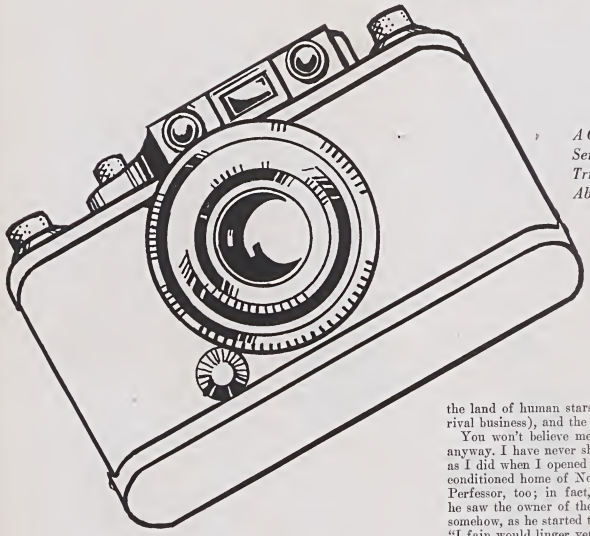
"My son," began the priest, "tell me what troubles you. Something is wrong because the beggar sits and grins at the front of the building, the shoppers and the merchants talk in whispers, and the turban headed Indians glance at the door with undue interest."

"I know not, father, because I spent my time in study. It is too hot to seek news." They sat and looked at each other, and the young one moved his cup with the fingernail on his little finger.

"You lie, Sai Chaat, you lie to your father and the gods who now honor your grandfather, and great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather. I saw your hand tighten on the curtain when you saw that the carpenter's daughter is with child, I saw you move the cup, and I have heard the faithful say that you lay with the waiting girl at Po's tea house, that you smoke his

(Continued on page twenty-one)

"Me and the Perfessor Went Places —and Saw Things"



A Camera, Owned by Professor Seibert, Takes a 10,000-mile Trip — and Has Plenty to Say About It

as overheard

By Wells Norris

TO say that Me and the Perfessor had a big summer, in taking a 10,000 mile jaunt all over the United States, into Mexico, and Canada, would be putting it mildly. But we both survived all the sights singly. I mean, if you know what I'm trying to say, that we came back to Wake Forest just by ourselves, but there were times when I was worried.

Ah Moi, I don't know where to begin. It was in old New Orleans that "le professeur" led me a merry chase throughout the romantic city, and I had to brush up a bit on my historical gauge. Then, later, at Randolph Field, I was caught on the wing once. Over into Mexico we journeyed, the Perfesser and Me, and there I put in a few snappy moments.

A day or two later I heard the perfessor say that we would be shuffling off to California in a few days, and we were to visit Hollywood while there. Wow! Let's see; it had been back in 1934, while I was getting a few impressions in Paris at the International Exposition, that I had last been actually over-worked with legions of girls on all sides—and beautiful women, too. And now business was definitely on the up-beat once more: I was going to visit Hollywood. Well, the rest of the trip to California bored me to the lens. Hollywood, the land of human stars, chorus girls, movie lots (my rival business), and the home of Hedy Lamarr.

You won't believe me now, but I'm going to say it anyway. I have never shuttered so much in all my life as I did when I opened my lens upon the spacious air-conditioned home of Norma Shearer. It impressed the Perfessor, too; in fact, it left him speechless—when he saw the owner of the home standing out front. But somehow, as he started to leave, I managed to murmur, "I fain would linger yet a little while." She was really a treat for any lighting effect, and any question from her would surely not receive a negative answer. I made several other notable exposures around the stars' homes, but none so striking as that of the lovely "Juliet of the Screen." For instance there was "la maison" belonging to Marion Davies—a coup d'état of 70 rooms, or there was the $25,000 automobile owned by Joe E. Brown.

I could never quite figure it out, but the Perfessor didn't take me with him the night he visited Earl Carroll's night club. Perhaps he thought my range needed a rest, but I still think I was gypped out of a nice evening's work. My anger was, was, was beaucoup de (I've finally learned to get the "de" in there—I'm sure the Perfessor will be proud of me now). I did, however, get a peek at Gary Cooper and Micky Rooney. What concave looking stoogies they looked to me! And then I thought I could hardly keep my face straight when the Perfessor gave a cigarette girl a dollar for a package of cigarettes and she didn't give him any change back. Yet it was cruel of me, for it could have easily cut down on my food supply.

Chinatown of San Francisco, incidentally, went well with me, for it gave me a new slant on life. I also came to light long enough to catch an impression at the

Golden Gate Exposition. However, I didn't get to the light as much here as I should have liked to, for the Perfessor had already over-gone my allowance while he was in Hollywood. I knew he couldn't resist the temptation while we were at three large Universities in California, and he used me to get remembrances of Palo Alto, the University of Los Angeles, and Berkley. We chanced to meet several skirts here and there among the "schools of higher learning" (bunk! I can take my French and get along all the rest of my impressionistic life), and did my ears burn when I heard le Perfesseur exquisitee say "toujours, pour toujours" to somebody. I was so abashed that I am afraid I gave that picture a three-color job.

Next points of interest came in my trip through the Canadian Rockies. Here I picked up scenes which would rival the Swiss Alps. The Valley of Ten Peaks, melting glaciers, several species of wild animals, and Lake Louise fell next in line on my roll of impressions. Lake Louise (or le lac, you French hounds) almost left me with a frozen expression, for the temperature of the waters remains at seven degrees above constantly. But the splendor of such a panorama invoked from me stilled shivers, solemn shutters, and serene yearnings which have only been rivaled by the inimitable beauty of gay Paree (gosh, but I'm waxing poetical; I didn't know it was in my mechanical body).

Me and the Perfessor had a most fascinating experience at the village of Caughnawago on an Indian reservation. Slipping up on one of the stolid chiefs while he was in a state of concentration (a new name for Idaho), I clicked him without his knowledge of my act. It was a funny thing: back in Hollywood I took several pictures of stars who weren't naturalized citizens yet, but here, in the picture of the chief, I got a shot of a real American.

If I were to go into detail of all the things I saw and took, I should hold you for hours. However, I simply can't omit one thing. That is the view I got of the Multnomah Falls, as seen from the Columbia River Highway—a drop of 620 feet, in Oregon. Not only were we held speechless by its magnificence, but I firmly believe it would have made your hair stand on end (it would have had such an effect on the Perfessor and Me, but, well, it didn't). In fact, I forgot to be snappy momentarily.

And so my trip, or should I say "our," was continued via the Dakotas, back into Canada, to Montreal, and then to New York. When I reached the great American

(Continued on page twenty)



This view was taken from the terrace of Banff Springs Hotel in the Canadian Rockies.



This shot was made in the village of Caughnawaga on an Indian reservation. The chief didn't know he was being photographed by "me."



This Photo shows the entrance to Santa Monica Beach, Calif., where many famous screen stars go daily.



The Multnomah Falls, as seen from the Columbia River Highway, forms a drop of 620 feet. Located near Portland, Oregon.



The waters of mountain-surrounded Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies.



Framed against the azure sky stands the maiden figure in the court of Flowers at the San Francisco World's Fair on Treasure Island.

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ON THE EDITORIAL SIDE

Several days ago we went back into the stacks of the library and took a look at THE STUDENTS that have been put here at Wake Forest. We were impressed by the material which they contained, the well-written manner of presentation, and the depth of thought behind the contents. A few minutes later we looked through Dr. Paschal's *History of Wake Forest College* and were doubly impressed by the amount of material used in his history, that had been taken from THE STUDENT of years gone by.

Now don't misconstrue our point here. It is not the policy of the magazine this year to go back to the type of magazine first put out. That would be an anachronism. Instead, we are going to make a desperate effort to put out a magazine which will be comparable with the better magazines of colleges and universities throughout the nation today, and not those that were voted all-American positions in the 1880's.

Our hope is that we shall be able to cope with the problems of putting out any publication in such a manner that the result will be a literary-humorous publication in which the readers will receive a just representation of an institution of higher learning.

THE DOCTOR GETS RESULTS

A STUDENT VIGNETTE

By Oscar Carter

"Mr Johnson, Dr. Morris will see you now," the secretary announced.

Phil Johnson, a handsome blond in his early thirties, entered the luxurious consultation room of Dr. Morris, society psychiatrist.

"Have a seat, Mr. Johnson," Dr. Morris invited, motioning toward a chair. "Just what seems to be your trouble this morning."

"Well, Doctor, it's a woman," Phil began.

"The usual trouble," Dr. Morris smiled mischievously. "Well, begin at the beginning, and let's get the whole thing off your chest."

"About a year ago I met a very charming lady," Phil continued. "From our first meeting there seemed to be a strong mutual attraction between us, and—well, we fell in love. Now this is the problem: The lady is married—to whom, I don't know. She made me promise not to try to find out anything about her personal affairs, and I have kept my word.

"She likes and respects her husband very much, and refuses to leave him, because of a strong sense of duty and loyalty. We have tried to stay apart, tried to forget each other, but we just can't do it. The strain is telling on both of us. Our lives are a living hell, and we just can't go on like this."

"What does her husband say about the matter?" the doctor inquired.

"He knows nothing about it. She refuses to tell him, because she knows that it would break his heart."

Dr. Morris thought for a few minutes. "Well, Johnson, I believe that we can work out your problem. You know, marriage today is not the insuperable bond that it once was. The sensible thing to do is for your friend to divorce her husband so you two can marry. Naturally, this will hurt her husband, but you two cannot afford to have your lives ruined on this account. Besides, one can not permit himself to be too scrupulous in matters of love. All is fair in love and war, you know."

"But, Doc, she refuses to do this. She is too loyal to leave him," Phil objected.

"This loyalty is merely a childish inhibition, and like all inhibitions, it must be broken down. Of course, this may require a considerable length of time, but if you will follow my instructions, I am confident that the desired results can be obtained."

From time to time Phil returned to Dr. Morris for advice on how to overcome some new objection that his lover had raised. And Dr. Morris seemed to know how to handle the objections, so that they gradually faded into thin air.

One day, about three months after his first visit, Phil entered Dr. Morris' office, his face beaming with triumph. "Well, Doctor," he began, "You certainly have lived up to your reputation in this case. We have finally won out. She left for Reno about ten minutes

(Continued on page twenty)



FOR REAL MILDNESS

Swing to Chesterfield

Yes Sir-e-e! Chesterfields take the lead for mildness . . . they take the lead for better taste. With their right combination of the World's best cigarette tobaccos they give millions more smoking pleasure.

. . . watch the change to Chesterfield

They Satisfy



Copyright 1939, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Nominated in
every section

And definitely
without objection

Regardless of which
or what direction

Comes this
ALL AMERICAN SELECTION



"I solemnly swear ——"

HOW HE MARRIED HER WITHOUT A SCENT!



AL'S NEW CAR won Peg's fancy, but his new pipe got her nanny—it smelled fierce! So on went her roller skates to head for home. Wait! Here's the postman!



HE TOLD AL to clean his pipe, and refilled it with mild Sir Walter. Peg stopped to sniff, stayed to snuggle. The fragrant burley blend *always* wins! Try a tin!



IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

TUNE IN—*Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House," Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.*

"What is your favorite sport, doc?"

"Sleighing."

"I mean apart from business."

•

"You've been with this firm a week and I find that there's nothing you can do. When I engaged you, you told me you were a handy man."

"Well, so I am. I live just around the corner, don't I?"

•

She: Are you doing anything for that cold of yours?

He: I sneeze whenever it wants me to.

•

Woman: What a noise those neighbors make! Listen to the children howling.

Maid: But that noise comes from your own nursery.

Woman: Really! The little darlings must be enjoying themselves.

•

"Are you sure your wife knows I'm going home to dinner with you?"

"Knows? I should say so! I argued with her about it this morning for half an hour."

•

Pat was a true son of Erin, and always ready for a joke. One day a farmer in passing him shouted good-humoredly:

"Bad luck to you, Pat!"

"Good luck to you, sir!" cried Pat. "May neither of us be right!"

•

"He is the secretary of a chess club."

"But what does he do?"

"He reads the hours of the last meeting."

•

"This train will soon go under the river."

"Shall I close the window so the water won't come in?"



"POP"

All Because of a Young Insurance Man, he had a Rendezvous with Death

By

P. P. Freeman

THE summer sun blistered the patched asphalt of Cherokee Street till the boils popped and rivulets of tar oozed toward the gutter. The leaves of the maple tree shading the walk and leaning its branches on the porch roof hung lifelessly, covered with dust which the wind, laden with the smoke and ash of the steel mill seemed too lazy to blow away. The pavement beneath the sudden shade of the maple was cracked; in places the slate had been repaired with broken brick. The porch, two rickety steps above, extended across the front of the narrow frame house. Like most porches in this steel town it had a railing just a comfortable distance above the floor—a comfortable distance for placing one's feet when reclining upon such a sultry day.

There were feet perched on the porch railing on this afternoon, the feet beyond the pudgy legs of "Pop" Schnable, between which he shot occasional squirts of tobacco juice into the dust between the house and the sidewalk.



Pop was a typical Pennsylvania Dutchman. His red distended nose separated overgrown cheeks which seemed to force his eyes, small, brown, and piggish, into a permanent squint. A false halo of what had once been red hair encircled his glistening head except where it gave way to a wrinkled forehead, lined, as usual with the lines of advancing age, but with some added as though in worry. He was dressed sloppily, not only because he couldn't afford nice clothes, but also because Pop was naturally careless all the way from his unkempt tobacco-stained mustache to his ragged worn brogues. And so, leaning back on two legs of what should have been a kitchen chair, eyes staring off into space from beneath troubled brows, Pop Schnable presented an odd picture.

He appeared, as he was, very much worried. The effort was so great that for a moment his face seemed to lose some of its innate child-like simplicity. He pursed his thick lips and spat into the parched dust with unnecessary violence. Never before had Pop worried with so much severity—never before had he had such cause for worry. He hadn't worried so much when he had lost his job at the steel works, for the pension would keep him from starving, and the government, thanks to the New Deal, would supplement it so that he might have an occasional beer. He hadn't worried so much when his daughter had run away—she was old enough to take care of herself, and hadn't he done all that a father can do for his child, fed her, clothed her, sent her to school, to Sunday school also? . . . even the Saturday nights he had come in late after pinochle he had risen early in the morning to see her off to Sunday school—and, if she wanted to make a fool of herself, that was her business. But his wife—Pop knew that a man of his age could hardly be as dutiful a husband for a woman fifteen years younger than he as he would like to be. He hadn't even ever thought he would have to worry about her. Still, this morning when he had returned from his daily walk about the town, during which he had gossipped with Ed Cook down at the garage, and Fred Birkle at the vegetable market they had talked of various things and persons, especially persons, laughing often at anecdotes and gossip of acquaintances), he had noticed a man leaving the house. His wife had chided him, said he was back earlier than usual, seemed over-solicitious about his health, rattled on like a nervous hen.

He hadn't mentioned the man to her. It seemed obvious that she was afraid that he had seen him. Well, he had.

Now, as he reclined bathing in the heat, Pop was a troubled, hurt human being. His Germanic pride had suffered a crushing blow. His mind dwelled upon the fact, played with it, amplified it to gigantic proportions till he felt sure he knew the significance of that man's leaving his house. Hadn't he taken those walks every morning at the same time, if the weather was nice? Certainly, a man can't neglect his friends; a man's friends and his wife are all a man has to make his old age bearable. But if his wife goes back on him, why his friends might also be lost to him. No, they would still be his friends; but how they would laugh behind his back. Just as he and Fred had laughed that day. He couldn't bear that. It would completely destroy him. (Pop's whole face contorted at the painful thought). Was this the sort of treatment he deserved after all these years together? Hadn't he brought Maria to this country from the "Fatherland"? Hadn't he made a home for her and the children which they had borne? Had he ever been unfaithful to her?

Miserably Pop lifted his bulk from the chair, spat his worn quid into the dirt, and shuffled morosely into the house. He waddled through the hall and dining room into the kitchen, got a glass out of the wall cupboard, a few cool bottles of beer from the ice-box, and eased himself into a chair before the kitchen table.

(*Continued on page eighteen*)

THE WARS

(*Continued from page four*)

DR. SLEDD

What then their cause can be?
The cause of all humanity;
The cause of those brave Belgian few
Who struggle oversea,
Not for vain meed of victory
But very home and kith and kin
And, with the strength their fathers knew,
Undying honour win.
And theirs the cause of that fair land
Once more gripped by the iron hand
That laid her greatness low.
Dauntless she grapples with her foe,
Knowing the end will be
Not mere defeat or victory:
But risen anew her olden fame
Or from its place blotted her very name.

But they are gone,
And all is still again.
Oh, England's youth, march surely on!
Not yours alone the foe:
The foe of all who love the right,
Of all who hate unmanly might.
With you to battle go
God speeds on all the winds that blow
From mine own land beyond the main.
Not yours alone the foe:
Comes ever England's hour of woe,
Her children hear beyond the main:
The Mother will not call in vain.

THE WARS

(*Continued from page five*)

ALESKY

on that memorable morning to this day, I haven't forgotten him for a minute. Two letters have I received from him: the first told of the terror in which he found his native land; and the second was written while he was seated in the rear of an army truck, while moving up to defend the Slovakian front.

Yesterday I read the morning paper and saw the account of the last day's fighting. A number of Poles had escaped from the vise set by the massed forces of Herr Hitler and Stalin and had fled into Rumania. Just below that same story, I saw where over 50,000 Poles had been killed in and around Lodz—Aleksy's hometown.

Every story concerning the war reminds me of my Polish comrade, who, little more than a month ago, told me that as a people Poland would never die, for there were religion, tradition, and music to hold them together. I can even imagine the playing of soft sonatas over fields of dead and dying, and I can see the priest sending the wounded upon their way with a smile upon their lips. I can hear the bells ring out the "die for your land" traditions of Poland; I can hear the musings of the myths as they pronounce the benediction over the fleeting souls of 100,000 men.

And through the sound of each bell, underneath the note of each musical murmur, and over the Holy Cross of every Catholic Church, I can see the face of Aleksy. Somehow his dreamy eyes seem to mock the thought of defeat, even when death kneels beside him.

(*Continued on page twenty*)

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WALL-FLOWERS AND NUTS

By Phil Highfill

Homer was a wall-flower. Yes he was. There was no gainsaying it. He didn't click. It wasn't so much that he didn't click that annoyed Homer. It was the fact that people nudged other people when Homer was around and said, "Isn't Homer a wall-flower?" which got on Homer's nerves something terrible, because people haven't been wall-flowers since 1923. They may be anti-social or cross-eyed or dull, but since the word "wall-flower" has gone archaic people just aren't wall-flowers any more. But Homer was. He was a wall-flower. It sort of dated him, and he didn't know what to do about it.

He didn't have Five O'clock Shadow because he used Gillette Blue-blades. What's more, he always shaved precisely at four-thirty-five, to obviate any possibility that the factory people had slipped him a bad blade. He had Hickok garters in every conceivable color and for every possible occasion. So sloppy socks didn't worry him a whit. And great guns! ever since that time his secretary had left those ads on his desk didn't he keep on hand a generous amount of both Lifebuoy and Listerine. And there was nothing wrong with his teeth, either, No, sir! Not Homer. Why, I'll bet, if Homer massaged his gums with Ipana once a day he did it twice! "Aha!" you say, "a Squirmer." But you are wrong. He had (censored) shorts, Jocky longs, Jocky mediums. And Pep! Good gosh! Homer *had* it! He just wouldn't EAT breakfast at a place that didn't serve All-Bran. But Homer certainly was a wall-flower. His skin was sallow, you hazard. Ha! He ate five yeast-cakes a day. He did better than that, oh, much better. He had a Barbasol Face!! And he *never* had jagged nerves or a head, keeping always to Camels and Four Roses. Not that he wasn't prepared for any such eventuality. He was. He could open his medicine chest behind the mirror over the basin and produce anything from Bromo-Seltzer to BiSoDol quick as a wink. Quicker.

Homer wore Hart-Schaffner-Marx suits, smoked Drinkless Kaywoodies, and kept his really admirable locks in place with Kremel. And although he probably wouldn't like me for spreading it around, he Luxed his undies every night.

But he was a wall-flower. What *was* the matter with Homer? Homer was nuts.

New men will be added to various departments of the college, according to a rumor on the campus. Among others, General Electric is going to instruct a course in current events; Herr Hitler is to direct new course in European history (subject to change without notice); and Grover Whalen has already taken over the weather department. His first report was "fair today and tomorrow."

A local young swain was overheard recently in a conversation with a jane over the telephone. He had asked her for a date on the coming Saturday night, and when she said, "I already have a date" he asked her for dates for the next four successive Saturday nights. Each of those was also taken with dates. Finally in disgust he said, "Don't you ever take a bath, gal!"

Campus handshakers, who complain about there being so much work in local politics should look over the following expense account turned in by a county politician in New Mexico:

Expense Statement of Bill Briden:
Punched on 37 punchboards.
Bought 84 bottles of beer.
Two hundred thirty-one coca-colas.
Killed two horses and one jassack and wore out one automobile in traveling 72,609 miles.
Kissed 73 babes and one woman.
Got the promise of 3,000 votes, received 595 of them.
Loaned two-bits 105 times.
Walked 722 miles.
Missed 35 meals.
Told 423 lies.
Was lied about 1,749 times.
Went broke four times.
Got beat once.
Politics is hell.
Goodbye.



The Vogue
Shop For Men

"POP"

(*Continued from page fifteen*)

Placing the bottles on the worn, frayed oil-cloth covered table, and opening a bottle, he poured the amber draught into his glass, and gulped it down. Disconsolate as he was, the drink did not refresh Pop at all. It served merely to increase his mental anguish. He drank on.

Now Pop never had been drunk. His capacity was enormous. But today, the combination of heat, worry, and beer did have a stupefying effect. Under the spell of these three, Pop began to day-dream of the past. His thoughts went back to the day in the valley near Leipzig where, amid the huzzas of his friends, he had taken as his wife, Maria, the brown-eyed burgomaster's daughter. Those had been proud days. Then came the voyage to America. How they had dreamt of the new land of opportunity. And it had been, for a while, a wonderful place. In the growing town where steel was made he found a job working in the plant. He was young and strong, glowing in strength. He had accepted a job as "pot-handler" removing the fiery urns of steel from the pit of the Bessemer furnace. They had built this home; it was a pretty house then, a long time ago; and they had been very happy in it.

A belch shook his frame and brought him back, with an unpleasant jolt, to the present. He stared about him at the ugly iron stove across the room, the cupboard, the ancient slate sink beneath it, the old ice-box, and the ragged curtains before the open windows through which no air stirred to banish the stench of bad beer mingled with the odor of dirt and heat.

Suddenly a new thought came to Pop. Why go on like this? What was there to live for in this age? He had lost money, health, job, and now the last vestiges of self-respect were to be torn from him. He rose unsteadily from his chair and staggered to his room up the narrow creaking stairs. Fumbling through his dresser drawer he found what he was seeking. Gingerly he turned it over in his hands, turning it around rapidly, undecidedly. Then contemplatively, examining the marking, the serial number, the chambers, looking down the long blue-black barrel. Suddenly, without any warning there was a sharp report. Pop stumbled backward, upset a chair and landed sprawling on the floor. He lay still.

Surprised and frightened by the noise, Maria came loping into the room. She screamed when she saw Pop on the floor. She rushed to his side and kneeled beside him patting his face, and calling his name. Pop stirred, opening his eyes he saw Maria and grinned stupidly. Slowly Pop sat up, rubbing the back of his head; as he looked up he gaped at a large hole in the plaster where the bullet had torn through the ceiling.

Maria somehow realized what he had attempted and began to cry. Why, she wanted to know, had he done this? Was he tired of her, of life in general? Reticently Pop stammered out the whole story of his misery and dejection. Maria was astonished, then amused. "Why, my dear," she said, "the young man was only an insurance salesman. And I had just taken out a policy on your life."

* * *

The autumn sun glowed dimly through the gray

(*Continued on page twenty*)

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"THE MEN'S SHOP"

"FILLER IS---"

By Phil Highfill

Do you know what a filler is? Neither do I. All I know is that along about time for this almanac to go to press the editor comes around with a perturbed expression on his usually fatuous face and says, write some fillers, which we all try to do. The trouble is if you hand him a short one he says what the hell, what am I gonna do about this other two inches, you know we have a policy against stealing jokes and if you hand him a long one he says all right Margaret Mitchell, how in Caesar's name am I going to cut this tripe so that it makes even as much sense as it does uncut. So there you have a dilemma and what's more probably the crux of the reason why all journalists who do not get to be editors either turn out to be screwballs or drunks or some other kind of public charge. So it comes to mind with all of you perhaps that the thing to do is viz: murder all editors and run a publication along communistie lines with not even a chief commissar or anything or else militate sternly against fillers because after all blank space is so restful.

We really didn't mean to, honest, but it seems as a result of the aforegoing expression of our general disgust and discontent we have not only defined but written another filler.

THE WARS

(Continued from page sixteen)

In his frozen, cynical smile, he belittles the deeds of a conqueror, as if tomorrow he will begin anew to rebuild a nation. To the right of him crumbles his home, a victim of the highly mechanized air warfare; to his left crouches his unborn son, ready to claim the ruins of Poland tomorrow.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

"ME AND THE PERFESSOR WENT PLACES . . . "

(Continued from page nine)

eity, I knew that my holiday was drawing near to the end of the roll. It was with reluctance that I slipped into my case and heard the Perfessor say, "Well, old boy, you've been good, but we're back into old stamping grounds once more. I guess you're glad to be back to U.S.A., New York, and soon to Wake Forest?"

"Well," I told him, "I don't mean to complain, but this sure isn't Hollywood. Ah, je regrette, je regrette—beaucoup de, beaucoup de—." Perhaps I shouldn't have acted so disappointed at the end, since the Perfessor had been so good to me. But I guess it's just the candid in me.

THE DOCTOR GETS RESULTS

(Continued from page ten)

ago. I'm joining her there in about a week, and we are to be married as soon as she gets her divorce."

"Well, well, that's great," Dr. Morgan laughed, "You know, I always get results from my cases."

Phil paid his bill and started to leave. As he reached the door, he turned back.

"Say, Doc, would you like to see a picture of the bride-to-be."

"Certainly."

Phil took a small photograph from his pocket and handed it to him. As the doctor looked at it, his knees buckled under him, and his face turned an ashy pale.

"Good God, man!" he gasped, "this is my wife!"

'POP"

(Continued from page eighteen)

skies. The maple tree was a mass of color dropping leaves onto the cracked sidewalk, the rickety steps and the porch roof.

Lazily squirting tobacco juice into the earth next to the porch, his cherubie face ladened with complaceney, Pop sat in his customary place. As he shifted his quid from one rotund jowl to the other he felt a twinge in his left shoulder. "It must be going to rain," he thought.

MOON GOD OVER KOWLOON

(Continued from page seven)

opium and tell his customers that the old priest, your father, will not live to see the next feast of the moon." They looked at each other again. Sai Chaat did not answer, did not flicker an eyelid, but he moved the cup with his fingernail.

The gods must have whispered it to the priest, for it was a known fact in the course of a day. The skinny hawker who sold almond cakes on the corner of Hia Fong road gave the first hint. He swatted a fly off his naked chest and yelled to the public to buy moon cakes . . . almond cakes . . . please the gods, for the feast of the moon was drawing nigh. After that it was a known fact that the third day would be the feast to the god of night light. The cry went far and wide. Every door was adorned with gold-sprinkled paper to mislead all evil spirits trying to enter. Old women, painted girls, and squalling babies were taken to the temple to be blessed. Wives, concubines, and others bought choice foods, rice liquor, and bootlegged opium to fill the tables. Servants for the whites told the missie that they must have a few days off to go home to worship in their family temples. Even the beggars smiled and went hungry a day to save enough to buy rice liquor for the day of the feast.

And then they started coming. On junks, sampans, rickshaws, sedan chairs, and on foot. From nearby villages on the Chinese side of the humps of the nine dragons as the mountains that rise above the settlement are called, from islands, from Swatow, Canton, Saam Sui, Fat Shan, and a million other centers of Chinese existence. From the highest landlord to the lowly scraper who scrapes the earth for a living, the flow of humanity came. Every section of Kowloon was packed.

Sai Chaat entered Po's tea house with the knowledge that he would be welcomed. A record was playing a Chinese air, and as the squeaking notes struck his ears he realized that the same piece was playing the last time he entered. In the interior the odor of several Oriental dishes mingled with the sounds of the record and the clatter of voices and rice pots. Sai Chaat did not stop in the eating room, but slid back into the shadows where a slim Chinaman gave him a hard look which gradually turned into recognition. Without a word a door was opened in what seemed to be the wall and he walked straight to Po who sat at a table.

The room was crowded. Clouds of smoke circled upward, hit the dirty ceiling and started down once again. Men sat, stood, and sprawled on mats and talked in low mumbles. Young girls passed among the men and poured drinks and delivered the little opium pills they continually demanded. This was the secret to Po's success.

When the crowd saw who was present, silence descended for a second, and then there was a mad scramble to crowd around Po's table where Sai Chaat had seated himself. They bowed and then opened a barrage of questions. Is the priest ready for the great feast tomorrow? Has the bearded seventh son enough breath to calm the surging of the masses? Have you taken over the duties that mean great riches and the pleasure of caressing the highest lord's concubine?

Sai Chaat drank several small cups of rice liquor. The group continued to ask questions. He looked at each one to see if any strangers were in the crowd. Two or three stood on the edge of the group, but when he turned to Po as if to inquire as to their loyalty, Po nodded his head before any word could be spoken. Everyone was safe, and Sai Chaat held up his long fingernail as a sign that he was about to speak.

"Friends," he began, "it is done. The priest coughed and spit white this morning. I followed instructions. The priest is dead . . . he was the only man who could stop us by calling on the great god of the moon . . . I am now your priest. Go and get every dog of a Nippon that stays on the water front. Bring them to the temple . . . our fathers shall be avenged."

"Ah, a thousand times so," murmured the group and they faded from the room.

Scattered over a wide area, scrimming through various alleys, and searching for attentive ears, the group gained many converts. The hawker with the wax dolls on the corner of Mo Tze road listened and nodded approval. The beggar sitting on the curb at the fish market smiled and told the woman who dropped a penny on his mat. She hurried home and told her husband who at that time was making eyes at one of his maids. The dung coolie learned that something was about to take place and rushed to tell the hawker with the portable restaurant. He swung down into Mong Kok and the news was transferred by a rickshaw coolie to Saam Sui Po, and on into Li Chi Kok. From mouth to mouth, ear to ear, the tale changed forms many times.

Sai Chaat did not leave the building. He went into the back room where Po's daughter stood at the window. He entered and sat on the edge of the bed. She turned, and upon recognition brought a container of rice liquor. He drank deeply, sat the container on the floor, and pulled the girl to him. She drew back at first, but the grip tightened and she was clasped close to him. She whimpered. "I'm the priest . . . the

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representative of the god . . . the bearded father is no more and now you can't refuse me." The girl put her arms around his neck and gave a long sigh. . . .

The mob collected in front of Po's tea house soon reached the number that causes the long arm of the law to investigate. A Hindu policeman, hired by the British authorities of nearby Hong Kong, realized something was amiss. He opened the box on the wall at the corner to telephone headquarters in upper Kowloon. As his hand reached for the receiver a blow knocked his turban from his head, and he fell to the ground without a sound.

Men began to push and heave. The low rumble changed from a monotonous babble of voices to the mad crescendo of insanity. Coolies clutched bamboo poles, beggars licked their lips and gathered pieces of bricks, merchants forgot, rubbed shoulders with their inferiors, and wormed their way into Po's to secure possible weapons. The mass began to move towards the settlement where the Nippon merchants dwelled.

Women and children tried to get out of the crowd, but those too deep within its heaving clutches were either pushed on or trampled into unconsciousness as they fell. Sai Chaat entered the crowd and wormed his way towards the settlement. He passed men and women pushing—pushing to an unknown—and was about to move on when he felt the soft pressure of a woman behind him. She was pressed close by hundreds behind her, and the thin silk of her garment refused to hide her rounded form. He squirmed around, faced her, and reached for her.

She screamed and scratched his face. He fought back and ripped the silk from her breast. She screamed again—a man's name—and as his hands moved over her he suddenly went limp and slid to the road.

Feet passed over him for a long time, then it was quiet. Sai Chaat opened his eyes and looked at the moon high above. He felt the warm trickle of blood from the knife wound in his back. He tried to get up —to turn over—but he could not. He mumbled ". . . carpenter's daughter . . . child . . . must be . . . worthy priest . . . ," and then lay still as the moon god laughed and slipped behind a cloud.

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The STUDENT



Vol. LVI NOVEMBER No. 2

Famous Yachtsman calls Camels—"The best cigarette buy"

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SAYS JOHN S. DICKERSON, JR.



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Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

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1 Camels were found to contain *more tobacco by weight* than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 Camels burned *slower* than any other brand tested—25% slower than the average time of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of *5 extra smokes per pack!*

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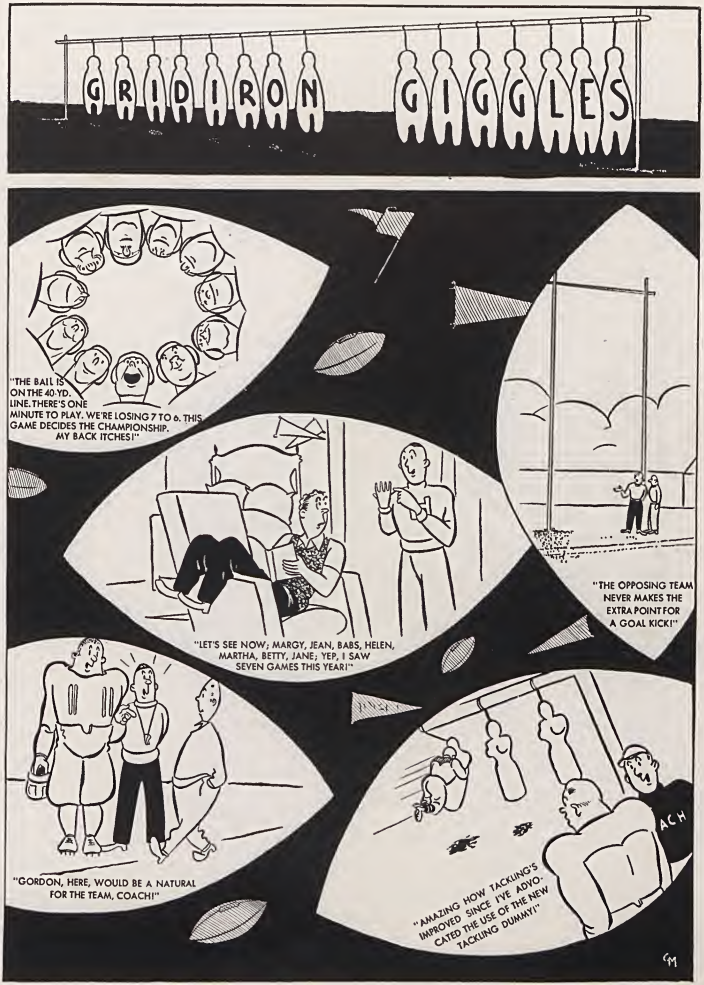
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NATURALLY, a cigarette noted for its generous content of better tobacco gives you better cigarette value, doesn't it? Especially when that same brand smokes longer, slower—gives *more* smoking—than the average of all the other 15 brands compared in laboratory tests! Yes, there *is* such a cigarette. Its name is Camel. Full details are told at right—the results of recent searching tests by impartial scientists. These tests confirm what many smokers have long observed for themselves.

For instance, "Jack" Dickerson *(above, left)*, prominent in yachting circles of the Eastern seaboard, says: "Yacht racing is one hobby of mine and you might call Camel cigarettes another. I turned to Camels because they burn longer, smoke milder. They go farther—give extra smoking and always have a fresh, appealing flavor." Camels are mellow, fragrant with the aroma of choice tobaccos in a matchless blend. Turn to Camels, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos, for more pleasure, more smoking.

Camels—*Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*


GRIDIRON GIGGLES
"THE BALL IS ON THE 40-YD. LINE. THERE'S ONE MINUTE TO PLAY. WE'RE LOSING 7 TO 6. THIS GAME DECIDES THE CHAMPIONSHIP. MY BACK ITCHES!"
"LET'S SEE NOW; MARGY, JEAN, BABS, HELEN, MARTHA, BETTY, JANE, YEP, I SAW SEVEN GAMES THIS YEAR!"
"THE OPPOSING TEAM NEVER MAKES THE EXTRA POINT FOR A GOAL KICK!"
"GORDON, HERE, WOULD BE A NATURAL FOR THE TEAM, COACH!"
"AMAZING HOW TACKLING'S IMPROVED SINCE I'VE ADVOCATED THE USE OF THE NEW TACKLING DUMMY!"
ACH
GM



"Don't you think Malcolm is carrying the odd trousers and coat fad a bit too far?"

THE STUDENT

VOLUME LVI *for* NOVEMBER NUMBER 2

In This Case

ON THE COVER: Demon Deacons of the parade that they are, Marshall Durham, left, and Kenneth Smith, right, lead the crack Wake Forest band into action at football games, various types of parades, or concerts. Justly boasting one of the best bands in the history of the school, beyond all doubt, Wake Forest musicians are led by these men whose task has been executed in the most creditable manner. Flash, fire, and coördination are essential requirements in their business, and both men are above-the-average in qualifications. Assisted by some seventy other members of the band, these strutting Deacons pace the campus spirit and color in all intercollegiate athletic events, and oftentimes they appear with the band in concerts or other forms of collective entertainment. The photo on the cover was taken by Robert Scott, ace photographer of THE STUDENT staff and director of the College Photo Service.

FOR THEIR orderly conduct congratulations are in order to the Wake Forest students who attended the Pan-Hellenic Pledge Dance in the Durham Armory the evening of October 28. There is quite an interesting story attached to our knowledge of the very good order which prevailed in the ranks of the Deacontown jubilants. Frank Castlebury, president of the Pan-Hellenic Council, heard a member of the police force of Durham say that "The Wake Forest boys have been the most orderly of any group to attend a dance in Durham Armory." To be sure that he would not be accused of stretching a point, President Castlebury asked the cop to give him a signed statement to that effect.

IN CONNECTION with the band we owe Professor Donald Pfohl a hand of congratulation and a word of appreciation for the role which he has played in the shaping of a band of which every Wake Forest student is justly and enthusiastically proud. The spirit in which they have been welcomed marks the invaluable part which a good band plays on any college campus. Associated with the band is the glee club —some seventy-five members strong. The valuable source of entertainment for the public and training for the members of the group afforded by this organization is incalculable. And for it all we extend a word of personal and collective appreciation to the leader of a band of amateur musicians and the sincere friend of a large group of college students—Donald Pfohl.



Professor Donald Pfohl

PRESS CONVENTIONS are states of mind. This month we had the pleasure of attending the fall convention, which was held in Raleigh. We say it's a state of mind, because the life is too good for the average journalist ever to know. First there's a banquet, then a dance, then a little work, beautiful girls all the while, and then there's a little business, too. But we're all for them: just think, we'd never know what we were missing by not being a politician, lawyer, or doctor if there weren't such things as college press conventions. May their cause be perpetuated!

WHILE NUMEROUS football hangers-on all over the nation have already begun to groom their favorites for All-American positions, Wake Forest has the right to single out the local boys who have gained interstate recognition. The entire team, however, deserves a hand for their unforgettable performance in the Duke game on October 28. Among other comments of praise for the Walkermen, Wallace Wade was quoted by the Winston-Salem *Journal* as saying, "Wake Forest is the best team we've met so far"—which includes Colgate, Syracuse, and Pitt. And the writer went a step farther to say that the Deacon's running attack was the best ever to be seen in the Duke Stadium, including the Pittsburgh "dream backfield" of last season. In the same connection it is interesting to note the various expressions among the students here. One says, "Mayberry will outsmart the opposing field general on any play," or "Pate is the captain coaches often dream about and seldom find," and a most prominent one, "You can bet your boots that Ringgold was on the bottom of that tackle."

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A Man, A Princess, A Lock of Hair

Being the Story of an Alumnus Who Fell in Love With a Woman Dead 150 Years

By

Ray Pittman

THERE is a garden of roses and clipped evergreens on the spot now and the sisters of the Convent of the Perpetual Adoration keep an eternal vigil in their rambling home in the garden, caring for the graves and praying for the souls of the heroes who lie among the evergreens. But it was not always thus. On that sultry July night in 1794 when the Princess de Monaco pressed a lock of her hair into the hand of the grim man who stood beside her, the garden was a patchwork of trenches where the blood of the aristocracy of France ran red among the maimed bodies. Where the Princess stood, in the foreground, was a gaunt scaffold, and here, as night fell, the royalty of France paid its last sacrifice to the Reign of Terror, leaving behind a professional executioner who held a lock of golden hair in his palm.

A century and a quarter later J. D. Hufham stood in a mansion in Paris and held in his hand the lock of hair that the Princess de Monaco had left to her two small daughters, "Because it is all I have to leave." Those daughters had survived the Revolution, had grown, and now the grandson of one of them stood silently beside J. D. Hufham of Wake Forest and Washington, who reverently, tremblingly, held this last souvenir of a great soul who died through motherly devotion to her daughters.

It was a Sunday in 1932, and scarce hours earlier Mr. Hufham and the Count de Chabrillan had followed in a chauffeured limousine the path that the Princess de Monaco had led to the guillotine. They had lingered in the garden and prayed with the sisters of the Convent of the Perpetual Adoration for the soul of the dead Princess, and as they had prayed Mr. Hufham had been reminded of that Sunday one year earlier when he had consecrated his life to the ideals and purity which the lovely Princess symbolized.

It had been on a March Sunday in Washington. A Wake Forest graduate of 1896, Mr. Hufham had been connected with the Interstate Commerce Commission since 1916, and was at the same time the Washington correspondent of a New York magazine. He had stopped in the National Press Club on his return from church.

It was in an *Illustrated London News* that he saw her picture. Her portrait and the picture of her lock of hair were reproduced as being among the souvenirs of the French Revolution on exhibit at the Paris Musee Carnavalet.

"It made me angry to think that such a lovely woman had died in such futility. I almost—well, actually did fall in love with her. She was so charming, so sweet, so lovely."

Mr. Hufham telephoned the French embassy and asked for the names of any surviving relatives.

"I determined to make a study of this great woman the mission of my life, and upon receiving the address of the Count de Chabrillan, great-grandson of the Princess, I immediately wrote to him. I told the Count that I was not interested in having him endorse a toothpaste ad, nor was my letter a stunt or a farce in any way. I told him that I was greatly interested in the Princess as a great woman, and that as for Robespierre and her persecutors I would like to go over and dig up their bones and throw them uncovered into the Mediterranean Sea.

"I received an appreciative and exceedingly cordial letter from the Count, in which he told me to please look him up if I ever came to Paris."

On his thirty-day leave from work the following year Mr. Hufham's opportunity came, and he spent his vacation with the Count de Chabrillan at his town home in Paris.

"I never met the Countess, as she was away at their country estate in Burgundy, but each year I send her 100 francs to buy flowers and place upon the grave of the Princess on the anniversary of her execution, July 27."

Mr. Hufham, now 66 years old and never married, is making his permanent home in Wake Forest, and as I talked to him recently in his room at Wooten's Hometel, he told me not only the romantic story of the Princess, but of his own historical background and of the Wake Forest that he knew in the Nineties.

He was propped up in bed—as was the French diplomat whom he once interviewed at the Harding Disarmament Conference ("foolish meeting") at Washington. As I entered I noticed a magnificent oil portrait on the center of his bureau, a picture of the Princess, at which he glanced constantly during the course of my visit.

With his gray head secure upon the pillows, he flexed his fingers and told in a slow and retrospective manner how he had entered Wake Forest in 1892.

He had come from a long line of Duplin County Baptists. His father, J. D. Hufham, had been prominent as a minister in the days before and after the War. A Wake Forest graduate of 1856, he had edited and published the *Biblical Recorder* during the War Between the States. It was the only religious newspaper of the Confederacy that lived through the hectic days of the War. During the Reconstruction Era, he had served as corresponding secretary of the state Baptist Convention, and had been active in re-establishing the denomination on its former firm basis. His brother, T. M. Hufham, a Wake man of '89, was president of Mars Hill College from 1890 until 1894.

Eighteen hundred ninety-four, by the way, Mr. Hufham pointed out, was the date that Dr. Gorrell came down from the uplands of Virginia to take over the modern language department at Wake Forest. Mr. Hufham was taking both French and German at the time, taking them under Dr. "Slick" Sledd. When Dr. Gorrell was made modern language head, "Slick" assumed his duties as head of the English department. Mr. Hufham a member of the first German class Dr. Gorrell taught, of the first English class "Slick" Sledd taught.

Mr. Hufham finished school and embarked upon a career as a railroad man, a clerk in the Wake Forest bank of Tom Holding, Sr., a schoolteacher, a newspaperman at cities as far south as Wilmington, N. C., and as far north as Rutland, Vermont, and finally a freight rate clerk for the Interstate Commerce Commission.



Shown above is the lock of hair which was cut from the head of the Princess de Monoca, heroine of our story, after her execution.



A portrait of the Princess de Monoca.

But Mr. Hufham talked reluctantly of himself, eagerly of the Princess de Monaco.

"The tragic note in the Princess' death," he said as his eyes wandered to the portrait on the bureau, "was that her life could have been saved.

"You remember, of course, how on July 27, 1794, Robespierre rose before his Assembly, and how the indignation that had been gradually accumulating descended upon him. A man in the back of the Assembly arose and shouted 'Let's send him to hell to lick up the blood he has spilt.' The overthrow of the Robespierre government resulted that day, and when Tallien immediately assumed the head of the new government he ordered the executions stopped. But the messenger that was dispatched to Le Force, the prison where the Princess was being held, broke a leg when his horse fell and he arrived at the prison too late."

The Princess' life could have been spared, too, he explained, had she been content to remain in Italy, where she had fled at the outbreak of the Revolution. But her daughters had been left in France with the ruling Prince of Monaco. The 73-year old Prince had been jailed, his estate confiscated, and the governess of the children executed. Another governess had taken charge of the two daughters, but through fear of the consequences, she had written a note to the Prince. The Princess had gathered a large supply of gold and left for France to rescue her children. There she had been seized by Robespierre, tried and convicted of having brought the gold as funds with which to start a counter-revolution.

Mr. Hufham treasures the relics that he has of the martyred Princess. He has numerous pictures of her, books, and a portrait of the lock of hair which he once held—which was, by the way, cut off by the Princess herself with a piece of glass which she broke from a window in her prison.

At present Mr. Hufham spends his time in research

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Mr. Hufham, shown above, the "man" of the fascinating story of life, is an alumnus of Wake Forest.

Poet of Autumn

John Charles McNeill—A Student at Wake Forest Forty-five Years Ago, and a Man Whose Poetry Belonged to North Carolina, the South and America

By Jay Jenkins

SEASONAL poets leave their stamps of inspiration upon the appreciative audiences of their day: some speak of the romance of the icy wintry winds, while others find joy in the hot stillness of a summer day; many write and have written of the revival of life and love in the springtime, but few capture the true beauty of a colorful autumn, despite the fact that numerous efforts are put forth by the inspired autumnal poets.

It was forty-five years ago this very autumn that a lad, who later beeame an autumnal poet of North Carolina, and entered Wake Forest. His name was John Charles McNeill, and he probably blushed as he handed to Dr. Sledd the first poem he confessed to writing.

It is fitting then, that we go back for an instant and review briefly the life and a portion of the works of John Charles McNeill, a son of Wake Forest and an autumnal poet who succeeded in capturing the sheer beauty of his favorite season.

John Charles McNeill, second son of Duncan and Euphemia Livingston McNeill was born at Riverton-on-the Lumbee River, near what is now Wagram in Scotland County, on July 26, 1874. His ancestors were Scotch and of noble blood, having settled at Riverton, or in that vicinity, when the first Scotch settlers came to America.



John Charles McNeill, 1874-1907

Captain Duncan McNeill, his father, was a graduate of Trinity College and also a poet. To his parents, McNeill was very devoted. He dedicated the following poem to his mother:

To you, dear mother heart, whose hair is gray
Above this page today,
Whose face, though lined with many a smile
and eare,
Grows year by year more fair.

Be tenderest tribute set in perfect rhyme,
That haply passing time
May cull and keep it for strange lips to pay
When we have gone our way;

And, to strange men, weary of field and street,
Should this, my song seem sweet,
Yours be the joy, for all that made it so.
You know, dear heart, you know.

Riverton has not a single store, post office, or any other kind of business establishment. Every family living there is related to all other inhabitants, and a close bond of affection unites them all. The houses are attractive, simple, but their beauty is enhanced by flowers and vines, as well as huge trees, that are kept in perfect trim. Negro cabins dot the flat, sandy fields. The black, curving Lumbee River wends its way between cypress trees, with lofty pines standing majestically in the background. This was McNeill's home and how he loved it! You have only to glance briefly at his poems to discover what a hold his native soil had on him.

Here he spent his happy boyhood, living the life of a normal, healthy country lad. All who knew him loved him, because his personality radiated joy, and his deep, expressive eyes told of a man who really loved his companions, his home, and nature.

When his father would send him to the farm to plow, McNeill would jog down the white, hard road on a mule, has long legs hung carelessly over the sides. Out of sight of his father, the mule would curiously find the shortest route to the cool shade of the cypress trees bordering the banks of the Lumbee, and McNeill would spend hours upon hours by his favorite stream with his dog, Tige. A book of poems by Burns were almost as much a part of his varied assortment of things in his pocket as was his jack-knife, and he read them with pleasure. One of the more distasteful duties to him was "holdin' off the calf" at milking time. He wrote a poem on this and it reveals what a master of the Negro dialect he was. He had listened avidly to the speech of the many colored people who worked in the fields, and reproduced it correctly to an amazing degree.

When the dogwoods began to blossom in the spring, off would come the shoes of McNeill and his comrades and kinsmen, the "sunburnt boys." He says:

Down on the Lumbee River
Where the eddies ripple cool
Your boat, I know glides stealthily
About some shady pool.

The summer's heats have lulled asleep
The fish-hawks chattering noise,
And all the swamp lies hushed about
You sunburnt boys.

You see the minnow's waves that rock
The eradled lily leaves.
From a far field some farmer's song,
Singing among his sheaves,
Comes mellow to you where you sit,
Each man with boatman's poise,
There, in the shimmering water lights,
You sunburnt boys.

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BASHFUL SENIOR

By

Wells Norris

PERCIVAL was an erudite senior. Tomorrow he would graduate from dear old Pomona. But that was not the interesting news. He, Percival ("Batch") Pennel, B.S. (almost), was, according to a rumor that floated around the campus, having a fair lady down for commencement exercises—a rumor sufficient to create a furor that surpassed even the European terror created by Herr Hitler and his curmudgeons.

This change in Percival's demeanor, considering the four years which he had spent at Pomona without anyone's having seen him with a date, was the topic of conversation over the entire oak-shaded campus. The discovery was made by Percival's freshman roommate, Butler, and was now known to practically every student on the campus. The news was divulged to Butler the preceding night after he and Percival had gone to bed. Each was lost in a twilight haze of memories summoned up by the ending of the college year. Percival had four years of recollections to fondle, Butler only one. But in many ways it seemed that the freshman had crowded more experiences into his short college stay than the senior had known; in the social line, for instance: Butler was a mixer, with men and girls. Few week-ends found him without dates for Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights. He'd often tried to take Percival, but the latter always refused. Too busy with classwork (he was an honor student). Too busy with Old Neae's papers (he was a departmental assistant). Too busy writing letters home (Butler knew he had never written one in the past year to a "Miss"). The nickname of "Batch" had been his long before Butler came to Pomona, but the freshman often reflected how well it fitted his roommate.

As they lay in the dark, Butler asked with an attempt at humor: "Are you going to have a fair lady down for graduation tomorrow Batch?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah. Sure."

Butler almost jumped out of bed. He was on the trail of the hottest news since old Professor Jenkins married the Widow Alison the night before mid-term exams. He pointed question after question to Percival, but Pennel revealed little of his plans. He merely answered in an indefinite, far-away manner. He did say once, however, that when he received his diploma, he would explain one or two things.

Each of his statements served only to arouse the too-much-for-his-own-good curiosity which the roommate possessed. And what Freshman Butler discovered the campus soon new. He left no stone unturned, but scurried thither and yon to scatter the "grand finale" of seasonal jokes. Before he left the room the next morning, Batch pleaded with Butler to lay off the news spreading. "I'll tell you all tonight"—he told Butler. Butler gave his promise, but his confidential statements among his hundred so-called friends soon gave the campus a knowing smile when any student chanced to meet Percival.

They would play a good trick on "Ole Batch." After his girl-friend arrived from Leversville they would sneak around, and whenever the occasion presented itself, they would proceed to flirt with her—just to boil the blood of the bookworm suitor.

However, their plan was dealt a crushing blow: Alice, the fair lady's name, refused to heed a single one of their attempts to draw her into conversation. And the thing that made it hurt was that she was about the most beautiful bit of imported beauty to be found on the campus that day. The boys were more than amazed; they were sure that something was wrong somewhere.

Slowly, almost painfully slow, the long file of figures draped in sweeping gowns and capped with tasseled boards moved down the aisle. Two hundred men were taking the semi-final step forward toward a college degree. They filed into the front rows of seats reserved for them and sat down in unison. Shortly, their names were to be called—one by one.

"Percival P. Pennel," rang out distinctly in the hushed chapel. A black form emerged from the sea of square-topped caps and edged by four figures in the row. It reached the aisle with the cap tilted slightly, and when it faced the audience, a pair of black-rimmed, sunken-eyes stared into the profusion of whirling faces. In eight more paces, this same form extended a trembling hand from beneath black folds and clutched the white roll in a death grip.

As Percival headed back up the aisle to his seat, every eye pointed piercingly at him. Someone snickered behind a handkerchief and several feet stirred noisily. He reddened momentarily, and then slid back into his seat.

Forty-five minutes later several of the boys saw Batch cross the campus, girl by his side, headed for the downtown hotel. They started in the same direction, falling in behind the couple and walking cautiously in order to make an attempt to hear what Batch might have to say to the charming young lady. Percival was holding the diploma out in front of him; both had their eyes fixed upon it. Neither said anything for a moment, but each seemed to harbor delightful thoughts of a definite accomplishment.

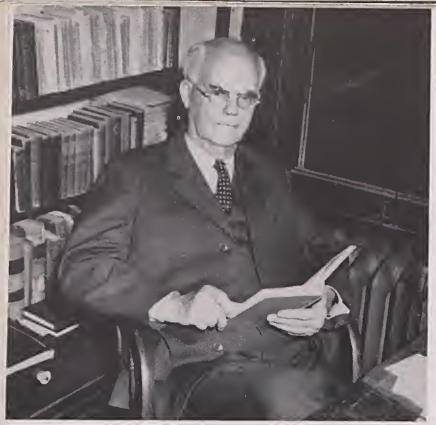
"It's an unusual situation," Batch told Butler later in the evening after he had returned to the room. Butler was all ears.

"You see, she couldn't afford to come down during the year," he continued, taking off his tie and unlacing his shoes. "She couldn't afford it for two reasons, and one of them was financial. The other was that she might have lost her job as a school teacher."

"Lose her job—?" Butler queried spontaneously.

"To get back to the beginning," Batch started again, "she couldn't afford it financially because she's had a tough time of it. No, she doesn't have any dependents at home, but, you see, Butler, the whole thing is that I have borrowed money from her all along, to make

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Recollections of

Eighteen Years of Service on the Magazine Was Quite an Experience—and Our Author is Able to Tell it

(Editor's Note: We chanced to drop in for a chat with Dr. Gorrell the other day. In his inimitable manner he told us of several things which he had thought about and done since his retirement from active service in the classroom. Among other items, he chanced to mention a bit of work he had done, for his own personal pleasure, and in which he had set down a few recollections of his eighteen years of connection with The Student. We requested that he let us use it, and he graciously consented. We are indeed indebted to the "Herr Doctor" for his contribution.)

ONE of the most interesting and arduous and, in my opinion, most important jobs outside of my classroom at Wake Forest College was my connection with the Wake Forest Student. During my first twelve years of residence in Wake Forest, I would contribute occasional articles for The Student, especially reminiscences of European travels, descriptions of former teachers at Washington and Lee and some results of my philological activities at the Johns Hopkins University.

In 1906 I was asked to serve as Faculty Editor of the magazine, which position I held until June 1924, and during the long period of eighteen years I carefully read through all the manuscripts submitted, accepting or rejecting articles, and "blue-penciled" many a choice but unsuitable reference that would be offered by student-editors who have since attained renown as writers. This toil was, however, amply compensated by the uniform courtesy shown me by my fellow-workmen and the contagious and irrepressible enthusiasm combined with indefatigable labor at times that prevailed among the student-editors and business-managers.

The magazine showed at first poor business-management and was always "running into the red" which was without objection paid by the generosity of the Societies. But this laxness gave me much trouble and in the second year of my service I called in my close friend among the students, S. Wait Brewer, now a Trustee of the College, and we guessed that the trouble was due to the fact that the Business-Manager whose duty it was to arrange for prices of publication, to make advertising contracts and to secure subscription payments, was elected to serve during the calendar year.

The fact was that a new Business-Manager was thus elected right in the midst of the session and had to take over and complete the work of his predecessor. There was no incentive for a capable man to plan the business-part of the publication and carry it through to successful consummation. By gentle pressure brought by me on the Societies Mr. Brewer was, after finishing up the work of the one semester reappointed for the entire succeeding session, and the enthusiasm and capability he displayed, turning the deficit into a surplus, resulted in a permanent election for the fiscal- rather than the calendar-year and provided a comparatively handsome surplus for every succeeding session.

Thus with some funds on hand, I suggested that an attempt be made to secure an almost indispensable necessity—a complete file of the magazine from the beginning. I had noticed on the book-shelves of President Charles E. Taylor, some twenty or more bound volumes of the first issues of The Student. The first fifty dollars in our Treasury were spent in securing these volumes; and then there was the greatest difficulty confronting us—the search for the many, many copies to fill the lacuna between those early volumes and the present issues. It required two or three years to gather together the missing copies and to advertise for copies that could not be found in Wake Forest, but fortunately, after searching attics and receptacles and obtaining magazines from remote parts of the State, the complete file was on hand.

A considerable sum was then spent in rebinding in a suitable format the already bound copies and in binding the loose copies in the same uniform format and at last we rejoiced in the possession of a complete bound file of the magazine. At first the bound volumes were kept in a book-case in my office in old Wait Hall, but in dread of fire (which actually a few years later destroyed Wait Hall and all my valuable books and papers stored in the office) we moved them first to the fire-proof vault of the Bursar and when the new fire-proof building for the College Library was provided, this invaluable assemblage of volumes was granted a special series of shelves where they now are stacked.

After the files of The Student had been bound and placed on the Library shelves for reference, it occurred to the Editors that the lack of a card-catalog was a serious hindrance to its usefulness. I had received a number of requests for articles that had appeared in issues many years back. These I found it impossible to locate. With the same spirit of enthusiasm we attacked this problem. A large number of library cards were purchased and the simple system of assigning to each article as well as editorial, two cards under the respective heads of Title and Author was adopted. To each one of the Editors during the session 1915-16 were assigned a number of volumes and, mainly under the able and accurate leadership of Mr. Roswell S. Britton, this difficult job was finished in one session. The Societies generously donated

the Student

By

Dr. J. H. Gorrell

a sufficient amount to purchase a neat filing cabinet which was placed in an accessible place in the Library Reading Room.

It was an easy matter to continue this good work, for THE STUDENT Editor-in-chief was required, in presenting a new copy of the magazine to the Faculty-Editor, to present also a double set of cards for each article and editorial, which were immediately distributed in the cabinet.

As the year 1907 drew near when the South was preparing with elaborate ceremonies to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of General Robert E. Lee, it was considered as a very appropriate contribution to this chorus of praise that we make the January, 1907 number of THE STUDENT a centennial number in honor of General Lee. We were fortunate in receiving generous aid from every source. The Washington and Lee University sent a number of cuts—his portrait plates—photographs of Traveler (his war-horse) and the recumbent statue, and views associated with Lee's connection with the institution. Generals Hoke and Cox, Chaplain John William Jones (Lee's biographer); three members of Lee's old Faculty, Professors A. L. Nelson, Charles A. Graves and (notably) Milton J. Humphreys and several Confederate veterans, Dr. Charles E. Taylor, Dr. J. F. Lanneau and Mr. John C. Searborough who loved and had seen General Lee—all wrote interesting articles about their old commander. This valuable first-hand information by those who knew General Lee made this issue of THE STUDENT of great historical worth, especially when it is remembered that every one of these contributors has long since died.

The value of this issue was immediately recognized. I shall mention two letters which were greatly appreciated by us.

Honorable Josephus Daniels, now Ambassador to Mexico, wrote:

Raleigh, N. C., Jan. 5, 1907.

"I wish to congratulate you upon the magnificent Lee Centennial Memorial number of THE STUDENT. Nothing better has been done in North Carolina. I hope very many will see it and that you published a large edition."

The then Governor of North Carolina, R. B. Glenn, wrote the following enthusiastic commendation under date of January 7, 1907:

"I have read with interest and pleasure the contents of your Lee Centennial Memorial number, and I desire to congratulate you and your co-editors, as well as the great institution that you represent, upon giving to the State such an excellent number. I have never seen a finer collection of short, but just tributes to the great Commander of the South, than you have collected and published in this month's magazine.

"I prize the edition very much, and will keep it as a hand-book from which I can draw the most useful and accurate information when desiring to make any remarks upon the life of Robert E. Lee. I congratulate you on

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AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

In the January 1912 issue of THE STUDENT appeared a verse which provoked both laughter and curiosity on the campus. Published anonymously, it was assumed to be the work of a man who feared the German teacher too much to sign his parody. Later generations of Wake Forest men in turning through the files of the magazine have made the same assumption. Consequently it was with surprise that we read in the adjoining article the confession, twenty-five years late, that the author of the verse was none other than Dr. Gorrell, poking fun at himself and his German students.

Here is the parody:

THE LATE GERMAN EXAMINATION

(With apologies to Edgar Allen Poe)

Once upon a midnight dreary,
Sat old Finxtus, weak and weary,
German Grammar looking o'er
To flunk his class forevermore.

Ah! Distinctly we remember
It was in the bleak December,
And each separate, single member
Of the class began to snore.

Safe within their beds reclining,
Weary, weary, of repining,
Sad and sickened of combining
Words they never knew before.
Learning Weak and Strong Declensions,
Fearing flunking and suspensions,
Nouns and adjectives forgetting,
Fuming, frowing, fussing, fretting,
For they'll pass, oh, nevermore.

Drearily came on the morrow.
Vainly they had sought to borrow
"Keys," books to ease their sorrow,
Exercises used before.
Filled with anguish, sad and broken,
Longing for a happy token,
Pressed they all within the door,
All to flunk, oh, evermore.

There within the precincts standing
Was Old Finxtus, face expanding,
Stood and gazed upon the floor.
And his eyes had all the seeming
Of a Demon's. They were gleaming
With the joy of victory, streaming
Rays infernal by the score.
And the class, they soon were seated,
Hearts a-beating, foreheads heated,
Full of fever, sick and sore.

The exam—would it were o'er!
Prepositions—*zwischen, vor*
Past of verbs—*verliess, verlor;*
Orders, normal and dependent;
Prose and verse, rough and resplendent;
Vowels many, short and long,
Conjugations, Weak and Strong,
Himmel, hilf mir! What a bore!

All is over. Night is hovering,
Mist and darkness now are covering
Faces drear, that smiles once more,
And, wild maledictions muttering,
Stamping, staring, storming, stuttering,
One sole thought they all were uttering;
"We'll take German nevermore."

War, Time, and a Man

As shown from the Diary of a Veteran-To-Be

By Ferd Davis

1924: Rufus is not at home today. No one is here to play with me. I guess I'll get a broomstick and wham that bag of sawdust some. I'll pretend it's a German.

1928: I can't understand it. Why didn't Dad go to the war? Mother says he was in ordinance, but he ought to have gone. Maybe he could have won a medal like Rufus Welton's father or maybe have got gassed like Mr. Carter. All the boys' dads except mine went to the war. I bet they had fun. Mr. Welton did.

1930: Those pictures of the war at school today were the stuff. Ships and tanks and airplanes. Those dead soldiers didn't look so good, though. Like Joe Hodge after the train ran over him last summer.

1931: I don't want any supper. I can't eat. I vomited a while ago. This afternoon Rufus and I were playing over at Mr. Carter's. Mr. Carter came up the walk, but before he got to the house he stumbled. He fell to the ground and didn't get up. He just moaned a little and made a gurgling sound as if he were vomiting, only it was blood coming from his mouth, and there was pus in it. I screamed and Mrs. Carter ran out of the house. Mr. Carter was dead. I wonder how it feels to be gassed.

1932: I wish I were grown and could fly an airplane. I'd go to China sure. Boy, I hope those Japs get the stuffing licked out of them. Rufus has a cousin in the air corps. He ought to get out and go to China. I guess he could get a thousand dollars a month like that guy from Seattle. Boy, he shot down six planes before they got him.

1933: This afternoon Captain Sumner took me fishing. Now I know why he never took me hunting. It was clear when we went out, but it got cloudy before long. Cap'n and I started home, but it caught us before we got far. I didn't mind the rain—it's been so hot and dry—but every time it thundered Cap'n Sumner would jump and sort of whisper, "Watch out!" Just before we got home lightning struck a tree by the road. Captain Sumner screamed at the top of his voice. He grabbed me and held on to me like a baby. His eyes looked full of terror like those of Janie Flowers' baby when the mad dog bit her. Dad says he was shell-shocked in the war.

1934: We studied about Hitler in the *Scholastic* today. He may be bad, but I don't think he is as black as he is painted. The Germans wouldn't like him so much if he were such a monster as the magazine says. Besides he'll probably fight England. The British Empire can't last forever. What difference does it make whether England or Germany rules Europe?

1936: War is all wrong. War is hell. War is glory, glory, hallelujah, praise God and kill. Kill in the name of God. Kill in the name of merrie England. But maim, shoot, stab, slaughter, only kill. Then come back and boast of it to little boys. Show them the medal you bought in a New York pawnship and tell them it's a citation for bravery. Join the World Peaceways and swear you won't fight. Those guys will be the first to enlist. I wish I had the guts to do what they say they are going to do.

1938: I wonder when the war will begin. The English will not let the Germans go on forever as they are now. There is going to be a last straw sometime. I suppose America will get in the mess sooner or later. Then I'll go to kill the Germans and be killed and my kid brother will go to kill the Germans and be killed and my nephews and my cousins and my friends and everyone except the men who declare the war. Our heads will be blown off and our lungs devoured by gas and our legs eaten away by gangrene. And we shall all be fighting for reasons we don't understand and would not believe in if we did understand them. But if it must be, it must be.

July, 1939: I hope somebody wins the war in a short time. If they do, we probably will not enter the war. Otherwise I am sure we will. I wonder how good a chance a fellow has of getting out of the war alive. I'm going to take Rufus's advice and volunteer when it comes, so I can choose my division. I guess I'll get in the quartermaster corps. Maybe I won't have to fight then. Maybe I can get out alive. I don't want to fight; I don't want to die. The Germans have done nothing to me. I don't think they mean me any harm. They don't want to kill me any more than I want to kill them. But we shall probably save the world for democracy and capitalism and war again. I hope I get out alive.

September, 1939: I know all these war stories are nothing but propaganda. They can't be true. People don't mutilate other people as they say the Germans did the Poles. But at the same time where there's smoke there's fire.

November, 1939: Those damned Germans! What do they mean by taking our ships? Don't they know the seas are free? As far as I'm concerned, the quicker war is declared the better. I hope I get in the front lines; I want me a Heinie. Wonder when the recruiting notices will be posted?

BASHFUL SENIOR

(Continued from page seven)

ends meet here at school. I feel rather bad about it sometimes, but she suggested it and made the proposition in such a manner that it would have been hard for anyone to turn it down. But now I'm a man with a college degree. And tonight proved conclusively to me that it was worth all the denying trials."

"But it seems that you could have had her down, or could have gone to see her, or something more often during the year. Heck, I know if it were my girl, and if she were a beaut like yours, I know I would have gone to see her at least once or twice during the year," Butler continued on the interrogational side.

"I would have, but it would have been taking an awful chance."

"Chance? What?"

"They don't keep married teachers at Leversville," Batch said slowly.

He turned out the light and climbed in bed. Butler remained unusually quiet for this to be his last night as a freshman.

Demise of the B.M.O.C.

Gone are the Big Men of the College Campus

Shouldering his way through the crowd came a tall youth. On his sweater was a varsity letter with three stars. On his coat lapel were three honorary fraternity pins. On his watch chain was the proud insignia of his social. On his arm was a blonde. In the wake of this dazzling phenomenon there was a chorus of hushed whispers. And as he sat down and masterfully ordered his malted, he was the cynosure of every optic. For this was none other than Fotheringay Van Eyck, captain of the basketball and track teams, co-captain of the football team, varsity tennis number one, editor of the *Kampus Kup-Up*, president of Pan-Hellenic Council, secretary of the German Club, and winner of the intramural ping-pong crown. Ten years before his day he would have been known as "hot-stuff"; today he would be something of a bore. But then (and only a short time ago, too), he was a Big Man On Campus.

What has come over collegiana since, I, for one, don't know. A few short years ago the Big Man was in full frenzied cry on every campus in the land. Now he is swiftly disappearing. Everybody with a grain of perception knows that college fashions in being and seeming are as fickle as women's hats. But for the B.M.O.C. to relinquish a position at once so gratifying to the ego and convenient for purposes of boasting as this is extremely puzzling.

Whether or not the new position of the college man as a social and sartorial criterion has anything to do with all this is a moot question. These may be effects, rather than causes. Certainly the fellow who wanders around in the four-button Glen Urquhart jacket with the chukka shoes, the lounge collar, the crew hair-cut and the bull-dog pipe is much more worshipfully regarded by the co-ed than anybody short of the full-back. And he doesn't count with women, because he is in a class by himself and too, too divine.

Not only in the matter of finger-tip length covert-cloths and varsity caps is this new idol outstanding. His elder brother of the Mad Twenties would be nauseated to see him solemnly engaged in philosophical and political discussions. Of course, his interest in girls is still the same old interest in girls. But it has this virtue: He is subtle, even well-bred about it. Necking has passed to petting to pitching woo to smooching and mugging. And now the really modern collegian doesn't even find it necessary to define it: Thus the final proof of the virtue of liberal education for women.

His car, if he has one, is not the dilapidated trap of yore. And though he still goes strong for the startling in conversation, his gags, it must be admitted, are much more clever, his vocabulary less limited, and his patter smarter. None of the "twenty-three skiddoo" stuff! Anybody who departs from the accepted form—that is, an epigram a minute—is either a faculty member or noticeably half-witted. In this I am speaking of mixed-company or party speech, although a man has to be fairly ingenious in conversation with his room-mate not to run the risk of being called "off-the-cob" or "icky."

The modern campus leader (and they run in droves now, not just one here and there)—has, I believe, progressed, in spite of his apparent affectations. And yellow-whip-cord is infinitely preferable to grimy corduroys, even if only for sanitary reasons. It is reasonable to believe that the college student is emerging from his self-conscious, boisterous air of superiority. He can't do it all at once. But the passing of the B.M.O.C. is a good sign. When one student or a small group of his fellows hogs every prominent office in a college community, there is very little likelihood for development of qualities of leadership and bold self-dependence on the part of the many other men in the community.

It seems to me the best we can do is to shout "Good riddance," and help speed the Big Man's passing. By this I don't mean to censure a fellow who, through sheer ability, has risen to leadership in several fields, and plays his part conscientiously and well. But I *do* mean those men, who, for the sake of prominence and a long eulogy in the annual, have, through politics and a winning way cornered the market.

THE STUDENT

Volume LVI Number 2

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

NOVEMBER 1939

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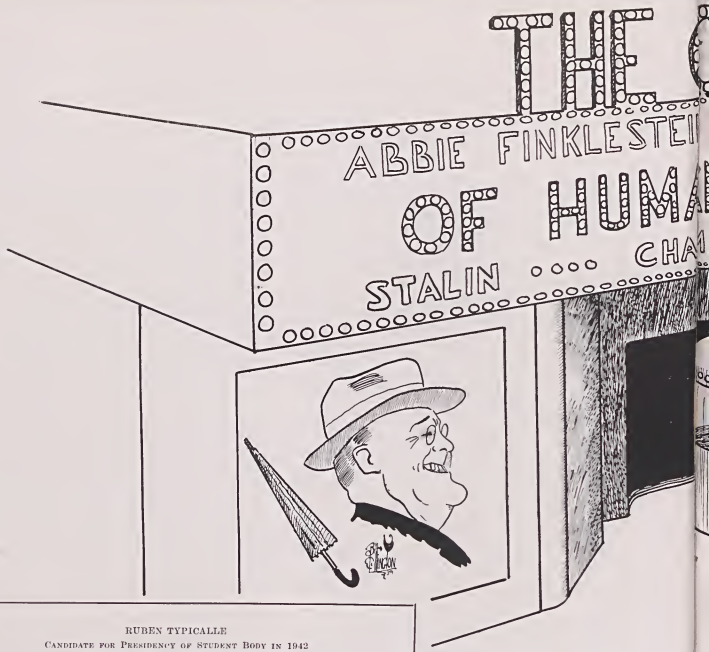
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RUBEN TYPICALLE
CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENCY OF STUDENT BODY IN 1942
Wake Forest College, Wake Forest, N. C.

November 15, 1939

MR. DER FUEHRER HERR HITLER,
Berlin or Munich,
Germany, Europe.

My dear Mr. Herr Hitler:

It is because I know how you must feel that I write this letter to one whom I think to be a most understanding man — all the rest of the world has you wrong. You see, I have ambitions to become president of the Student Body of my alma mater— and as I see it now, I can't be licked.

I am making a plea to you for the sake of studentdom. I am a student at Wake Forest College, a magnolia mazed college town in the eastern section of the state of North Carolina, U. S. A. Perhaps you've heard of us over here; maybe you remember us from the Dook football game of several weeks ago. Well, here's my story: I've been set to thinking. If you don't cut out your present and habit-like operations in Europe, the map will be one big mess come next year. And next year I'm going to study European history — just like thousands of other American students will do. And Mr. Hitler, you don't know Professor Clents, of our Social Science Department. If you don't quit making a jitter-bug out of that map of Europe, I'd rather face you than Professor Clents. (What he doesn't include on a quiz won't ever happen, Mr. Dictator.)

Now here's the solution I propose: You, Mr. Stalin, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Mussolini, and Mr. Roosevelt get together at once, if not sooner, have a conference, and settle this thing once and for all. I don't know whether you've tried a confrence before or not, but I think it's a darn good idea. Thrash out your problems, and let the rest of the world dance, go to movies, date in cozy parlors, and study in peace.

On behalf of my history course, my fellow would-to-be sophomores of next year, and in consideration of my fraternity brothers who would have to fight if we got into it, I plead, yea, pray, for peace and quiet for a year at least, or until I get out of school, marry, and have several mandates of my own.

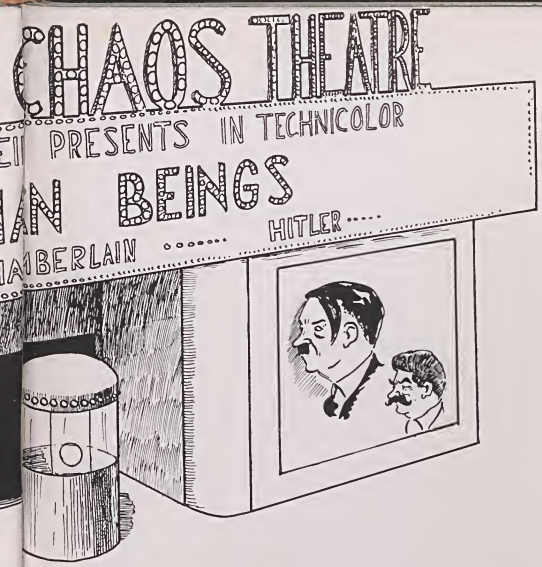
Yours for quick action,

RUBEN TYPICALLE,
Candidate for B.A.; major in History.

Copies to Messrs. Chamberlain, Roosevelt, Mussolini, and Stalin.

PROLOGUE

England celebrated Thanksgiving early and took a slice of nice, fat Turkey; Russia looked on with a "fishy" feeling, and has warned the Finns; France has been awaiting Christmas for so long that they are now used to holding the "bag"; and Roosevelt is still taking fishing trips and d i s c u s s i n g neutrality; Chamberlain has watched the British navy crumble considerably under the sweeping charges of submarine warfare. In short, all the world has stood by and looked on a conflict in which the leading personalities have repeatedly expressed desires for peace. And from the ranks of a baffled mankind, comes a lone voice, a lone plea, and suggestion for peace. This plea was from the fraternal mind of a college freshman, and he was thousands



EPILOGUE

Who knows just what action may lead to a peaceful settlement of a conflict which concerns and endangers the entire world? Actions of mankind tend to work in cycles, each step taking on a different appearance. Just as each of the diplomats of "Of Human Beings" never dreamed at one time that his actions would draw him into an inescapable situation, neither do we realize when a single step for a good motive may be rewarded with a crown of success.

If we were to give credit and acclaim rightful owners of congratulations, we would leave our realm as playwright and venture into the realm of speculation or even prophecy. We do deem it just, however, to recognize here that the cause of a peaceful settlement in a critically beligerent world originated in the Social Science Department of Wake Forest College. Tracing it down further, we might suggest the name of Professor Clonts, whose thorough course in European History promulgated a cry for peace from one of his students—a cry which was answered with peace.

A Play Upon Figures---Wherein "A Child Led Them"

of miles from the scene of conflict. But his letter sounded the sentiment of thousands, yea, millions like him, and was sent at a "psychological" moment.

And the stage was set for a solution—once and for all. The time, place, and delegates were chosen. And the word-by-word play of their actions was brought to a world by The Student staff—a group who recognized the literary value of the proceedings in the years to come.

Thus we have "Of Human Beings"—the play with life characters; the action mankind wanted. And the step toward solution was both effected and offered by a college student, and he a freshman.

Act First

The scene is laid somewhere in Europe. It could have been Berlin, Paris, London, Rome, or Moscow—these Europeans get around—but we prefer Munich. The location adds a certain air of previously-acquired acclimation to the characters. The time is nine o'clock in the evening, too late for petty business problems to interrupt, and just before bank-night festivities. The stage is bare with the exception of a conference table, a private bar belonging to Herr Hitler, a trap-door in the stage-foreground, and a sign, "Got mit mein Chancellory," which hangs over the left entrance. As the curtain rises, there is a knock at the door to the right. No one responds. Suddenly the door opens, and in walk Roosevelt, Mussolini, and Chamberlain (who is followed by two Hindus, three Canadians, one South African, and six French soldiers, all of whom are the prime minister's body guards.) As they mass on the stage from the background, Hitler enters the stage from a trap door; he is playing "Tales From a Vienna Wood" on a Jews Harp.) Action.

Hitler: Welcome back, gentlemen. Will you pardon me while I write the rules for a Polish plebescite. Thanks. I'll be with you in a moment. Have seats around the table.

Chamberlain: Mr. Hitler, we're not here to tarry. There is business to be discussed and settled. We have heard the plea of mankind now, so it's up to us to be, to do, to say, to settle or not to be, to do, to say, to settle.

Hitler (Giving his message to a message boy, who works for the German Western Union. Milking his moustache): Well, let's see this copy of the letter. I hurriedly scanned it. (Turns to letter from the college freshman). "Have a conference (reading parts of letter). . . . Thrash out your problems, and let the rest of the world . . . study in peace." Gentlemen, I see the

(*Continued on page twenty*)



Wake Forest Men, Make Your Headquarters at

The Vogue
Shop For Men

213 Fayetteville Street
RALEIGH, N. C.

They Say

By Phil Highfill

"They say we're having Hal Kemp for the Monogram Club dance this week," quoth the freshman.

"Whasat? I sure didn't know anything about that!" said the soph.

"Yep, that's what they say."

"Well, whaddaya know about that? They say that, hunh?"

"Yep, that's what they say."

Shaking his head and muttering, the sophomore hurries off with a pleased smile on his face to inform the first floor of Bostwick of the glad tidings, never suspecting that he is playing right into the hands of old man They.

Not since the days when Delphi's sage had the final say regarding everything from aardvark-hunting to zither-playing, has there been such a powerful force abroad shaping men's minds as They. They, unlike the ideal child, is often heard and never seen. I like to picture him as a monstrous mistake, the chance off-spring of Dame Rumor and a philandering Fact. But most humans, if thinking of They at all when speaking his name, know him as a sort of hydra, with each head containing a separate intelligence—possibly with a main cranium acting as chairman of the board. Perhaps you have never thought of him at all; if so, I am merely confusing you.

They lends himself handily as an authority for cold fact or idle fiction. If you doubt this assertion, ask the next man you meet about the basketball team's chances for the season, or whether we will be allowed five days or only three for Spring Vacation. If he doesn't begin his answer, "Well, they say—" or at least give points in support from some person who had heard from someone who was informed by They, then he is one of those rare and admirable persons who have educated themselves into a critical attitude which will not admit of the validity of most hearsay evidence.

Propaganda is often the work of They. By that I mean that people with an iron of one kind or another to heat, start with the premise that the populace believes more easily what it wants to believe or something which it has been accustomed to believe than a new prejudice cooked up for the occasion. So the proponents of causes merely play up the partieular aspects of a popular legend which seem to tie in with the general ideas of their schemes. Some of our more lackadaisical scholars use this general set-up to excuse themselves for mediocre grades in certain departments. Because some professors are tough, They say, the indifferent student has his alibi all cut out for him. Because They, through generations of college boys, has maintained that this department is "unfair" or that one is "impossible" a man enters with the preconceived notion that nothing he can do will pass him—therefore mediocrity is honorable.

A great many people will listen to the voice of They with gullible awe, while sneering at men, even authoritative ones, if these men dare to present the same facts. Take, for example, the bull-session. Someone opines that we won't, after all, be drawn into *this* war. "Nuts!" "Ah, o' course we will—" "Just wait'll they start sinkin' our ships—" the chorus begins. "But," says the man who started the furore, "President Roosevelt says—" "Ah, that guy—" "Yeh, that's what Wilson said—" "The munitions makers'll see to it—" "Wait'll England's propaganda gets workin'." Suppose, however, the fellow with the opinion had simply said mysteriously that the United States had developed an explosive so powerful that it could wipe out Berlin in one fell swoop, the cacophony would probably have gone: "Whew! Just think of that—!" "Well, what do you know?" "Cheez, just like that, huh?" "Reckon they won't fool with Uncle Sam, hey?" Just what it is in the make-up of homosapiens, especially him of college age, which makes him such an easy prey for They is a mystery.

They certainly controls our social habits, because he authorized some civil law and practically all etiquette. Why do people (college students excepted, of course, like all present company) propel dessert spoons forward, instead of more conveniently backward? After several years of research on the subject all I can find is that the latter "simply isn't done." They must have grinned all over his saturnine countenance when Miss Post put that one in the book.

Often one man is the agency for They, and his thoughts and state-

(*Continued on page eighteen*)

A MAN, A PRINCESS, A LOCK OF HAIR

(*Continued from page five*)

into the Revolutionary Period, and in translating French history, a language which he never learned to speak but which he reads amazingly well. He has made the only translation of *Le Marquis de la Rouerie and the Breton Conspiracy*, which has as its central figure the Colonel Armand who fought under Pulaski for the American colonies, but who was an ardent Royalist in his own land. He plans publication of other translations soon.

"It shows what a fine teacher Dr. Gorrell is," said Mr. Hufham, "for me to be able to do these translations forty years after I was in his classes."

Mr. Hufham came to Wake Forest in September. He came to renew old acquaintances, to study in serenity. You will see him about the campus, a small man in a gray suit and a black topcoat. His hair is white, his spectacles steel-rimmed, and he has an air of dignity. But in his room he is a man whose life and thoughts are a romance in themselves, a man who can sit at his desk and live in an age half-forgotten today, and who can find inspiration from the picture of a Princess who was very real in that half-forgotten world, and whom Mr. Hufham still loves with all the love of an idealistic soul.

POET OF AUTUMN

(*Continued from page six*)

I know your haunts; each gnarly bole
That guards the waterside,
Each tuft of flags and rushes where
The river reptiles hide,
Each dimpling nook wherein the bass
His eager life employs
Until he dies—the captive of
You sunburnt boys.

You will not—will you—soon forget
When I was one of you,
Nor love me less that time has borne
My craft to currents new;
Nor shall I ever cease to share
Your hardships and your joys,
Robust, rough-spoken, gentle-hearted
Sunburnt boys!

These boys would "set" their hooks on the Lumbee in the late evening and go back the next morning at the first rays of the sun, to see how many of the "horny tribe" they had caught during the night.

It was during his association with the "sunburnt boys" that McNeill gave some indication of the ability that was to make him North Carolina's foremost poet, and favorite son. He used no "den" with plush bottomed chairs to do his writing. The Great Outdoors provided him with his setting, his stimulus, and his moods. He frequently would write his poems on the back of an envelope as he sat on a cypress knee overlooking the river, with Tige, his beloved dog, curled up at his feet. He took a deep interest in all of the birds and other animals and knew their habits intimately.

He wrote his poems easily and quickly. He hardly ever pondered over them. For instance, when he wrote "Sundown" he was seated in the hall of his home which opened into the back porch, in the late evening as the sun was setting, with one leg curled under him and the other stretched longwise across the entrance. He had an envelope in his hand and he wrote on the back:

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HARDWICKE'S
PHARMACY

Hills wrapped in gray, standing along the west;
Clouds, dimly lighted, gathering slowly;
The star of peace at watch above the crest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy.

We know, O Lord, so little what is best;
Wingless, we move so lowly;
But in thy calm all-knowledge let us rest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!

McNeill's first school was the Old Richmond Academy, which was three miles from his home. He was by far the most brilliant of his school mates, yet he appeared to get his lessons with little effort and get them thoroughly. He read all of the books that he could get his hands on, and especially admired Charles Dickens, advising, in his more mature years, his nieces and nephews to read all of his works.

To complete his secondary education, McNeill went, at the age of 17, to Whiteville, home of his sister, Mrs. Jasper L. Memory. A year later, he went to the home of his other sister, Mrs. D. A. Watson, where he taught school, in Georgia.

In the fall of 1894, John Charles McNeill entered Wake Forest College, and from the time of his entrance until his graduation led his class. Dr. Sledd, former professor of English at Wake Forest, now retired, had the freshman class in which McNeill was enrolled to write a theme in one of the first class meetings. McNeill turned his in and it was so good that Dr. Sledd thought that it had been done by a more advanced student; he asked McNeill to come to see him after class. Dr. Sledd related later that when McNeill walked up to his desk after class, whatever doubts he may have had concerning the authorship of the paper were immediately dispelled. His appearance denoted a genius. His coal black hair, his finely modeled features, and his lithe, straight body were indeed impressive. In his freshman year, he became an English assistant, a position which he held during the remaining years of his college life. He served as editor of the STUDENT, college magazine, and some of his poems appeared in it. He won the Dixon essay medal, and graduated as valedictorian of his class in 1898. His brilliance changed him not one whet, and he was one of the most popular men on the campus. A fine tribute was paid him by one of his fellow students: "We recognize his genius, but we appreciate him more for the charm of his personality, for he was one of us." He remained at Wake Forest until he had obtained his Master's Degree.

In 1899-1900, he occupied the chair of English at Mercer University at Macon, Georgia. Then he began the practice of law at Lumberton, a little later at Laurinburg. He was sent to the legislature by the citizens of Scotland County for one term. Law was not for McNeill, however. He would leave his office for days at the time and write poems, some of which were appearing in the *Century Magazine*.

McNeill reported for the *Charlotte Observer*, a trial which was being held in Lumberton, and Mr. Caldwell was so impressed that he offered him a job on the *Observer*, which McNeill gleefully accepted, glad to be rid of law. "The Old Man," as he was affectionately called, gave McNeill perfect freedom of action, allowing him to write when and what he pleased. This period was his greatest period of productivity, and he gave the world some of his most powerful contributions. In 1905, McNeill published his first collection of poems, "Songs, Merry and Sad" and this won for him the coveted Patterson Memorial Cup for the most outstanding contribution to literature during the year. He received the cup from the hand of President Theodore Roosevelt, who said:

"Mr. McNeill: I feel, and I am sure all good Americans must feel, that it is far from enough for us to develop merely a great material prosperity. I appreciate, and all of us must, that it is indispensable to have the material prosperity as a foundation, but if we think the foundation is the entire building, we shall never rank as among the nations of the world; and therefore it is with peculiar pleasure that I find myself playing a small part in a movement, such as this, by which one of the thirteen original states, one of our great states, marks its sense of proper proportion in estimating the achievements of life, the achievements of which the Commonwealth has a right to be proud. It is a good thing to have the sense of historic continuity with the past, which we get largely through the efforts of such historic societies as this, through which this cup is awarded to you. It is an even better thing to try to do what we can to show our pleasure in and approval of productive literary work in the present. Mr. McNeill, I congratulate you and North Carolina."

Mr. McNeill's reply follows:

"Mr. President, my joy in this golden trophy is heightened by the fortune which permits me to take it from the hand of the foremost citizen of the world. To you, sir, to Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, our gracious matron of letters, and to the committee of scholars whose judgment was kind to me, all thanks."

While McNeill enjoyed his new friends, fellow workmen, and his work at Charlotte, he always had a yearning for "away down home," and he would often leave the hustle and bustle of the city for a solitary stroll miles out in the woods, where he would be in closer communion with nature, and where the birds and flowers would partially alleviate his inteuse desire to go homeward.

In the beginning of the year of 1907, some diseases, or combinations of diseases, baffling to McNeill, his physicians, and friends, began to take hold on him. He fought it valiantly, but it gradually sapped away his life. His physicians advised the mountains for a while. He went to western North Carolina, but returned saying that he wanted to spend his last days, if they were to be his last, at home "where the people love me." When he first returned to Riverton, he spent part of the days lying flat on his back in his canoe "The Indian Girl," on the Lumbee River, as his devoted brother Wayne, paddled up and down the river.

Even when his dearest friends had despaired of his chances for recovering, he continued to read and write poetry. He talked of what he wanted to write and spoke of the many things he had yet to accomplish, which he was destined never to do. He was placed in his room next to the roof, where he could see through a vine-covered porch those things which he loved so dearly, the river, fields, and woods, that sported their varied colors of Autumn with magic brilliance. While ill, he wrote his last poem:

To die and to live are the nearest of neighbors,
And death is to life the closest of kin;
Heir to life's harvest of love and her labors,
The skull waits under the skin.

But while she endures she guards her possession;
Hers is the key to the citadel locks;
Even the Lord, when He covets admission,
Stands at the door and knocks.

(*Continued on page twenty-two*)

Revenge

By T. I. Davis

He did not know when he got the idea. It was certainly before he left college, perhaps even while he was in high school. Anyway, he had the idea and that was enough. For two years he nursed the thought, read on the subject and changed his major so that he could learn more about it.

It all started when he and Johnny Harper were trying out for the high school football team. Of course, Johnny made the team and he didn't. Johnny's dad was owner of the mill in which his father worked, was president of the school board, and owned half the town. Of course he made the team. This was the nucleus of the hate. It lasted all during high school, and during college, and two years after college, until after long planning and thought, it was a hate no longer, but a hate to be avenged. Little things kept that spark alive: Johnny's new car every year, fine clothes, beautiful girls, the best fraternity, becoming an all-state football player, and the soft job after graduation. His was very different from that of Johnny Harper's: poverty, no car, hard work, a struggle to stay in school, no girls, a scrub player, no fraternities, and a tough job in the physics department after graduation.

He knew that some day he would kill Harper. It was a settled fact, but he also knew that he must pay for that crime. That, too, was a settled fact. Suddenly, one day in his reading, he came across an oddity that told how a man sentenced to hang was set free after the "execution" because the rope broke, and he was legally dead.

This was the way out!

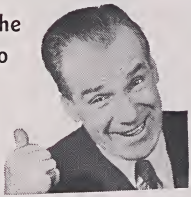
Penalty for murder in his state was death in the electric chair, and this, he laughed, would be his penalty. From that time on for the next three years he read, planned, and experimented with electricity. His was a fantastic plan, but it would work. He would make himself immune to electricity! He reasoned that if he exposed himself to a very mild shock and increased the volts at intervals, he would soon be immune to the 3,300 volts he would have to receive, if he could also step up the electricity so that his body would act as a condenser and the electricity would slip off his body with no damage done.

With his mind made up, he started his preparation. He immediately changed his major to physics, and obtained a job in that department. He worked night and day and practically lived in the electric lab. After ceaseless experiments he found that he would have to invent some crystal so the frequency would be stepped up. After countless trials he found that the probable solution would be Thorium Hyperchlorate, treated in a very high temperature under high pressure. If this would work under thousands of volts his problem would be solved.

After graduation he obtained a job in the lab as an assistant so that he could continue his work. Working hard all the time he did not bother to have outside ties; he did not travel any, nor did he read anything, but just stayed in his lab and worked.

About a year later he was ready. He was able to stand a charge of 4,000 volts. His solution worked, but before he did what he had been working for, he wanted to be sure.

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TOM'S

"The Choice Spot Just Off the Campus"

He even shaved his head, built an electric chair and controlled all the conditions that one would have to go through with at an electrocution.

Planning the murder, so that he would be tried within a week, he killed Johnny Harper. It was a quiet crime; not even Harper knew why he was being killed.

The trial, held three days later, was sensational because John Harper was the big man in the town. Everybody was there. He was very calm during the trial, offering no defense, refusing a lawyer, and pleading guilty. The jury was out only long enough to take a ballot.

The crowd was very still as the judge said in a very calm, clear voice: "Will the prisoner stand?"

Very calm, and not the least bit nervous, and with a sneer on his lips, he turned to face the judge who would announce the sentence, and very soon he would be free. With an air of accomplishing something great, he faced the judge. His mind wandered over the past years, and he remembered the joy as he pulled the trigger. . . . Suddenly. . . . What was that the judge was saying? . . .

". . . and I sentence you to the state prison where, on November 1, next, you will be the first person to die in the lethal gas chamber."

THEY SAY

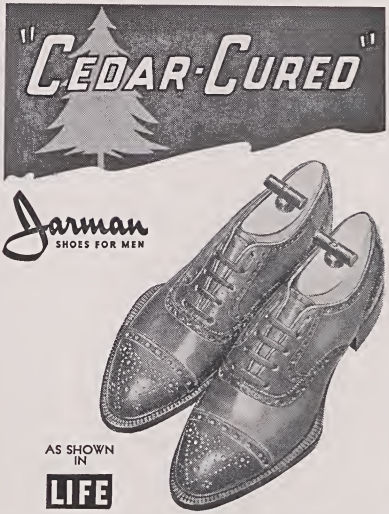
(*Continued from page fourteen*)

ments gather momentum with repitition they become standards of conduct for millions. A great many of the untrammelled tenets of the late lamented "Flaming Youth" of the '20's have their bases in some innocent statements of Dr. Freud, while They spread them around and enlarged on them until they suited the tastes of post-war youth.

They must be mighty pleased with himself when some screwball ups and allows as how we're scheduling Army for an opener next year, because undoubtedly in a week it will come to the astounded ears of the coaching staff as gospel and settled truth. And if you ask the dope where he got the dope he will affirm that They are all talking about it.

And so, as long as bare-faced lying remains the hobby of the more inventive members of collegiana (as well as of the human race), old They will continue to rule the intellectual destinies of people from Klondike to Khartoum.

Of course, They will say I am wrong in this opinion, but I know that They can never be exact and not wrong.



—As shown in Life Magazine, here's the newest news in shoes—Jarman "Cedar-Cured" styles! The leather in these smart Jarmans is given an extra finishing touch by the exclusive "Cedar-Cured" process—to mellow the leather, make it wear better and give it the lasting aroma of cedar! Drop in today and look over a pair.

Most Styles
$5 to $7.50

B. & S. DEPT. STORE

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE STUDENT

(Continued from page nine)

your effort. It shows research, thought and discrimination. You selected men who knew what they were talking about and whose testimony would be believed. These things make the magazine a success, I am,

Yours very truly,

R. B. GLENN."

Unfortunately the edition was too small in number. It was immediately sold out. I reserved two copies, one of which I sent to a New York publisher who claimed that the only copy he could lay his hands on was in the New York Public Library; the other copy I carefully keep in my safe.

The success of the Lee Memorial Number encouraged us to publish special issues of THE STUDENT in memory of prominent Wake Forest alumni or teachers when a suitable evaluation of their careers was readily obtainable. Accordingly, memorial numbers were issued in honor of John Charles McNeill in December, 1907, of Professor J. B. Carlyle in February 1912, of Professor L. R. Mills in November 1920, of Dr. John F. Lanneau in November 1921, and of Dr. Charles E. Taylor in March 1916. The last mentioned was the most complete account of Dr. Taylor's career in the form of a biography, and a number of copies were suitably bound and distributed by the Board of Trustees of the College.

Other special numbers were issued from time to time. "An Alumni Number," celebrating the 75th anniversary of Wake Forest College, was issued in January 1909, telling of early recollections of the College by Major Crenshaw, Major Foote and others, with short sketches of prominent Wake Forest men such as Claude and W. W. Kitchin, Governor Bickett, Senator Simmons, J. L. and Yates Webb, John E. White, E. E. Folk, A. T. Robertson and others.

This was followed the next year by a number giving the history of the Euzelian and Philomathesian Literary Societies in February 1910 and by the "Benefactors Number" in January 1911 telling of the early financial struggles of the College, the history of the construction of all the buildings, the securing of the endowment, especially of the Bostwick bequest as told by Dr. Taylor and the establishment of the Loan Fund as given in full by Mr. J. W. Denmark. The last article was published in an abbreviated form with additional details in a pamphlet by the Denmark Loan Fund.

The attendance of an extraordinarily large number of Wake Forest Representatives and Senators in the Legislature of 1911 was made the opportunity of issuing the "In the Service of the State Number" of February 1911, dedicated to Governor W. W. Kitchin with the portrait and biographical sketch of all Wake Forest members of that Assembly.

A number devoted to the "North Carolina Public Schools" and the work of Wake Forest College as connected with them was published in December 1912, and was dedicated to ex-Governor C. B. Aycock, and a "Judson Memorial Number" with special reference to Wake Forest's contribution to this glorious work was printed in March 1913, with valuable articles by Secretary J. F. Love Dr. W. R. Cullom, Miss Fannie Heck, Mrs. J. P. Duggan, Miss Sophie Lanneau, and others.

The growing interest in athletics was enthusiastically encouraged by the "Athletics Number" of May 1913, and fitting recognition of the successful Law School under Professor Gulley was made by the Law School issues of February 1915 and May 1920, celebrating the twentieth and twenty-fifth anniversaries of this important part of the College.

Several interesting episodes connected with the Civil War were preserved and presented in readable form. I may mention Dr. Taylor's "War Letters" in the Memorial Number of March 1916, and his thrilling story of "An Abbreviated Captivity" told the year before his death, appearing in January 1914; Professor Mills's "Letters from the Trenches" appeared in January 1912 and "A Confederate Soldier's Diary," telling of the long trail back home from Appomattox by R. M. Crumpler, in the number of January 1904.

As I review the eighteen years of happy and laborious activity, I gaze in memory at many dear "familiar faces" of the student-editors who gave so generously of time and talent to make the publication a success. I, of course, cannot mention all of them, but I wish in this way to express my deep affection and heart-felt thanks to my fellow-laborers such as—J. M. Broughton, R. L. Britton, R. P. Burns, Irwin E. Carlyle, L. L. Carpenter, H. W. Dietrick, C. S. Green, A. D. Gore, H. T. Hunter, R. L. Humber, Dallas Hollomon, R. J. Hart, Carey J. Hunter, Gerald Johnson, Ira T. Johnston, T. N. Hayes, O. R. Mangum, R. L. McMillan, R. P. and R. H. McCutcheon, C. R. Mosely, V. R. Johnson, Hubert E. Olive, H. F. Paschal, Romulus Skaggs, F. B. Smethurst, J. C. Smith, L. B. Weathers, N. R. Webb, R. E. Williams and Lee B. White.

The work could not have been successfully carried on were it not for the work of capable Business Managers, among whom there especially stand out my dear friends, W. H. Weathersoon, S. Wait Brewer, M. E. Winston and W. L. Eddinger.

I wish also to express my gratitude to a host of Wake Forest men and others who enriched the magazine by their generous and talented contributions: in this connection there occur the names of such writers as John Charles McNeill, James F. Royster, Carl T. Murchison, W. E. Marshall, E. W. Sikes, Geo. W. Paschal, W. M. Scruggs, George Pennell, W. L. Wyatt, Hight C. Moore, Livingston Johnson, Gilbert Stephenson, John A. Oates, J. A. McKaughan, Justice Walter Clark, Judge Jeter C. Prichard, Judge R. W. Winston, Congressman John H. Kerr, W. L. Poteat, Benjamin Sledd, and H. F. Page.

I wisely abstained from personal intrusion upon such literary ground and hence I made during these years very few entrances into the pages of THE STUDENT, but I may mention "The Story of the Wake Forest Baptist Church," from 1825 to end of Civil War, in November 1911, and "The Story of Wake Forest—Town and College" in January 1920, and the only piece of verse (doggerel) I ever was guilty of writing a piece that appeared anonymously in the issue of January 1912, but which I now acknowledge as my unworthy child—a parody of Poe's Raven as applied to a recent German examination.

UNDERPASS
SERVICE STATION
★
NEXT TIME FILL UP WITH
TEXACO
★
CORDUROY AND GOODRICH
TIRES AND TUBES

A PLAY UPON FIGURES---

(Continued from page thirteen)

pathos behind the plea of this lad, but unless you can come to my terms, I fear that our cause, and his, will be lost. It touched me sorely at first, but then I thought that it sounded quite a bit like it came from a Jewish school of some sort. Where is this Wake Forest? Oh, yes, I remember now. No, but that's a French place—Argonne Forest.

CHAMBERLAIN: My fine goose-stepping friend, the place from whence this letter cometh mattereth little: it represents a plea from the suffering mankind. However, if you must know, the letter represents the intelligent thinking of an august body of 30,000 students at Wake Forest. And while we're speaking of intelligent things to do, why can't you make a provision to take care of my partially destroyed navy and—

HITLER: There you go with your navy and we're here to settle a major problem of the younger generations and their successors. Do you still have a navy?

CHAMBERLAIN: Listen, Mr. Hitler, you're getting me irked at the outset. Even if all England were destroyed and only three canoes and two surf-boards were left, we could still keep Germany in the Baltic Sea. And what's more—

MUSSOLINI: Let's cut out the taffy and get down to the business of our conference. Where's Stalin?

CHAMBERLAIN: Well, do you think I can sit idly by and watch the traditions of my predecessors go down in defeat? They were honest—

HITLER: Do you have a copy of the treaty of Versailles with you? I'm anxious to meet your honest ancestors.

CHAMBERLAIN: One more sarcastic remark from you and I'll hit you with my Jewish-made umbrella.

ROOSEVELT (Coming to his feet): Gentlemen: We must cease to make childish performances of our meetings. Let's start from the beginning and bring in our business in an official manner.

(Suddenly, there is a noise at the door. All the characters on the stage turn in the direction of the left entrance. The door slowly opens and in walks a partially brush-covered visitor. Ah, it's Joseph Stalin, A.B., M.A., M.M., S.S., Ph.D., Stalin-Lenin University.)

STALIN: I venture to say that you gentlemen wonder just why I came in so abruptly. Well, my peepul were being disturbed by the curious noises being made across the Corridor. So I thought I would ask you to confer a little quieter, or a little louder—so I can understand what you're saying. Conference? No, I didn't get any notice of any conference. Who sent it out? You folk should let me in on what's going on. Why I didn't know until last month that Finland had paid her war debts. That certainly makes us admirers of the British look about and blush.

CHAMBERLAIN (Who has only read about Stalin and never seen him, is somewhat at a loss. He draws Hitler aside and directs a question at him): Say, who is this intruder?

HITLER (Toying with a pair of trapezoid-shaped dice): I think they call him Stalin, the former gardener of the Czar. You see the Czar wanted him to raise peas and he raised hell. Of course, after the World War and league of nations, the latter was passed out as a free country—with England its protectorate.

CHAMBERLAIN (teeth flashing): And now I have a hunch that you want it.

(Meanwhile Roosevelt and Mussolini have convinced Stalin that he is an important part of the conference. He agrees to stay.)

CHAMBERLAIN: Let's get started with our solution—but understand, I won't compromise.

HITLER: We were aware of that; but still we want a decision, eh what?

ROOSEVELT: My international friends: We are assembled here to cope with a situation which was brought to our attention by a true American. Ruben Typicalle, by name, and a good name it is. For generations his family has been voting a Democratic ticket; and his people have sent up a Congressman who has assisted greatly in putting across many plans to meet our American situation. After close study and meditation, I am sure, yes, absolutely sure, that each of us realizes the tremendous importance attached to the issue at stake, the conflicting problems, and we have heard the suggestion from a man of education as to how we might begin a means to a peaceful end. While the fore-fathers of our great American commonwealth fought for a land which would be relatively free from entangling foreign alliances, we are left to alter our political order, in an effort to cope with a world economic situation. Let's respect the civilization represented by our correspondent and deal with our problem logically, with the spirit of "peace at any price" prevailing, rather than militaristic ideas. You know how I feel about war; you know how my wife feels about war; I need not mention the content of my heart-felt beliefs. Again, I urge you to enter the conference with open minds and sympathetic motives. Try to be unselfish and listen to the call of humanity.

MUSSOLINI: Yes, let's do. We have heard an expression from the Western Hemisphere, and I'm inclined to agree with him. (Aside: I was only fooling about war all along, and this may save my face.)

CHAMBERLAIN: I stand ready to listen to reason. (Aside: I've never been so embarrassed in my life as during this war. We're losing too many boats and getting nowhere. And our ruling class is endangered.)

STALIN: Yeah, let's talk about, about, what is it? (Aside: So far I've been pretty lucky in my mopping up. But I may not be so fortunate in the future, and probably ought to stop now.)

HITLER: All right. Let's begin. (Aside: I've got a hunch that I'm going to lose this scrap eventually in spite of all my bluffing. If I can get the whole thing called off now, I'll be lucky.)

ROOSEVELT: Begin. (Aside: This ought to fix me up both in history books and in North Carolina.)

STALIN: Who will be the chairman of the conference? I should be glad to serve in this capacity, but since it's

SHORTY'S

Where the Real

Wake Forest Spirit

Prevails

POOL ROOM : HOT DOGS

SOFT DRINKS

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is never an accident. It is always the result of firm intention, sincere effort, intelligent direction and skillful execution.

Quality represents the wise choice of many alternatives and the cumulative experience of many craftsmen. It demonstrates the success of a determined purpose.

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Mr. Hitler's dwelling, perhaps it would be best to let him serve as chairman.

HITLER: I move that we call a neutral man to take charge.

CHAMBERLAIN: Good, Mr. Roosevelt would be the very man for the job.

HITLER: But he has an active part in the conference. I move that we call in Goering as a disinterested chairman.

STALIN: I move that we get started whether we have a chairman or not. (Aside: It seems that we aren't going to get out of this after all.)

HITLER: Ach, mein guten golly. Here we are fussing over a minor thing, and before us is the issue of concern to the rising civilization. Gentlemen, let's let each man speak as he will, giving his own expression of opinion for immediate settlement.

ALL: Speak, Mr. Hitler. We're ready for the conference to open.

HITLER: Well, it's somewhat of a difficult position to be the first speaker on the program. I make no proposal to turn back all Germany's rightful possessions. After all Czeckoslovakia has turned out to be somewhat of a stomach ache. (Aside): And if Poland turns out the same way, I now regret that we have her to digest. (To the conferees): So gentlemen, I'm ready to heed the call of this humanitarian whose voice has sounded from across the seas. No, it's not that I'm afraid of a single one of you. Germany has resources to carry on a war from now on, but of course, we're not here to discuss the resources of our respective commonwealths and powers. In other words, I'm ready to accept reasonable recommendations for putting a clamp on present activities.

MUSSOLINI: And I commend your suggestion to the fullest. If I may have my word now, I'll say that any of you are welcome to chase Negroes around with airplanes from now on. I'm through with Ethiopian expeditions. And any move for reconciliation would eliminate the necessity of my making a choice. After all, we Italians are still endowed with the Roman trait of despising the term "choose" whom you will follow. We like to lead—and our people need leading. (Aside): Now we're striking pay-dirt.

STALIN: My people have wanted peace and quiet all along. All for one and one for all in Russia, so I think they will be delighted to gain amiable terms with the rest of the world. (Aside): Perhaps we can avoid this struggle without having to put up further strong fronts.

CHAMBERLAIN: While I have been quite willing to be humiliated for English and her cause, I shall count it a joyous occasion to return without fear of such in the future. (Aside): We can cut down on our coal bill, too. Gosh, with six battleships convoying each merchant ship, we had to spend millions for a thousand dollar's worth of food product. Glory!

ROOSEVELT: Gentlemen, it seems that another world-wide conflict will have been averted within the next few minutes. And that American citizen who wrote to us and offered his plea must be recognized as the winner of a peace award. I move that we further his cause by lending him our whole-hearted support in the future political realms. While the source may be traced back to the rolling country of Eastern North Carolina, I take great pride in believing that I had some little part in the preservation of world peace.

MUSSOLINI (Aside): Whew! I'm glad this is over. I thought we would never have a legitimate excuse to call off the dogs. (To the group): Rome stands with open doors to any or all of you in the future.

STALIN (Aside): Saved by a hair. Hummmmmmm—and good. (To the Group): Let's make these conventions regular events, and serve wine, and have songs.

CHAMBERLAIN: I move we meet in Paris next year. (Aside): I don't think I made it appear that I was afraid in the least. Well, I know that I wasn't. But I am glad to get this thing over.

HITLER: So we all agree to cease hostilities?

ALL TOGETHER: We're for peace. Never-ending peace.

HITLER: Call out the ghosts of Strauss, Liszt, Wagner, of Bach. Let them write a song for all of us—an international anthem. And we can sing, sing, sing—and lift our voices over the rainbow.

(In their merriment each man begins to hum his individual thanks for his having been saved from humiliation, annihilation, or embarrassment. Each drinks a toast to his fellow conferee, and each sounds the praise of peace—all made possible by the initiative of a single student and believe in peace. Slowly, very slowly, the lights grow dim; the curtain draws across the stage in a creeping motion; the noise of joyous diplomats fades into the background of the stage, and the light on their faces dies gradually.)

POET OF AUTUMN

(Continued from page sixteen)

Patient, O Death, thy reign is hereafter,
Bide thee thy crowning and keep thee apart!
Mine this estate, this lease upon laughter,
Mine all the love in my heart.

On October 17, 1907, he said, as he breathed his last, "Draw back the curtains, boys, so that I can see the wind in the trees and catch the last rays of the autumnal sundown."

An Essential That Can't
Be Overlooked . . .

Let Us Help You
Keep a Neat Appearance

WAKE DRY CLEANERS

FOR THE BEST HAIR CUT
OR SHAVE

Come to see us

CITY BARBER SHOP



They do the job
they're meant to do

They Satisfy



Chesterfields are like that . . . they go about their business of giving you more smoking pleasure . . . *with a taste, aroma and mildness that's all their own* . . . the kind that only the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos can give.

CHESTERFIELD

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HOW HE MARRIED HER WITHOUT A SCENT!



AL'S NEW CAR won Peg's fancy, but his new pipe got her nanny—it smelled fierce! So on went her roller skates to head for home. Wait! Here's the postman!



HE TOLD AL to clean his pipe, and refilled it with mild Sir Walter. Peg stopped to sniff, stayed to snuggle. The fragrant burley blend *always* wins! Try a tin!



TUNE IN—*Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House," Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.*

BE A MARTYR

It's easy to be a martyr. All you have to do is convince yourself that (a) you've been wronged, and (b) that you have spiritual qualities.

Take your worst subject, for instance. You are anxious to convince your prof that you really know more than you've been giving the impression through your exams and recitations. The prof, on the other hand, checks your papers and convinces you you're all wet. If you are foolish, you call this a tough break and give up. If you are wise, you become a Martyr On The Altar of Mass Education, and have a swell time. You convince yourself that it's your soul that prevents your grasping the subject—a soul not interested in material things. People don't appreciate your spiritual side. Cultivate the habit of not being appreciated and in no time, you'll be such a happy martyr you could sing.

Or, take sports. You enter a handball tournament and are trimmed by some duffer who obviously has no more Spiritual Qualities than a side order of spinach. Is your failure due to inability. Nonsense. It's due to your Spiritual Qualities. Whom did you practice with? Haven't you sacrificed yourself playing against inferior opposition just to give others joy? Of course you have if you're worth two cents as a martyr. Couldn't you be a world beater if you concentrated purely on winning instead of playing for the joy of the game? So there you are. You're a Noble Soul and glad you lost.

Disappointed in love? Not invited to that party when you should have been? Because you refuse to stoop to being a pusher. Of course, I don't claim that *everybody* in the world can be a martyr, but be honest with yourself. Aren't *you* one?





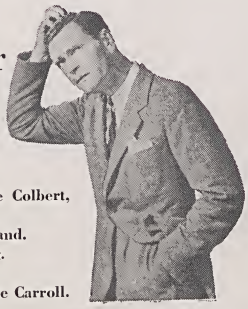
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BABES IN ARMS, with Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland.
ETERNALLY YOURS, David Nevin, Loretta Young.
WE ARE NOT ALONE, Paul Muni.
HONEYMOON IN BALI, Fred McMurray, Madeline Carroll.

COLLEGIATE THEATRE

FANNY -:- WHIT -:- JUNE -:- TARZAN -:- JOHNNIE



"Thanks to Uncle Sam

–tobacco's better than ever!

... and Luckies always take the better grades," says Ray Oglesby, tobacco auctioneer for 8 years.

BENJAMIN HAWKS of North Carolina shows Auctioneer Oglesby his fine tobacco seedlings—grown by new U. S. Government methods.

RAY OGLESBY in action. Among *independent* tobacco experts like this famous auctioneer, Luckies are the 2-to-1 favorite over all other brands.

Q. WHY HAVE TOBACCO CROPS BEEN BETTER?

A. Because, even though crops vary with weather conditions, Uncle Sam's new methods of improving soil, seed and plant-food have done a fine job.

Q. Do Luckies buy this better tobacco?

A. Yes, indeed—*independent* experts like Ray Oglesby tell you that Luckies always *have* bought the choicer grades of each crop. In fact, that's why Mr. Oglesby has smoked Luckies for 11 years.

Q. Do other tobacco experts prefer Luckies, too?

A. Among these skilled auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, Luckies are the 2-to-1 favorite.

Try Luckies a week. You'll find them easy on your throat, for the "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco. You'll also know why . . . **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**



Have you tried a LUCKY lately?

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The STUDENT



"... And on Earth Peace and Good Will Toward Men"

Vol. LVI DECEMBER No. 5



Above, "VAN" waiting in the duck blinds for the "zero hour." Explorer, sportsman, scientist, conservationist, author of the authoritative, new "A Book on Duck Shooting," Heilner knows the waterfowl flyways from California to Maine, Alaska to Mexico, and those of Europe too. "Van" has been a Camel smoker for 18 years.

You can tell a lot about a cigarette by whether it burns fast or slowly. Camel cigarettes are noted for their long burning. In fact, they burned longer, slower *than any other brand,* in recent scientific tests (*see right*). Van Campen Heilner, the famous American authority on wild game, points out an interesting angle to this.

"Camels give *more smoking* because they burn so slowly," he says. "And I think the way they burn is a very good way to judge the *quality* of cigarettes too. I notice this about Camels—I can smoke them steadily and they still taste smooth and cool, and my mouth feels fresh—not dry—with no throat irritation. Camels are mild, flavory. They give more genuine pleasure per puff—and more puffs per pack." Turn to Camels. Get extra smoking per pack—topped off with the delicate taste of choice quality tobaccos. For contentment—smoke Camels!

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF...MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

Cigarettes were compared recently ... sixteen of the largest-selling brands ... under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

1 CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED *SLOWER* THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3 In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR *LONGER* than the average time for all the other brands.

Don't deny yourself the pleasure of smoking Camels, the quality cigarette *every* smoker can afford.

PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

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Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMELS—*Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*



Here's Santa's saucy daughter
Gunning for the old heel.
She wanted a mink coat for Xmas,
But all she got was a seal.

HERE'S WHY MARIA WAS MAD AT HIS BRIAR!



HAVE A HEART on your husband, ma'am—don't bawl him out for smoking. After all, it isn't his *pipe* that smells bad, it's that hot-and-heavy *tobacco* he always buys.



NO MORE FIGHTS. Some friend switched him to Sir Walter—two ounces of cool-smokin' burley—so mild it *never* bites the tongue—and a wife-winner for *aroma!*

New! CELLOPHANE TAPE around lid seals flavor in . . . brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!



UNION MADE

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

TUNE IN—*Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House." Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.*

THE BLUE TICKET

"Gee whiz, Gertie, can you lend me a dollar until my allowance arrives. I haven't enough strength to go down to the post office and try once more to change this blue ticket into cash. What's a blue ticket? It's a money order. And the red tape you gotta go through! They all but stand you up against the wall with pinchers around your gullet and snap your picture. I'm not kidding. They want to know your whole family tree—and not just a picture of the spreading chestnut drawn by Longfellow won't do the trick, either.

"Well, the first thing the weasel with the green eye shade behind the counter asks me is: 'What's yer name?' Fresh? He was as fresh as a dog that's just come out of the grinder.

"And then he says: 'Can you identify yourself?' Now, who could he have thought I was, Mrs. Van Somebody, or other, incog? 'Come on, sister,' he says, 'I haven't got all day. Ain't you got a book or a card with yer name in it?' And there's me with nothing but a powder puff and lipstick in my pocketbook.

"And then he pulls a hot one. 'Where's your bank book?' I almost laughed in his face. A bank book on my allowance what with my too healthy appetite and so very few luncheon and dinner dates. And it's kind of expensive getting bottles of 'New Skin' to put over the parts of my fingers that are worn out from typing reports. So I answer him 'I've nothing with me.'

"'Sorry sister,' snaps foolish, 'you'll have to bring something along with you next time for identification.'

"Well, so far as I'm concerned there ain't gonna be no next time. I'd rather lose the $1.19 than myself even if it means water and crackers for the next couple of days. How about the dollar, Gertie?"





THE STUDENT

VOLUME LVI for DECEMBER NUMBER 3

In This Case

ON THE COVER: Just a group of gifts left by Santa Claus for the entire household, ranging from father, the admirer of current literature, to eight-year-old Junior, who likes to stage battles with his tin soldiers. In an attempt to get something both original and effective for the cover scheme of the December Issue, we resorted to the use of table-top photography. Normally we think of Christmas in connection with "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men," but in 1939 we have set the stage in something more appropriate for the yuletide celebration. Even in faraway America we can't get away from the theories of battle, just as Santa accidentally set a battle underneath our Christmas tree—a battle which rages in defense and conquest of a globe. To the left



we have the background of our setting fittingly portrayed in the work of Hitler's *Mein Kampf* accompanied by *War And Peace* by the great story teller Tolstoy. To the right we see that Vincent Sheean has predicated "Not Peace But a Sword," and from the very title of his book streams the endless files of soldiers, upholding the diversified policies of various rulers.

We do not urge the constant remembrance of battle scenes of horror and bloodshed. But we do remind you that only out of the hearts of men will there grow a realization of "Peace On Earth, Good Will Toward Men," when "each man shall sit under his own fig tree and none shall make him afraid."

THE SCENE of our "battle" (as shown in the photograph) was staged atop an ordinary table. To gain glistening effect of newly fallen snow, bright flood-lights were trained on the rolls of soft cotton used as a base. Soldiers and military equipment for the scene were provided by twelve-year-old Eddie Folk, whose conception of a "pitched battle" would possibly outstrip ours by a long shot. Scott, as shown in small photograph, snapped the picture.

RECOGNITION OF THE fact that the *Old Gold and Black* has been a much improved and in many ways entirely different paper from that of years gone by has been noted in the letters coming to the editor's office and to the Publication Board in general. We are late in our recognition and bestowal of orchids to the publication's splendid work of the current year, but we wish to commend the brother publication. In our way of thinking it has effected strikingly creditable changes in its conception and method of conveyance of news, as well as being better made-up. With the tireless efforts of Editor Kelley, accompanied by his group of interested supporters, the paper has made rapid strides of progress in all departments. As a rule the articles have been better written, since much more time has been given to the concentration on definite requirements for all reporters. Such notable changes and improvements not only give Wake Forest publications a needed Christmas present, but a perennial gift. We're behind the paper.

WE'LL ADMIT that we don't pretend to be poetic reformers of the modern collegiate era, but it is well to bear in mind during the Christmas holiday that we do have examinations coming up sometime in January. We are reminded of the little ditty:

Freshman Joe College;
Registered in September,
Looped in October,
Rested in November,
Vacationed in December,
Took exams in January—
And that was the end
Of Freshman Joe College.

WE GIVE feature space this month to Seavy Carroll's account of his remarkable experience at the New York's World Fair. He visited it last summer, sleeping in the grounds at night, taking in the exhibits by day, and seeing things which the millions of other visitors did not see. It is plain that the adventure he relates is certainly metaphorically, even if not actually, true and real to him. Something happened, and this is his story. Before writing it, he read and digested sixteen books, including most of Carlyle's writings. Consequently, most of the quotations he uses were lifted verbatim from Carlyle's books, he says, and the others are paraphrases of the philosopher's ideas. It is an essay which challenges thought.

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"SPEAKING OF HOLIDAYS

They're comparatively new, at least in such large numbers"

LENGTHY HOLIDAY desires among the students of Wake Forest have extended back into the earliest days of the college's existence. And 1939 is not an exception: only two days ago there was a petition circulating on the campus which would extend the Christmas holiday season a day extra, making it inclusive of New Year's Day.

Why back immediately after the War Between the States the college students of Wake Forest were given a full day for Christmas, because they "were such a good lot of boys!" What's more they were glad to get it, and the shouts of joy over such an occasion resounded throughout the surrounding community, and died away into the heavy coldness of wintry night.

History reveals much about the make-up of man: only ten years after they were given a holiday, the students appear with petitions for more time. In an effort to stem their persistent requests members of the faculty sought to give them something to look forward to for their holiday. Hence, the senior speaking was moved up to take place the night of Christmas Eve. That was in 1882, for before that date the senior speaking had been held on the evening of December 22.

Little by little the boys fought for new freedom along the holiday fronts. In the January issue of THE STUDENT in 1882, there appeared an editorial which read: "What a joyous time that (Christmas) used to be. . . . But young man just wait until you come to Wake Forest College, where you will learn to put away such childish things, if you want to know the full import of that sentence. Yes, Christmas used to be a great, grand, and glorious occasion; but to a poor sinner, who has been so fortunate as to cast his lot amongst us, these joys are things of the past, about which he may dream, but never realize. It has been a time-honored custom of all Christian lands to suspend operations of all laborers from the 25th of December to 1st of January, this giving a man time to cast one look of regret, if nothing more, over the old year and frame new resolutions for the coming one. But our faculty knows how to manage that matter. So near Christmas have they arranged our examinations that their deeply gloomy shadows wrap in midnight all the anticipated brightness of such an occasion."

Christmas Holiday Calendar

1859	Part of a single day
1869	One Day
1879	Two Days
1889	One Week
1899	Eight Days
1909	Ten Days
1919	Sixteen Days
1929	Eleven Days
1939	Fifteen Days
1949	Who Knows?

And the editorialist ranted on to some length, finally lauding the faculty in that they had "o'erstepped" the bounds of reason, and decided to suspend classroom duties for TWO FULL DAYS! For just that reason one of the students rebuked a fellow classmate for saying that the faculty "had no soul." They were indeed happy to be granted two days of excitement and joyous leisure for the yuletide celebration.

The ways in which the students spent such a surplus of time is puzzling to the reader of today. But it was not trouble to the student. In the December issue of the 1892 STUDENT there was another article which said: "Next senior speaking on Christmas Eve. . . . Then the girls will be coming home (to Wake Forest) for the holiday . . . yes, come every one, and bring your roommate. Wake Forest is without peer in giving Christmas entertainment to the girls."

The problem of satisfying the student was temporarily solved, then, when they moved up the senior speaking to Christmas Eve, and followed the holiday season with examinations, so that the students would be compelled to spend a large part of Christmas Day in preparation for the on-coming disaster. Buried in duties, sprinkled with a few bright moments with girls around, the boys didn't have time to object to their maltreatment.

Every generation possesses revolutionists, however, and again in 1884 THE STUDENT boldly printed the following: "There never will be a generation of students here who will rise up and call the Faculty blessed until they give us more than two days for Christmas." Discontented with the generous allotment of two days, the students were on the war-path again. Struggle against struggle—the faculty attempting to retain its grip of "reasonable liberality" and the personnel of the student body doing its best to gain more time for their pleasures. The fight continued on through 1885, and was renewed in 1886—this time they were demanding a week for a vacation. This time was set in an effort to provide enough time for the students who lived outside the county to go home.

In 1886 J. W. Lynch, professor emeritus of religion, was editor of THE STUDENT. He was primarily instrumental in promulgating a "Give Us A Week" campaign for the coming Christmas season. To be more specific the campaign was nothing short of a propaganda drive, and would in some measures make modern modes of propaganda look rather sick. He listed five points in his purpose for asking such a tremendous length of time.

One student waxed bold and patriotic and stuck a notice on the bulletin board demanding: "Give us a Week, or Give Us Death." In the following issue of THE STUDENT there was an article stating that "We got both; we got our week vacation and then the professors killed us with examinations!"

And so it has fallen throughout the years. Today the students have two full weeks of relaxation and are demanding an extra day. Perhaps another decade will find college catalogues and advertisements reading: "Between your vacations, spend a little while with us."

THOUGHTS IN VERSE . . .

Only Those

On His fair and holy birthday
'Tis the verdict of the years:
Only those can see Him truly
Who have eyes washed bright by tears.

On His fair and holy birthday
'Tis the centuries' refrain:
Only those can hear Him truly
Who have ears attuned to pain.

Only those can find Him truly
Who have hearts swept bare by loss

* * * * * *

("I can understand, my children,
I (I, too) have borne a Cross.")

EDITH EARNSHAW.

Christmas Rhymes

Each Christmas morn the angels sing,
"Glad tidings of great joy we bring!"
While mortals join the glad refrain
Which ushered in a Saviour's reign.

Why should December, dark and drear,
The gloomiest month of all the year,
Be chosen for the Saviour's birth,
Who came, a priceless boon, to earth?
'Twould seem that Nature should accord
With all things else, to greet her Lord.
Not so. The barren earth in vain
Laments her yielded stores of grain,
Bewailing all her flowers fled,
A mother mourning for her dead.

"The darkest hour precedes the dawn."
As earth, that dark December morn,
Was gladdened by a Saviour born,
So wilt thou, find in hours of woe
(Which needs must come to all below),
The Prince of Peace again descend,
At once a King, a Saviour, Friend.
The "Star of Bethlehem" shall light
The darkness of thine earthly night.
His angels, Peace and Love, shall raise
Within thy heart their songs of praise.
And make the anthem ring again
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

—EVABELLE SIMMONS, '88.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This poem, which appeared in the January, 1892, issue of THE STUDENT, was written by the first — and until recent years, the only — coed of Wake Forest College.

At Olivet

I wonder if He watched the clouds float idly by
Up above or down below His resting place.
Perhaps He plucked a twig and sucked
The nurture of the good, rich earth,
And watched the twittering birds
Among the olive trees,
And hares that stopped to play
Along the dusty path.

I wonder if He looked
Toward the palace on the hill
And at the Temple there, but turned
To see the hovels all along the thoroughfare,
The Via Dolorosa, and Roman legions there,
And then across the sea:
The peaks of Moab and their heights.
I think He looked along the way
That led to Bethany
But turned to watch the city at His feet.

—JOHN A. FREEMAN.

Clement and Clarissa

"I wanted to give you a jewel, Clarissa,
(As once I was able), to shine in a ring—
Your hands are so lovely! This little wood bracelet
Seems somehow a very inadequate thing."

"But Clement, a bracelet is just what I wanted!
You carved it yourself — see how pretty it looks!
(Not jewels, thank goodness, for dishwater spoils them!)
But dear, I was longing to give you some books.

Those rare first-editions you wanted, but heavens!
The price was too high, ev'ry place that I wrote —
I made you this funny tobacco-pouch, Clement,
Out of the sleeve of your ancient suede coat!"

"It's charming! (and needed!) Now watch while I fill it!
I wonder, Clarissa, just why it should be
That Christmas (this lean year), the first time since childhood,
Seems really and truly like Christmas to me!"

—EDITH EARNSHAW.

WAKE FOREST'S FIRST COED!

The Story of a girl who attended school here fifty-five years ago.

By WELLS NORRIS

IF AND when the the feminine element is added to the Wake Forest campus, making it a coeducational institution, as runs the current discussion in favor of such a plan, the first coed to stand in line for registration, and the first to enhance the beauty of the campus will not have the honor of being the very first coed to attend the college. Nor are the several coeds in school here at the present time the first, though we are proud of them.

In fact, it was back in 1883 — fifty-six years ago this fall — that Evabelle Simmons enrolled as a student of Wake Forest College. And thus, she was the first girl — and the only one until recent years — to become a part of the school. She entered at the age of fourteen with her brother, Henry, who is now head of the English department of Brenau College in Gainesville, Ga.

Incidentally, the mutual devotion which existed between these two students was the warmest and most sublime that one could conjure up in the imagination. Strolling side by side over the beaten paths to the classrooms, the two figures soon seemed to become an innate part of the school. If one saw Henry, he could be sure that Evabelle was not far away. For four eventful years Henry and Evabelle were members of the Wake Forest College student body, and for four years the latter surpassed the majority of her more virile classmates in attaining splendid grades.

Though it seemed astounding enough that they let a girl enter school here and take part in class recitations, it seems even more incredible that she was allowed to take part in extra-curricular activity. Besides contributing bits of poetry to THE STUDENT, she became a member of the Philomathesian Literary Society. Even today students may chance to wonder just "who" the portrait of the girl, which remains in their hall, might be. That is Evabelle Simmons, the first and only girl to become a member of the society. Her accession as a member of the society was, as was her admission as a student, undoubtedly viewed with some skepticism at the outset, but no doubt she soon became acclimated to her new order and pushed back another curtain which hung over the antiquated ideas of mixed education in that day. Charles Brewer had the honor of whispering the secrets of the society into the first coed's ear, making her a full-fledged member of the organization.

Two years after Evabelle Simmons had enrolled at Wake Forest, the board of trustees passed a resolution to the effect that "No females will be allowed to participate in class recitations at Wake Forest." However, a resolution was passed to follow which read, "The resolution applying to females does not apply to Miss Evabelle Simmons" which shows that she was granted special permission to attend classes.

In 1888 she and Henry completed the required four years of work. Henry was granted a diploma, but Evabelle was not. The trustees were opposed to coeds, and they obstinately refused to grant her the lettered recognition of her labor. For many months the trustees were the object of pointed vituperations by sympathizers of



Henry Simmons, brother of the first coed.

the girl. She had done the work that was required for a degree, and much more besides. Her superiority in the classroom was not questionable; nor was it questionable in many of the various other activities in which she participated. And yet, the affirmation of her efforts was evidently not to be conceded her. Degrees were awarded all her classmates, but she was left without a diploma until, two years later, at a meeting of the board of trustees on June 12, 1890, a resolution was passed which read: "On the recommendation of the faculty the degree of B.A. is conferred upon Miss Evabelle Simmons."

"From the classic walls," writes the editor of THE STUDENT in the April issue, 1898, "she went forth to teach, possessed not only with an education of the broadest and most liberal type, but also possessed with the genuine teacher's heart —kind, simple, pure, and sympathetic."

And after teaching for a few years at the Wake Forest Academy, she accepted a position in the faculty of the Eufaula Female College, Alabama, which she held until her death, in March, 1898. While teaching she harbored the belief that a conscientious teacher could do as much good here as she could do on foreign fields, for her innate ambition was that of being a foreign missionary. How-



Evabelle Simmons, Wake Forest's first coed, who, over fifty-five years ago, established a remarkable record among her colleagues.

ever, she compromised and served her short life as a missionary in her native land, among the people she knew, loved, and for whom she would give all she possessed.

Mrs. E. W. Timberlake, sister of Miss Simmons, relates an interesting incident concerning the impression which Miss Simmons created upon one of her students. Forty years after her time as a teacher in the Academy here, a traveler was passing through Wake Forest on a bus. While she was tarrying a few minutes waiting for another bus, she called on Mrs. Timberlake, expressing her desire to see a picture of "Miss Evabelle." Upon being shown such a photograph, she gazed at it silently for a few moments and then commented that "She was the finest teacher in the world, and even after forty years it seems as if it were yesterday that I sat at her feet." She taught with her objective being kindness at all times. And her ideal was best exemplified in the hearts and souls of those who went out from her.

After her career as a teacher here, she accepted an offer to assume a position on the faculty of the Enfaula Female College of Enfaula, Ala. Her brother was president of the college at the time. She held this position until her death, and the same type of work was accredited to her there as was true of her school work in the Academy. In the April number of THE STUDENT in 1898, there appeared the following note concerning her work there: ". . . After her death, it was discovered that Miss Simmons, during her spare hours, not only taught classes composed of the factory girls of her town, but supplied their needs from her own resources."

During the rather brief intervals of spare time that cropped up while she was teaching in the Wake Forest Academy and in the girls' school in Alabama, she continued to expand her intellectual ability by attending the University of Chicago, and also studying abroad when she and her brother, Henry, were on a trip together.

It was in March of the year 1898 that Evabelle Simmons died at the age of 29. She was then in the midst of her work in the girls' school. Even in death she was beautiful. Her youthful face shone with the innocent brilliance and kind devotion that she accorded all with whom she came in contact. Her body was brought back to Wake Forest and laid to rest in the local cemetery. The funeral was attended by the entire student body, as a note of recognition for the place which she had won in the hearts of Wake Forest men — faculty and students alike.

To her THE STUDENT paid a tribute in the March issue of the same year. It read something like this: "The life of this true disciple of Him who sympathized with the lowly is ended, but her work still lives, and will continue to live long after the bodily life of Miss Evabelle Simmons is forgotten."

And so we have a brief review of the life of Wake Forest's first coed. Her ability in the classroom, in the studying of courses prepared for men of the day, was exceeded only by the gleaming personality of the life she lived outside the classroom. Possibly her favorite mode of expression was in poetry. Included among other poems which she wrote, THE STUDENT published "Ode to Art," a poem which was published in the January issue, 1894, and was read at the opening of the School of Fine Arts, Union Female College, Alabama. In an earlier issue of the magazine "Versiculi" was published. In H. C. Moore's *Select Poems of North Carolina* there are three poems written by Miss Simmons. Included in the group is "My Ideal Knight" which was highly praised by critics of the day.

As a fitting conclusion to the brief story of the life of Wake Forest's first coed, the favorite poem of her life is reprinted. It concerns a man to whom Wake Forest owes much, and to whom a loyal daughter was religiously devoted:

TO THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER

In humble, loving trust we bow,
Submissive to Thy will, O God;
We know it is Thy loving hand,
E'en while we feel the chastening.

For if our father's love and care
Are emblems of Thy Fatherhood,
We could not, having known his life,
E'er doubt that Thou art wise and good.

No word of anger passed his lips,
Where ever played the sweetest smile,
Nor any but the gentlest tones,
Though suffering stamped his brow the while.

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OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT

. . . and how they got that way

By PHIL HIGHFILL

THE PEACH TRUCK swerved around the curve and panted up the hill in low gear. A group of students left their shady spots under the magnolias along the campus wall and converged on the behemoth as it crawled toward the crest of the rise. One enterprising lad leaped upon the back of the tarpaulined giant and handed down a crate of fruit into the eager hands of his fellows. Then they all ran back to the protecting trees of the campus and paused to divide their booty.

The students got a lot out of it. Their act was not a malicious one. They did not pause to consider that the driver of the truck would probably be held responsible for the loss of the merchandise. The only thing they considered as they munched their purloined peaches was the boldness of the act, and how clever and *collegiate* they had been. . . .



Collegians have assumed the right to act the ass in every regard on every occasion. Nay, it has come to be expected of them. I have seen them do things they wouldn't dream of doing at home, things which wouldn't even have occurred to them if they had not been college men.

At one well-known Eastern college, where the traditions of being a gentleman are even more publicized than usual, I have watched them walk four abreast down the street, brushing the more infirm citizenry into the gutters. Anybody who has ever been in the California after a football game knows what I'm talking about when I say that it is unsafe for the more conservative patrons of a restaurant, theatre, bar, beer garden, or roadhouse to enter when the collegiate element descends on such a place.

If you are subject to epileptic seizures you need only buy a pair of saddle shoes and your fits will go unnoticed. Stumbling drunks in the average college town are as unremarkable as midgets in Hollywood.

It has been said by some current wit that the only way to get a college boy to look up to a girl is to stand her on a step-ladder. This implies, I think, more of a deprecatory commentry on the college boy's outlook on things in general than women in particular. I know that many boys come to school with the picture of one girl in their hearts and on their bureaus, and that that picture remains with them for four years. But "other women"—casual dates at neighboring girls' schools, or "pick-ups" engineered on the spur of the moment—are "different." While a man often does not *lose* either his chivalrous attitude toward women or his regard for common decency, he may consider it perfectly all right to try to get away with anything where women are concerned *while he is at school.*

Sudden and unaccustomed personal freedom may have something to do with this. But not all, I think. I believe that I had more freedom at home than I do at school, because of the present exigencies of time and a curtailed budget. Yet I cannot deny that I have done things in this, a strange town and a strange state (where my family and home environment lend me no support, and I am judged solely on the basis of my own conduct), that I would never have considered doing in my home town.

The college man does not wish to be known for his taste, discrimination, familiarity with the graces of existence, or any other external embellishment which his student years might reasonably be expected to yield him. He may be mistaken for a well-informed plumber's apprentice or a carefully reared milk-man . . . too awful! In order that no man may mistake him he clings to the age-old system of license, which, while delegating to him the title of privileged gentleman, allows him to act like a particularly uninhibited hashish-eater.



How, then, did the student come by this uniformly screwy system of conduct which allows him to do things which would ostracise the butler or boot-black in their respective societies?

Early in the fourteenth century, at that period of the Renaissance when the state and parochial schools and universities were beginning to spring up under the fostering care of pope and king, it was necessary to proselyte wide-shouldered young men who could pivot their hips. Things were pretty uncivilized then and student bodies didn't sit shivering of a rainy autumn afternoon to watch grown men run head-long into each other with an inflated bladder. But there *was* considerable competition between the universities, especially those of Bologna and Milan in the south and Paris and Copenhagen in the north. Since the curriculum was vague and nobody hired press agents, the only criterion of university importance was the number of students enrolled. Then the headman at the University of Bologna

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"...That All Men Were Created Equal"

By E. S. BENSON

I WAS forbidden to play in "Black Alley," for that was where the Negroes lived — after a fashion. There the social strata was divided into the working and the unemployed, the hungry and those able to buy two meals a day. Most of the pickaninnies lived by some miracle, but every few days the "potter's wagon" carried off the results of "malnutrition" as the brusque doctors scribbled on their certificates. Frequently, too, the wagon stopped for black women who attempted motherhood without medical attention. All things considered, it was a miserable group of human souls jammed into the dilapidated, rotting hovels that sank sideways into the ground. Few persons reached fifty years of age, but shriveled, clubfooted Mamie was an exception in this respect. She had worked at our house each day except Sunday for twenty-two years, according to mother's memory.

All morning I had been sitting on the single broken step that separated the black earth from the front "piazza," as Uncle John called the warped boards that supported his keg-chair. There I had shared the latest adventures of Bre'r Rabbit as told by Uncle John, Mamie's lazy husband.

My stomach told me it was lunch time, and I ran around the block to give the impression that I came in from the opposite direction, whistling my innocence. My precautions were unnecessary, for mother was in the kitchen supervising the cooking of her famous chocolate cake. My enthusiasm was dampened when I learned the cake was intended for the church bazaar, a bazaar for the benefit of Chinese flood sufferers. Mamie was fussing around the stove with her customary enthusiasm for any activity in the kitchen. I had only pulled the strings of her apron twice when it suddenly occurred to her to dust upstairs. Mother smiled as she left because she remembered Mamie's first day at our house. Mother had asked Mamie to kill the chickens for Sunday's dinner, but in spite of her brave effort to make a good impression, she succeeded only in letting the chicken escape. She could never summon the courage to kill one of them, and it had long since fallen the duty of the handyman to officiate on those occasions while Mamie suddenly became busy in another part of the house.

Lunch and the Saturday afternoon picture show sped by with the accustomed rapidity of a school-boy's free day. Dad came in at six and pecked mother, sister, and me before he shook out the evening paper. He had barely begun his ritual of cleaning his glasses before mother belatedly informed him of the arroganee of the Negroes. Dad merely grunted from behind the paper at this, but when Sis said two Negro bucks forced her from the sidewalk that afternoon as they walked by, he displayed an aroused interest. Sis was eager to elaborate, but she admitted that she wouldn't know the Negroes should she meet them again. Dad merely commented that a

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C-E-N-S-O-R-E-D

By JAY JENKINS, Jr.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The incident retold below is not fictitious, but really happened only several weeks ago. The lady to whom the letter was written lives in Covington, Va. The following account of the incident reached THE STUDENT from the father of the author, Jay Jenkins, who happened to be a visitor in the home where it took place.

The envelope was of coarse-grained paper. Its edges were frayed as if from much handling by human hands. Stretched diagonally across the page, in blaring black type, were the letters C-E-N-S-O-R-E-D.

The American addressee, a Virginia lady, fearfully tore open the letter and with trembling hands pulled out a scrap of paper which the writer had apparently tried to iron out flat, since it showed signs of having been badly wrinkled. Her heart jumped violently and a lump rose in her throat as she recognized her sister's handwriting. For many months now, she had had no word from her. She only knew that she was "somewhere in Germany."

"Dear Sister:

"We are all well and safe. I don't know the exact date that this letter will reach you, but you must not worry. Everything here is not as dark as painted. The Germans are kind to us and respect our property. Our larder is full. Army officers tell us that the war will end any day. We are waiting and hoping. Give my love to the rest of my relatives. I am continually thinking and praying for you and yours.

"I am, as always,

Your most loving sister,

M.....

"P. S. The stamp on this letter is a curious one. Knowing as I do that you are a collector, I especially chose this one for you. It may be valuable some day."

Only one part of the letter led the sister in Virginia to suspect that not all was well with her loved ones in Germany — the postscript which had been added onto the letter. She had never had more than a casual interest in stamps and had never saved one in her life. She steamed the stamp out of curiosity, thinking that it would be a relic to keep.

What she saw made her grow faint. For underneath the stamp, written in small letters, were two words that told, in briefest form, of some of the horror and heart-rending exactions that the fiery god of war, Mars, demands from his helpless victims. The words were:

"We're starving."

STUFFED PINEAPPLES

And then came the dawn on a post high school romance

"TELL HER that I'll wait," the wirey lad as he pulled the rear gate closed and removed his battered hat.

"No, you needn't break into the party now, for she wasn't expecting me here so soon. Don't tell her any name. Just say 'there's a gentleman who wants to speak to her'."

With that the youth took a seat on a concrete bench, located by a lily pool, with white rocks placed around it. The warm summer afternoon seemed to have been shut out with the closing of the gate, for it was so cool, refreshing, and pleasant to sit by the pool. Several evergreens grew at the four corners of the oblong pool, and with their squatty thickness they cut off a main view from the rest of the rock garden. Dwarf phlox thrived in crowded beds around the concrete border, and gold fish lashed the surface in search of bread crumbs or insects.

Cautiously the stranger picked at bits of dead grass and mistles which were sticking to his four-years-out-of-date suit. He held the battered hat in his left hand, and stared at the ground in front of him with an internally joyous grin, as if he were about to surprise someone. The heels of his sport shoes were badly run down, and his shirt collar was breaking through at the rear. Protruding cheek bones and sunken eyes gave his face an emaciated appearance. His neck ran a good foot, it seemed, from his shoulders to his tow-head, with its touseled hair, and sun-bronzed face. His gaunt frame intimated an undernourished nature, as if he had been a football player at one time, but had been farmed out to a Devil's Island for a six-months vacation.

Under his arm he carried a bundle wrapped in brown paper.

The maid appeared for a second time at the back doorway.

"Miss Miriam will run back as soon as she can get away from the party," she said, adding, "she keeps in a 'twitter' all the time with some men or other."

The stranger cast a glance at her, half rising to his feet, and half-apologetically told her that he was in no hurry. He resumed his seat, continuing to smile inwardly, and beaming at the brown bundle under his arm.

Suddenly the door flung open, and out tripped a girl of scarce twenty. Attired in an afternoon tea party outfit, she grasped the flared corners of her blue silk about her closely as she half-ran toward the pool. He had his back turned.

"Jess!" she exclaimed after some time, as if she had trouble in finding his name. "And I thought you were still in the Philippines!"

"Hawaii, it was; but I just got my month's furlough and I'll be around until the first of August. I didn't know whether you would remember me or not after four years, and since the last time I saw you was the night after we graduated from Kingsport High."

"You're the same Jess. You never change from one time to another. And where is it you've been? Oh, yes, Hawaii."

"I told you I would be back in the letter last month, but I didn't think you would have time to answer it since I was leaving the next week. It feels good to be back," he breathed deeply.

"Of all times, and I'm in the middle of a boring party. Can't you come back tonight for a few minutes? Have you seen your people yet? You look tired and worn, as if you hadn't slept for weeks."

"Oh, yes, I got home two days ago, and told you on the phone that I would be here this afternoon to give you the present which you asked for the night before I left for the army."

"Jess, always the thoughtful one. How could I ever thank you for the gift? It was lovely."

"Here it is now. It's all I had and I brought them all the way from the Islands. Remember the pineapples you asked for four years ago?"

"Indeed I do. And I'll have James stuff them for me and put one in each corner of my room. How nice of you to remember."

"Don't let me keep you from the party. I'm in no hurry."

"And I do want to hear about the trip across the Atlantic," she said as she turned to the house and east a makeup-bespattered face toward the lad who was still standing by the pool.

"Here's the pineapples," he said with an apologetic note in his voice.

She took the package in her arms and tripped aronnd the house to the entrance by the veranda on the right side. With a puzzled expression, Jess took his seat by the pool. His heart fluttered, and he sighed deeply to relieve the pressure.

Inside he could hear the laughter of merry voices, intermingled with the scraping of dancing, and occasional strains of some unfamiliar air from a scratchy phonograph. His mind could hardly apprehend the particulars of the setting. Civilization at last, he thought, after four years on an island in the Pacific. Civilization, and how it had changed. Merrill was the same girl. She had moved with civilization, and left the size and shape of the image he had held of her for four years — from that night he had taken her to the prom-party at Gurney's the night after they had graduated together from Kingsport High.

Afternoon gave way to the sunset colors, but Jess didn't see them. He only waited. Twilight stole over the back garden, and there in semi-dusk, by the silent pool, he sat in patient waiting. Each noise he interpreted to be the returning footsteps of Merrill, but each time he was fooled.

Darkness came painfully on at length, and he suddenly felt cold. Time was dragging by, and he could almost imagine the dawn's appearance in a few minutes.

"I'll go away," he said aloud, "and come back tomorrow. She won't be busy then."

But first he sauntered to the back door to tell the maid to deliver a message to Merrill for him. The left entrance was closed, and he went around the house to the right side entrance. He walked up the steps to the short veranda. Here he stopped suddenly. There lying overturned and unopened was his brown package, as

(Continued on page twenty-one)

THE STUDENT

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DECEMBER 1939

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On the Editorial Side

Wake Forest and a Man

HARALD SCHALY is one of the numerous students to whom we have the privilege, and duty, of taking a poached egg and cup of coffee each morning in the boarding house. Yet the formality of sheer duty led us to come to know and admire one of the most versatile personalities on the Wake Forest campus.



And Schaly will leave Wake Forest in February, to return to his native Brazil, where he expects to take up his work as an administrator to the physical, mental, and spiritual needs of literally thousands of his fellow-countrymen. A student of German descent, he came to North America from South America in the month of August, 1934. He enrolled in the Baptist Theological Seminary, his destination, to which he came with the purpose of completing his education.

No doubt his exit from Wake Forest will be just as quiet as his entrance, for that's how Schaly does things. There won't be a blare of self-invoked trumpets for his departure to his native land: he will return with his heart and soul bent on reaching the needs of his people, and not determined to let them all know that he is returning home, an educated son of the South American republic.

He received his college degree from Wake Forest, along with a Th.M. from the Southern Baptist Seminary, in August of this year. But he has remained on the campus to take additional studies which he desired to use in his work back home.

Coming to Wake Forest because the boys here were "open-minded," Schaly will complete his stay of three years and five summer schools on the local campus when he departs for his native Brazil in February. He has done outstanding work in the studies of science, including particular studies in biology and plant life. General science is his major, and mathematics is his minor. The field of science, however, does not chronicle the entire story of his honor work: he has made the honor roll all the way through college, which means that he has excelled in other subjects as well.

As a student of the languages he has an enviable record. Besides being a speaker of German, English and Portuguese with equal fluency, he speaks and reads Spanish, French, and Italian with some degree of efficiency. Other studies in language include honor work in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. In fact, Schaly feels pretty much at home in any nationality of company.

Not only as a means of defraying his living expenses, but because of the reputation which he has developed, Schaly has had an average of two speaking engagements every week since he has been in the United States — all of the five years and three months. His range of speaking has carried him from pulpits, social club meetings, school and college addresses, and numerous other groups. From Texas to Indiana he has travelled, covering thousands of miles to make addresses in meetings which ranged from the State Baptist Convention to the humblest country church pulpits.

Before coming to America Schaly encountered many fascinating experiences, though in business he lived a life of an average Brazilian. And as he returns to his native land in February, he returns as an average Brazilian, possessing the soul of a genuine man whose work is among other men. The versatility of his American college career will be behind him, and he will seek to become a versatile leader among a group of fellow mortals.

And so we have paused for a few minutes to pay a personal tribute to a man who is deserving of all we could say about him. We pay the tribute with a note of regret, for he will soon depart from the student atmosphere of local Wake Forest; but we also take off our hat with a note of pride, for we know that Wake Forest will be heard of in the remotest sections of a jungle-infested world, where a man of German descent will be carrying a work for the cause of humanity.

THE WORL

★ *Will it really reflect the "trag*
suggests in this most challe

By
SEAV



I WAS one of the curious millions who visited the spectacular World's Fair at New York during the past summer. I was one of the few who saw the backstage operations of the fair. I believe that I was the only living person to witness a midnight performance of the panorama in all its brilliance. And I know I am the only person to have the experience I want to tell you. It has haunted me for four months. Listen:

Both because of the scarcity of funds, and because of our eager desire for adventure, we had decided to remain inside the fairgrounds night and day, until we had seen all that we desired to see at the exposition. The first night was spent rather comfortably, considering the accommodations at hand, in the caboose of a railroad train which was used in conjunction with the railroad's show in the transportation area. Nothing out of the ordinary happened during that night, unless one would say it was unusual for us to invade the caboose at night without a light, spread our blankets upon the hard floor in one end of the car, pass into slumber, and then waken the next morning to find a nice, soft couch in the opposite end of our railroad quarters. However, the second night is the one that I shall long remember.

The two of us hit on a mad plan to sleep in an old stage coach type of railroad car. With only a blanket for cover, we curled up in the seats of the antiquated carriage, and patiently waited for the sand man. Being dead tired from walking during the day, we found comfort even in the hard seats of the vehicle. I lay there seeking to recollect the experiences I had had during the day.

I began to contemplate the wonderful age of which I was a part. "You know, David," I said, "I believe that every man who is living should be thankful that he has been chosen as a part of the twentieth century, rather than of an earlier period. There is so much more to enjoy today. Our ancestors must have lived a terribly dull life!"

"That's what you think," came a voice from the outside.

"Good night!" I thought. "The guard has discovered us. We'll not be able to stay in here tonight; they may put us in jail." I looked out the window, and there, to my surprise, was not the night watchman whom I expected to see but a tall, slender man, with white hair matching a long growth of beard, out of which protruded a sharp nose. His eyes related a world of experience in a glance, and the rugged features of his face allowed one to conclude that his age justified the use of the walking cane which he carried. His antiquated clothes made me recall pictures of early Victorians.

"Who are you?" I blurted.

"Don't be afraid, my boy; I am not an officer, but another visitor just like you. You ought to recognize me from my pictures. My name is Thomas Carlyle. I am here tonight, because I, like you, want to see what men say the world of tomorrow is going to be like—although I already have an idea as to what men think of the civilization of tomorrow. Come with me, my boy, and I believe I can unfold before your eyes a modern interpretation of the greatest tragedy of all time—the Tragedy of Faust."

Walking briskly with thumping cane, Carlyle led me first to the Communications and Business Systems zone. We were the only visitors at the time, and yet, it didn't seem too fantastical that we were alone. Directly before us was the Communications Building which was flanked by twin pylons 110 feet high. I marvelled at the giant murals adorning the facade, which depicted several of the many means of communication. As we passed into a huge chamber, upon whose massive walls were giant pictures, illustrating the progress of communication, the primary attraction was the focal exhibit, which presented us with the story of the evolution of communications, from the sign languages of the earliest ages to man's latest accomplishment in the field of television.

We moved from one exhibit to another and I took cognizance of the ever changing expressions upon my friend's face—showing now a faint glint of approval, and then a sour disgust, but he did not utter a word until we had viewed the exhibits in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company Building, the displays in the Business Systems and Insurance Building, and the exhibits in the Halls of the Radio Companies. The old man stopped directly outside a building shaped like a giant radio tube, which housed the shows of the Radio Corporation of America. Piercing my grin of ignorant approval with his eyes of steel, he carelessly supported him-

RLD OF TOMORROW!

tragedy of Faust" as a great philosopher
alleging essay on the New York Fair?

By
AY CARROLL

self with both hands upon the crook of his walking cane, and in a snapping tone which matched his stare, asked me what I had gathered from the exhibits in the buildings which we had examined.

"Well," I said, as I hesitantly recalled a few of the things I could remember offhand. "I remember a very stirring inscription upon the south wall of the Communications Building—which went something like this" (I hastily referred to a pamphlet):

Modern means of Communication span Continents,
Bridge oceans, annihilate time and space . . .
Servants of Freedom of thought and action.
They offer to all men the wisdom of the ages
To free them from tyrannies and establish
Coöperation among peoples of the earth.

"What does that mean?" Carlyle snapped.

"Well, for one thing, that today the world is a much better place in which to live than was the world of a thousand, a hundred, or even fifty years ago—primarily because of our greatly improved means of communication. Today—"

"Bosh!" snorted my host. "You and the rest of these twentieth-century moderns speak of the time you save; you speak of time as if it were the one great mystery; the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean-tide, on which we and all the universe swim like exhaltations; like apparitions which *are*, and then *are not:* this is forever very literally a miracle; a thing to strike us dumb—for we have no word to speak about it. And yet," he added as his firm countenance acquired a thickening film of wistfulness, gazing searchingly into space, "atheistic science babbles poorly of it, with scientific nomenclatures, experiments and what not, as if it were a poor dead thing, to be bottled up in Leyden jars and sold over counters. Faust, attempting to grasp the secrets of the universe, was unable to comprehend the wisdom of the ages—which you say is supplied through your modern means of communication. Granted that the wisdom of the ages is given man today, he is unable—like Faust—to understand the meaning, for more and more every day we forget that the intellect is the fount and origin of other forces and excellencies.

"Then too, you boast of the wonders of radio, television, telegraph, and telephone. But, what good are they to man? Man, who has discovered a secret of the ages, is unable to use that secret wisely. Faust!

"You have the power to use the radio and other great inventions, but alas, you have not learned to use them wisely. Programs are given over almost entirely to swing music, murder mysteries, the latest recipe for chicken-dumplings—and a host of other rubbish subjects that are of inconsequential importance in the course of time. What proportion of radio time, for instance, is not really wasted?

"And in the Business Systems and Insurance Buildings," pointing his cane in that direction, "I saw nothing but a conglomeration of machines and systems which live only for a short time and then perish. The typewriters and other printing machines could be put to more useful purposes. Here again man has discovered a great secret, but what does he do with the printing press? He uses it primarily to publish the idle thoughts of men who never see anything farther away than the mud on their own doorsteps."

We walked over to the $30,000,000 exhibition of 500 of the world's masterpieces of art. Here my host journeyed more slowly, for he seemed interested. He examined closely these masterpieces of art which portrayed the great epochs of European Art from the Middle Ages to 1900. In explaining his interest he said, "It is through the voice of history that one is able to understand the thoughts, aspirations, and ideals of his predecessors, and art was the first means of recording history. Today, you have your wonderful printing systems for recording your thoughts and actions; that is all right, but art seems to be of a more permanent and inspiring nature. I might say further that a certain intermediate self-consciousness dwells dimly in us; which only our works can render articulate and decisively discernible. Our works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. However, I lament the fact that there are many who will visit this exhibition, and will carry no more away with them than they brought for in truth, the eye sees in all means of seeing. Today, come boy, we have seen only a small part of the tragedy of Faust. Let's examine the Community Interest zone."

This section concerned itself with all the conveniences of a modern community, dealing primarily with such things as cosmetics, fashions, electricity as an aid to the farmer, modern means of gardening, home building, the town of tomorrow, and finally—Religion. Time and time again Carlyle would stamp his foot, ram it come upon the pavement, or show some similar sign of disapproval as we passed through the Community Interest section. However, he waited until we had covered the entire zone before he spoke. Then it was that he said, as if unloading a burden which was becoming heavier every second, "Modern communities in terms of labor-saving devices—bah! Man invents a new device to save an hour, and at the same time conceives a plan whereby he can waste an entire day. He thinks of the town of tomorrow, as of the entire world of tomorrow, as paddled of conveniences, of externals. What about a richer, fuller life? What about the development of man himself—of man living like the heroes? No, my boy, the Fair says nothing of all this.

"These modern homes and towns," he said finally, "are only a trifle different from those of yesterday. It is only the outward appearance which makes so much difference. Today, as yesterday, the wise man from his celestial perch is able to look down upon the modern community as into a wasp-nest or bee-hive and witness their wax-laying and honey-making, and poison-brewing, and choking by sulphur. From the richest home down to the low lane, where in her door-sill the aged widow, toiling for a thin livelihood, sits to feel the afternoon sun, I see it all. Couriers arrive bestrapped and bebooted, bear-

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OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT

(Continued from page eight)

had an idea. Why not (he considered) offer some sort of special inducement to scholars to come to Bologna instead of going somewhere else? There being no conservative bitter-enders on the board of trustees, since there was no board of trustees, and the Graham plan being as yet unheard of, he concocted the Bologna Statutes of 1317 with the help of some of his academic stooges, and got it passed, since he was a man of substance in the community, belonged to the Rotary Club, and probably owned half of the municipal courts, anyway.

Knowing, apparently, the collegiate mind, the good old prexy first concentrated on squelching the professors, rendering them disciplinarily impotent and therefore easy prey for anybody but the freshmen who hadn't learned the ropes. ". . . while the students were in no way bound to obedience to the prior of the college of doctors, the doctors were compelled, under pain of a ban which would have deprived them of pupils and income, to swear obedience to the students' rector . . ." The professor was liable, for the slightest offense, to "privatio" or expulsion, from a society whose privileges he had never enjoyed. . . . Even his descendants might be banned from teaching at the university. If a doctor wanted to go fishing or to run over to Palermo to see his wife's family, he had to post a large bond for his prompt return. (This was, as is evident, to prevent him from pleading hangover on Monday classes.)

The scholars elected their own professors and could dismiss them as efficiently through the simple expedient of not coming to classes. They had this "squeeze-power" over the faculty because, while they were under no compulsion to attend a doctor's lectures, the poor man who taught them could be fined by the city as "an unprofitable servant . . ." if he did not draw a certain minimum attendance on all his lectures. Enough of these municipal fines and the unfortunate fellow turned to something else for a livelihood.

The university had civil and criminal jurisdiction over its students. Peace officers had absolutely no authority where a student was concerned. So many a night, after an evening of tippling at the nearest tavern, the stewed studes would break a few heads, thumb their noses at the carabinieri and retreat to the precincts of the university, staggering, singing lewd songs, and generally raising hell. The city couldn't do a thing, under the law, and the university didn't dare, for fear of losing prestige along with students. Dr. Rashdall says that "there is scarcely a yard of Oxford 'High' which has not at some time or other been stained with a student's blood." Contemporary authorities at Oxford at the time complained that they (the students) ". . . sleep all day, and prowl by night from one tavern or house of ill-fame to another, seeking occasions of homicide. . . ." These day-sleeping, night-prowling students were the exceptionally rowdy fellows. But even the milder ones had rather bad manners. They ". . . impeded lectures which they did not like by shouting, stone throwing, whistling, stamping and other devices."

Once in a while, these playful little overtures annoyed the good professors, and even while lacking the authority, they gently reprimanded their charges. A Spanish professor at Louvain in 1476 recounts in his personal notes: ". . . One evening a hulking brute of thirty, student in

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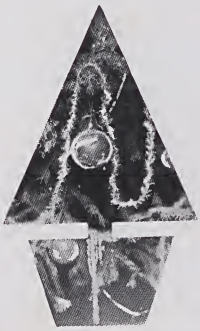
theology and in ribaldry, howled out some filthy interruption. . . . I seized an enormous bronze compass, weighing three or four pounds, at least, which stood on the edge of my desk, and flung it at his head. Luckily for us both, he avoided the missile, which would have dashed out his brains; but from thenceforward he kept quiet . . ." Not very often did the students need protection from enraged proctors, however. It was generally the other way 'round. An injunction to the students at the University of Paris expressly forbids "using a knife on any doctor at time of examination, even though the student does not pass"!

At the University of Paris the "special license" was so attractively convenient that many hundreds of travelers, wanderers, mendicants and merchants enrolled in the university so that they might enjoy the privileges extended to students. At one time over 10,000 people were enrolled at Paris. The entrance requirements were negligible and anyone could matriculate. The students' belongings could not be attached for debt; "safe passage" was insured students at all times; they controlled faculty, "cuts," exams, conduct-rules, and other such annoyances.

One of the things which today most worries the more timid aspirants to the college life is how they will demean themselves under the hazing of upperclassmen. But the hazing of this generation is as nothing compared to that which the unfortunate frosh endured in the mediæval university. Describing the initiation of freshmen at Heidelberg, Monroe, an authority, says: "From the first moment when his fellow students effect to discover in the room a rare monster, the *bejaunus,* of hideous aspect and loathsome scent, down to the final scene when all drink together in earnest of the feast which the freshman has promised to regale his fellows, we scarcely know whether to laugh with the tormentors or weep with the victim." In France, this whole ceremony took the form of a mock trial. At Aix, for instance, "after a freshman has been duly accused by the promoters, he was sentenced to receive a certain number of blows with a book or frying-pan." Often the frosh was forced to swallow a cathartic so violent, by way of initiation, that there was nothing left in him but hope and fear.

Often great pitched battles were staged between villagers and students at Oxford, and when the villagers wouldn't fight, the students, fortified with nut-brown ale, fought among themselves. Great feuds between university factions at Oxford and Cambridge kept heads bloody and eyes black. The formal deed of settlement between the Northern and Irish scholars at Oxford in 1252 reads like a treaty of peace between hostile nations rather than an act of university legislation.

So, when we consider the psychopathic antics of today's collegian, let us also consider his heritage. During this brief excoriation of the manners of collegiana, I have in no sense thought of myself as different. These things are faults, perhaps, of tradition, but faults that we all have. There might be mentioned in this connection, a slight tendency to outgrow student exhibitionism. Perhaps you have noticed it. Or perhaps you you haven't and it is all my imagination. And perhaps, too, without the eccentricities of its inmates, college would be a pretty dull place.



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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO ALL

HARDWICKE'S PHARMACY

THE WORLD OF TOMORROW!

(Continued from page thirteen)

ing joy and sorrow bagged up in pouches of leather: there, top-laden, and with swift carriage, rolls in the country Baron and his household; here, on a timber-leg, the beggar hops painfully along, begging alms: a thousand vehicles come tumbling in with food, with young Rusticity, and other raw produce, inanimate or animate, and go tumbling out again with produce manufactured. That living flood, pouring through these streets, of all qualities and ages—from Eternity, onwards to Eternity; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets. Under that hideous coverlet of vapors, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; the proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds; Councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the car is ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders: the Thief, still more silently, sets to his picklocks and crowbars—and on, and on, and on. Ah, modern man would have us believe that it will be different tomorrow—but it never changes.

"By our skill in mechanism, it has come to pass, that in the management of external things we excel all other ages; while in whatever respects the pure moral nature, in true dignity of soul and character, we are perhaps inferior to most civilized ages. The truth is, men have lost their belief in the invisible, and believe, and hope, and work only in the visible; or to speak it in other words: This is not a Religious age. Only the material, the immediately practical, not the divine and spiritual, is important to us. We are no longer instinctively driven to apprehend, and lay to heart, what is Good and Lovely, but rather to inquire as on-lookers, how it is produced, whence it comes, whither it goes. Religion today is merely a matter of Expediency and Utility.

"And what will the world of tomorrow look like in the field of Religion if man does not understand how to teach? Religion is to be taught most effectively through experience. One can learn his Religion only through silent waiting, and one can teach his Religion only through examples. The best example which can be used is that of reverence, for reverence tends to build the intellect, and the intellect is the ultimate source of all power. The aim of all religious education should be to teach the individual soul the way of purification; to make it a worthy citizen of eternity which laps it around; to kindle its conscience; to fortify it with courage; to harmonize it with sympathy; to make it true."

With these ideas in mind, I followed Carlyle through. The Government zone, where we decided that it would be impossible to spend much time in each of the exhibits. However, we wanted to get an idea of what each government had to present to the visitors. Hence, we examined each of the pavilions as hurriedly as possible.

Sixty foreign governments and international bodies, thirty-three American states and territories, and the federal government of the United States were represented at the fair. It would be impossible here to give an account of the displays of such a vast number of groups of people. However, there are some particular incidents, ideas of my own, and several remarks of Thomas Carlyle that I remember very vividly as a part of my midnight tour through the Government Zone.

The majority of the nations displayed the products

of their people, described their governments, and through collections, primarily of art and literature, attempted to give the visitors at the fair an insight into the cultural background of the people. Many groups presented free movies, showing the economic, social, and even the governmental phases of their inhabitants' lives. Other nations commercialized altogether by operating restaurants for pecuniary gain. But, whatever may have been the purpose or nature of these foreign exhibits the dominant theme seemed to be to propagandize the visitors. The foreigner used various methods to bargain for the friendship of the people of the United States. Some nations gave lists of the products exchanged between themselves and the United States. Other nations attempted to show that they had a superior type of government, and they pointed out benefits that each group of the nation received through their particular system of government. All in all, it was one grand turmoil of sixty international groups, each group trying to shout more loudly than the others in telling the world that it was a great nation.

There was very little in the foreign exhibits to catch the attention of Carlyle. However, when he saw something that did not fit into his mode of thinking, he did not fail to let it be known. Sometimes he would only lean upon his walking stick and ponder for a moment; again he would hasten his steps so as to push on to something more important; and sometimes he would give me a short discourse upon the subject under consideration—but all the way, no matter what we saw, or where we were, he continually mumbled, "Ah me! The tragedy of Faust!" And I began to wonder more and more what he meant by the tragedy. I understood that he disapproved of most of the things at the fair, but "the tragedy of Faust" was beyond me—and I didn't have the courage to ask my spectral host to explain. I merely pondered.

Many of the foreign representatives remain in my mind, but for the sake of sticking to the theme of my story, I mention only those which are outstanding. I remember very vividly the Czechoslovakian Exhibit because of the fresh wreaths and other floral symbols which were placed in the pavilion as in commemoration of a lost cause. I, as usual, said nothing. Carlyle said nothing; but, I would give a fortune to know what were his thoughts at the moment.

Greece and Italy had exhibits which appealed to Carlyle because of the wonderful collections of art and literature, and a statue of the Lithuanian national hero, Grand Duke Vystautas, caused my friend to tarry in the Lithuanian Pavilion. The Russian, or the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics Exhibit would require a volume to explain everything of interest to the ordinary man that it included. However, Carlyle wasn't an ordinary man, and it didn't take him long to sum up his idea of the exhibit. "One thing I like about this Russian system," he said, as we stood and watched one of the many motion pictures which described various phases of the U.S.S.R. system, "They seem to stress the idea of hard work. The people apparently are being imbued with the idea that labor is virtue, and I agree with them. To do competent work, to labor honestly according to the ability given us: for that and for no other purpose was each one of us sent into this world. However, I feel that they have gone astray in their religious point of view, for no nation which did not contemplate this wonderful universe with an awe-stricken and reverential belief that there was a great unknown, superintending all men in it, and all interests in it—no nation ever comes to very much, nor did any man either, who forgot that. If man did forget that, he forgot the most important part of his mission in this world. But come; the night is growing old, and I must show you the tragedy as represented in your government."

We took a very hurried tour of the Court of States, and here, as was the case in the foreign exhibits, the states were bellowing to the public for recognition. Some states claimed the best in educational standards, some claimed to have the best possibilities for industrial development while others dangled their fishing lines, displayed their shotguns, and invited the public to visit them during vacation time.

Having completed our journey through the Government Zone by examining the Hall of Medical Science, the Hall of Man, and the U. S. Federal Building, we stopped outside the latter structure which was fronted by thirteen pillars symbolical of the thirteen states. Here it was that Thomas Carlyle gave me a full discourse on government. He spoke with much vehemence, and quite lengthily. I record, however, only a digest of his most important ideas.

"Governments," Carlyle said, "are of various degrees of activity: some, altogether lazy governments, in free countries as they are called, seem in these times almost to profess to do, if not nothing, one knows not at first what. A government such as yours, consisting of more than five hundred congressional talkers, with their escort of able editors and public opinion, and for head, certain secretaries and servants of the Treasury and others who find themselves at once chiefs and no chiefs, and often commanded rather than commanding, is doubtless a most complicated entity, and none of the alertest for getting on with business! Again, my friend," he spoke as he tremulously pointed his pale, long fingers at my face—as if to say that I was guilty, "you are able to see the tragedy of Faust, but on a much larger scale. Your forefathers asked for democracy, self-government; they were able to make it serve an immediate purpose, but in so doing almost perished. And, today one speaks of democracy, but when it is given him, he does not understand how to use it to the best advantage. I at last perceive that all this that has been sung and spoken for a long while about enfranchisement, emancipation, freedom suffrage, civil and religious liberty over the world, is little other than temporary jargon, made up of sense and nonsense—sense in small quantities and nonsense in very large.

"The primary reason that self-government is a failure is that the pulse of the population is so closely connected with verbosity of the demagogue. If you want a man *not* to practice what he believes, then encourage him to keep often speaking of it in words. Every time he speaks it the tendency to do it will grow less. His empty speech of what he believes will be a weariness and affliction to the wise man. But do you wish his empty speech of what he believes to become further an insincere speech of what he does not believe? Celebrate to him his gift of speech; assure him that eloquent speech, whether performed or not, is admirable. I think the serviceable thing you could do to that man, if permissible, would be a severe one—to *clip off* a bit of his eloquent tongue by way of penance and warning; another bit if he again spoke without performing, and so again, until you had clipped the whole tongue away from him."

I could well understand my friend's position, for all through the U. S. Federal Building there seemed to be nothing but a series of advertisements for one party. Anyway, Carlyle concluded his statements about the Government zone by calling my attention to a prominent inscription in the Hall of Man:

"Man
Wonders over the restless sea
The flowing water
The sight of the sky
And forgets that of all
Wonders man himself is
The most wonderful.

"I might add," he said, "that of all wonders man *should be* the most wonderful. But he is only a feeble unit in the middle of a threatening infinitude.

"What is man? A foolish baby:
Vainly strives, and fights, and frets:
Demanding all, deserving nothing."

More and more I was beginning to realize that Thomas Carlyle was a power within himself, and he brought me to realize that this "super-attraction," this Fair so heralded by the people of the United States and of many other countries, did not represent even a split-second of consequence in the universe, for the entire fair appealed mainly to the sensuous nature of man, and I little wondered that Carlyle, while passing through the Production and Distribution zones, was uninterested in the multiple commercial exhibits which represented almost every conceivable form of industry.

With the General Motors Building claiming most of our attention, we spent quite a while in the Transportation zone. As I sat in a soft-cushioned seat in the Highways and Horizons Exhibit of General Motors, and watched unfold before my eyes man's fantastic conception of the world of tomorrow, I carelessly forgot the tragedy of Faust and took in everything. But, once on the outside my philosophical guide wakened me from my reverie.

Shaking his head somewhat dubiously, he said, "Unfortunate creatures! you are fed, clothed, lodged, as men never were before; such wealth of material means as is now yours was never dreamed of by man before; and to do any noble deed with all this mountain of implements is forever denied you. Only ignoble, expensive, and unfruitful things can you now do; nobleness has vanished from the sphere where you live. The way of it is lost; the possibility of it becomes incredible. We must try to do without it, I am told. Well, rejoice in your modern conveniences, then, if so be they will make you happy. Let the varieties of them be continual and innumerable. Mount into your road vehicles and planes, whirl from place to place at the rate of fifty, or, if you like, of five hundred miles an hour; you cannot escape from that inexorable, all-encircling ocean-moan of ennui. No: if you mount to the stars, and do yacht voyages under the belts of Jupiter, or stalk deer on the ring of Saturn, it would still begirdle you. You cannot escape from it; you can but change your place in it, without solace except one moment's. That prophetic sermon from the Deeps will continue with you 'til you wisely interpret it and do it, or else 'til the crack of doom swallow it and you. Again, the tragedy of Faust!" He beckoned me to follow him through one final section of the fair.

Ordinarily it seems that one would take in the amusement area the first thing, but our fantastical trip did not call for such a plan; so as a grand finale to my enlightening experience, I accompanied my host through the wonderland of amusement. Carlyle did not seem to pay much attention to the majority of the exhibits, rides, concessions, etc., in this area. However he made

A Merry Christmas to all
Wake Forest Students

•

WALGREEN'S

Make

BREWER'S

Your Headquarters
for
UNEXCELLED GROCERIES

Brewer's Grocery
Wake Forest, N. C.

Season's
Greetings

We Deliver Promptly

City Fuel & Supply Co.
Wake Forest, N. C.

UNDERPASS
SERVICE STATION

24 Hours of Texaco Service

★

CORDUROY : GOODRICH
Tires and Tubes

Wake Forest, N. C.

several pertinent remarks concerning amusements—which led me to realize that he was not merely an "old Fogey" condemning every progressive step of man. He did believe in amusements, as I witnessed by the broad smile of satisfaction upon his face at Billy Rose's Aquacade. On one occasion he told me that "there are things in this world to be laughed at, as well as things to be admired; and it is no complete mind that cannot give to each sort its due."

At another time he swung his cane and said, "The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, but his whole life is already treason and stratagem. How much lies in laughter: the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man." These last ideas he gave me as we walked back toward the carriage.

Reaching my sleeping quarters, I decided to ask him what he meant by The Tragedy of Faust. He was rather surprised that I didn't know. "Faust," he said, "was the scientist who sold his soul to Satan, you remember; in return for which he received the power to learn all the secrets of the universe, the power to have any wish fulfilled—but, alas! Poor Dr. Faustus, having once gained the power, was unable to use it wisely. When he wished, he could only wish foolishly. The Tragedy of Faust was that after he had been granted the power to have his own way, he did not know a way to have. He can think of nothing better than a dish of ripe grapes in January, a prank played on the Pope, little tricks to please a king, a voluptuous woman. And so today man has the power and knowledge of science with which to do wonders; but, following in the footsteps of Faust, he can only lose his soul—in return for which he receives—not happiness, but conveniences.

"Your inventions procure a greater comfort, a more exuberant luxury; but do comfort and luxury necessarily build up character? Do they not rather unbuild it? Did you ever realize that man is a world in himself? What will that little world of tomorrow resemble if man is to build only with the materials of this fair? Man in this fair is so concerned with what his material environment will be like tomorrow that he is unable to interpret himself as he really is today. However, environment does not wholly explain man. Character, insight, imagination—are vital factors to be considered. The builders of this fair have focused their attention upon the chain rather than upon the links. Our grand business undoubtedly is not to *see* what lies dimly at the distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.

"Man in this Fair is boasting of what he knows and has done, not of what he is. And perhaps the Fair is right in leaving that out, for can man boast of that today? Most of his inventions in every science he uses to make war more frightful. Or, if you object that war is an abnormal argument, look at your economics of peace: you make the law of supply and demand an ethical principle, you insist on the rightness of pitiless competition instead of coöperation, you look with complacency on your industrial materialism which crushes millions of individuals. And if you try to solve a problem of the times, you invent some governmental panacea. Fools! the inner reform of individuals must be preliminary to the reform of society.

"Your 'World of Tomorrow'! *This* is no answer. Our Epic having now become *Tools and the Man*. it is more than usually impossible to prophesy the Future. The boundless Future does lies there, predestined, nay already extant though unseen: hiding, in its Continents of Darkness, 'gladness and sorrow'; but the supremest intelligence of man cannot prefigure much of it—the united intelligence and effort of All Men in all-coming generations, this alone will gradually prefigure it, and figure and form it into a seen fact! Straining our eyes hitherto, the utmost effort of intelligence sheds but some most glimmering dawn, and little way into its dark enormous Deeps: only huge outlines loom uncertain on the sight; and the ray of prophecy, at a short distance, expires.

"One wide and widest 'outline' ought really, in all ways, to be becoming clear to us; this namely: That a 'Splendor of God,' in one form or other, will have to unfold itself from the heart of these our Industrial Ages too; or they will never get themselves 'organized'; but continue chaotic, distressed, distracted evermore and have to perish in frantic suicidal dissolution. A second 'outline' or prophecy, narrower, but also wide enough, seems not less certain: That there will again be a King in Israel; a system or Order and Government; and every man shall, in some measure, see himself constrained to do that which is right in the King's eyes. This too we may call a sure element of the Future; for this too is of the Eternal—this too is of the Present though hidden from most; and without it no fiber of the Past ever was. An actual new Sovereignty, Industrial Aristocracy, real not imaginary Aristocracy, is indispensable and indubitable for us.

"And so, my lad, in conclusion let me exhort you to love wisdom, for if wisdom is to yield treasures, she must be loved — piously, valiantly, humbly, beyond life itself or the prize of life, with all one's heart, with all one's mind, and with all one's soul. If mechanism, like some glass bell, encircles and imprisons us; if the soul looks forth on a fair heavenly country which it cannot reach, and pines, and in its scanty atmosphere is ready to perish—yet the bell is but of glass; one bold stroke to break the bell in pieces, and thou art delivered! Not the invisible world is wanting, for it dwells in man's soul, and this last is still here—if man could only break the bell and behold. Behind us, behind each one of us, lie thousands of years of human effort, human conquest: before us is the boundless Time, with its as yet uncreated and unconquered to create; and from the bosom of Eternity there shine for us celestial guiding stars."

As he uttered the last phrase, a cloud of mist passed between us; I rubbed my sleepy eyes, and when the mist had cleared, Carlyle was there no more. My befogged mind was too weary after that experience even to attempt to comprehend the situation. The last thing that I remember that happened that night was that I lay down

Fresh Up!

With a New

HAIRCUT

U R NEXT

City Barber Shop

Wake Forest, N. C.

in the coach with my feet dangling out the window, a position in which I found myself the next morning when David aroused me from my sleep after snapping my picture.

The beaming freshman's face fairly radiated confidence and his quick, sure manner of approach belied his lowly position in the undergraduate world as he bounded up to the Bored One, almost knocking him from his feet.

"Howbouteha vote?" panted the embryo vote-getter.

"Sir?" severely asked Bored, to see if he had heard aright, as he drew up the six feet, two inches of his lanky frame to a position that denoted dignity.

"I said, howbouteha vote? Jones. Running for president of freshman class."

Mrs. Davis' little boy took a deep breath and grew red in the face.

"My good man, I may look like a freshman, I may feel like a freshman, and deep down in my heart I suspect that I am a freshman but, by the grace of God and Mr. Patterson, too, I expect to get my diploma from this institution in the spring. Good day, sir!"

An overawed freshman gaped at the magnificence of a superior animal, the Upperclassman, and wonderingly slunk into the cloud of cigar smoke that surrounded the voting booth.

Illustrating the value of a picture, as the next best thing to seeing a person in the flesh, the professor very aptly chose as an example the picture of the best girl.

"If, gentlemen, you can't have your girls down, what is the next best thing?"

"Somebody else's!" blurted the class in unison.

..."THAT ALL MEN WERE CREATED EQUAL"

(Continued from page nine)

great deal was being said about the Negro attitude, and he was afraid of what might come of the situation.

Dad's apprehensions were justified, for the next morning we were awakened by gunfire. Through the window I could see a crazed Negro shooting at an unarmed white as he ran down the street. By twelve o'clock it had begun; bands of armed whites fired the Negro section, and shot them down as they ran out, screaming for mercy. Streetears thundered by laden with rifles and blood-crazed men, shooting any "nigger" that might have escaped the fire.

Above the crack of the rifle fire and the screams of the burning Negroes, we could hear a fist pounding on the floor beneath the house. Dad ran out with his pistol to investigate. A few moments later he helped into the house bleeding, terrified Mamie. She had been shot twice through the back, and her hand was bleeding from pounding on the rough flooring. No one could stop either the flow of blood or the babble of words as they confusedly flowed from her mouth: "Lawd, I didn't mean no harm; Lawd, I'se hurtin'; save me from dem, Massa." The terrified look in her eyes and the flow of words stopped at the same time as blood welled up in her mouth and ran in a little pulsating rivulet down the corner of her mouth.

Dad and a friend carried her out after dark the same way she had come and gone all her life — through the back door.

GIFTS for EVERYONE!

Stationery **Bracelets**

Fountain Pens **Necklaces**

Monogramed Pillows, Sweaters, Coats, Belts,

Jewelry, etc.

●

THE

COLLEGE BOOK STORE

E. C. SNYDER, Prop.

STUFFED PINEAPPLES

(Continued from page ten)

if it had been carelessly dropped by someone who was hurrying to get back to the living room. Jess was seized with a sudden realization of a cold feeling and it was subsequently replaced by a sweep of cynical anger. Without further word, he turned and retraced his steps to the rock garden, by the pool, past the evergreens, and out to the rear gate. Here he paused momentarily. Inside he heard the gaiety of dancing and the scratchy notes which managed to escape from a phonograph.

"Stuffed pineapples! Stuffed pineapples! 'I'll be back shortly'!" And he slammed the white gate shut from the outside.

In an Educational Psychology class the other day, the current topic for discussion happened to be the ability of animals to count objects. Crows were cited by Dean Bryan as examples. Yes, ordinary black crows.

Crows, asserted Dean Bryan, could keep track of counting if the number of objects didn't exceed three. He also pointed out that crows are very shrewd birds, and weren't easily fooled. Enter C. Wayne Collier.

"Doctor Bryan, I drove a tractor some where crows were and I found that after several days of riding the tractor the crows grew used to me riding the machine and stayed close around, barely getting out of the path of it."

"In other words, Mr. Collier, they came to think of you as a part of the tractor . . . another nut or something? Is that right?"

"Yessir."

"Mr. Collier, I told you crows had sense!"

Silence reigned.

WAKE FOREST'S FIRST COED

(Continued from page seven)

And if "We live in deeds, not years,"
As rightly spake the learned sage,
Though scarcely past the prime of life,
His was, in truth, a grand old age.

When, as a tree borne down with fruit,
His form grew bowed, his life-work o'er,
All undismayed by doubts and fears,
He waited calmly by the shore.

And watched by fond and loving eyes,
So peacefully his spirit fled,
We knew not when the summons came,
Till someone whispered, "He is dead."

Oh, fitting close for life like his!
We would not break his well-earned rest;
For Thou hast called our dear one home,
And well we know, "Thou knowest best."

And since our treasure now is there,
Oh! may our hearts be fixed on heaven,
And when at last our work is o'er,
A home eternal there be given—

A home where loved ones shall unite
Around the blessed Saviour's throne,
A home that sorrow ne'er can blight,
Where pain and parting are unknown.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

W. W. (BILL) HOLDING

COTTON - FERTILIZER

BE SURE!

Buy Fine Merchandise

Such as:

Hart Schaffner & Marx Suits and Topcoats

Stetson Hats

Arrow Shirts

Manhattan Shirts and Pajamas

Wilson Bros. Furnishings

From a Big Selection on Display at

McLEOD & WATSON

RALEIGH, N. C.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

TO ALL

College Soda Shop

The Friendly Place

College Jewelry - - - Reasonably Priced

We Appreciate Your Business

FRED - SMUT - BEN

COLONIAL SERVICE STATION

ON RIGHT AT CITY LIMITS - RALEIGH ROAD

TEXACO  SERVICE

An Invitation to All Our Friends at Wake Forest College to Get the Best in Service

LUTHER BELANGIA
Owner

JOHN HARTSFIELD
Manager

DATE BUREAU

Date Bureau:

I'd like a dance escort. He must be above the Junior Year, 5 feet 9 inches or taller, a good dancer, and must have a tuxedo. I am good looking, refined, 18, and dance well. State other qualifications. Betty-103.

* * * *

Dear Betty-103:

I hope I shan't offend you by saying that this looks a bit too good not to be fishy, and that I would like a bit of enlightening before getting into an argument with my ex-roommate about returning my tux to me. (I can borrow soup and fish, if necessary.)

To begin with: Why, "Above Junior Year"? All college men who ever amount to anything never get that high.

Another thing that arouses my suspicions is that crack about "5 feet 9 inches or taller." Are you that tall—or taller? Are you 6 feet? I am not being impertinent—I merely want to know, for if you're six feet (or taller) you can use this letter to start the day off for your waste basket.

My tuxedo is in pretty good shape, although it has the satin lapels instead of the grosgrain. I hope this won't make too much difference.

Well, that's about all. Maybe you and I will hit it off.

Sincerely,

Tom Brown.

P. S. Don't forget. If you're 6 feet, the heck with this letter.—T. B.



"For the last time, Austin, you'll have to choose between your nightmares and rooming with me."



"You really ought to think about getting a new suit."

CHRISTMAS STATISTICS

One thousand two hundred thirty-nine magazine editors in the United States wrestled with the problem of presenting an original Yuletide cover not embodying the idea of Santa Claus giving special attention to a beautiful blonde hanging up her stockings. (1,239 editors put out Christmas covers showing Santa Claus giving special attention to a beautiful blonde hanging up her stocking.)

Of every 100 citizens who make plans to send presents to all their friends, 27, at the last moment, will compromise on cards, and 73 will forget to send anything.

71.9 per cent of all the callouses treated by private doctors or in hospitals during the end of the old year and part of the early new year are always caused by persons rubbing their fingers over Christmas cards to ascertain whether they were engraved or just printed.

If all the stockings hung up by children on Christmas were laid end to end, it would be a holy sight.

99.6 per cent of the people who are asked, "What day does Christmas Eve fall on?" don't know.

23 out of every 25 English speaking families in the United States will spend Christmas afternoon sitting before the radio listening to *another* broadcast of Dickens' "Christmas Carol." 18 out of the 23 couples who will listen to the reforming of Scrooge will wish someone would reform the announcer who will read all those commercials.

95.5 per cent of all the Christmas literature you've been reading lately was prepared during the heat of the summer by sweating authors who nearly went crazy wiping the perspiration drops off the manuscripts about beautiful falling snow, in order to make the deadline.

LETTER OF A SELF-MADE MAN

Dear Pop:

Sorry I couldn't answer you sooner, but this coach is one pain in the neck. His latest idea is to make you learn signals. Imagine me, a quarterback for seven years on some of the best teams in the country, learning signals. If I didn't expect a post-season bonus, I would have told him right then and there what to do with his numbers.

Last week, I scored the winning touchdown and tried to touch him for a raise, but he told me that times were bad, and I'd better learn to adjust myself to the times. That was a hot one coming from a guy whose syndicated articles and radio talks alone net him over 30 G's! At times, I'm sorry I quit playing pro ball.

Now you can see why you can't have that new car for Xmas. No fooling, Pop, you ought to try and cut down on your overhead. Expenses here are terrific. I'm running the old radio gag among the Freshmen this week, but I'll be lucky if I gross a hundred.

I sent out all my application blanks for next year, but so far I only got one nibble. And from some one-horse college that can only afford to pay its backfield. None of that small time for me. You remember Slug Mason—well, he's going to put in a good word for me at Western Poly. It'll mean splitting fifty-fifty with him for the first couple of games, but it's worth it.

I got an offer for two Xmas Charity Games at $350 each. It's not much, but it's for a good cause and the publicity should help.

Now don't get sore, but I've decided to become a full back next year. I'm tired of calling signals and running interference for a lot of guys who can't get out of their own way.

Your dutiful son.

Barton Tidball, III.

P. S. Please try to remember this is the name I'm using here.



"No bullets. I just want to teach them a lesson."

Proud Father: My boy ran ninety yards in one game.

Coach: It seems he forgot to tell you he didn't catch the guy in front of him.

•



"How many times must I be telling you to get napkins!"

COLLEGE NEWS

Robert L. Ripley, creator of "Believe It Or Not," has gone too far. He claims he's interviewed the girl who was voted the nation's most beautiful coed, and she has expressed no desire to go into the movies.

Several universities have adopted a plan in which the Senior Class will be given a month's vacation in February. The purpose of the move is to get the class accustomed to living conditions before it graduates in June.

Senior Classes have decided to change their celebrity list and have the class vote instead for "The Man Most Likely To Get a Job."

Four Colgate students were expelled for listening to Bob Hope, Pepsodent's air-wave comedian.

•

He died of hard drink. A case of ice fell on his head.



SEASON'S GREETINGS

from the

Collegiate Theatre

WHIT - FANNIE - JUNE - JOHNNIE

●

Santa Claus will bring us a bag full of New Pictures for the New Year

Here are some of them:

"GONE WITH THE WIND" "FOUR WIVES"

"GULLIVER'S TRAVELS" - "HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME"
"GRAPES OF WRATH"



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E FOREST COLLEGE
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The STUDENT



Vol. LVI FEBRUARY No. 4

SMOKY JOE HAD THE DAMSEL IN DISTRESS!



"GIDDYAP, NAPOLEON! Looks like this Romeo is trying his darndest to smoke us out. Phew! His tobacco smells like the backfire from Pa's flivver!" Just then



UP RIDES A RANGER, sniffs the pipe, says to clean it and refill with *mild* Sir Walter, a burley blend famous for aroma. It worked! Joe won her back!

New! **CELLOPHANE TAPE** around lid seals flavor in . . . brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!



UNION MADE

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

TUNE IN—*Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House." Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.*

GIRL-OSOPHY

Every man looks back to the days of real sport, and every girl to the day of real sports.

When a girl is plastered, she's sure to become stuck on some man or other.

Our grandmothers believed that there was a destiny which shaped our ends, but the modern girls place more faith in girdles.

"You're the type of man that will go far," said the girl as she turned down a date.

Then there was the girl for her beautiful eyes.

Many alumna has had a difficult time to remember all her clasp mates.

•

Senior: Say I think we've paddled this Frosh before.

Soph: I thought the base was familiar.

•

"I trust we shall be able to make you feel at home," said the hotel manager to the visitor.

"Don't trouble yourself," he replied. "I don't want to feel at home. That's why I came here!"

•

In comparison with animals, man is poorly clothed to meet the rigors of winter, says a zoologist. At least, no animal ever gets caught in a snow storm with his coat in hock.

•

Wife (to husband): Haven't you anything nice to say about my mother?

Husband: Yes, she objected to our marriage.

•

"Oh, he's quite a flute player. Every time he opens his mouth, he puts his flute in it."

•

"What would you call a man who has been lucky in love?"

"A bachelor!"

A CLEAR PICTURE OF A HOUSE

Fraternity: A group of college men, the main purpose of whose career is to gather all the moss possible while rolling through life in the old man's limousine. Each fraternity has a pin. The size of the pin ranks the fraternity.

Pledgee: An unfortunate thing, who in a moment of rashness, allowed himself to become connected in a menial capacity to a fraternity. He can be distinguished by his apologetic air, and a little dingus called a pledge pin which is worn on the lapel of his coat.

Fraternity House: A place where the rushees are lead to be converted into pledgees, where all house parties are held, and most important of all, the place where the pledgee has the tar beaten out of him at initiation.

Fraternity Pin: It has been previously explained that the size of the pin determines the standing of the fraternity, but it would be well to state here that the smallest pin in the world, if worn by Hedy Lamarr, raises the fraternity's grade at least 300 per cent.

Alumnus: The idol of the pledgees and the bane of the brothers existence. He is generally conceded to be the biggest pail of cold water that has ever been thrown on the fraternity. It may be particular apropos to state here that when the house needs new plumbing, he is usually called upon to furnish what is variously termed the long green, filthy lucre, or the old B. R.



THE STUDENT

VOLUME LVI for FEBRUARY NUMBER 4

In This Case

ON THE COVER: A long and tireless search for something appropriate as a cover design yielded something which we think to be both timely and appropriate. Here we have the "favorite" photograph of Dr. Sledd, a picture of him dressed as William Shakespeare. The snapshot was taken some years ago when Dr. Sledd was appearing in a pageant designed to depict the life of the immortal playwright. Seated "off the set" at a table, the man, who spent fifty years as a teacher of men at Wake Forest, is attired in the costume of one of his most beloved masters—Shakespeare. The picture was taken some years ago, but it is no wonder that he was always often associated with the character whom he portrayed.

With the aid of an artist, Billy Ellington, and a photographer, Robert Scott, we changed the locale of the immortal "Bill." We thought it would be quite fitting to have him dressed in role of his favorite character and set upon a stage. The stage might have been that of the Globe, or some other prominent London theatre.

AS A MATTER of fact, Dr. Sledd was a colleague of Shakespeare's. It was only six weeks before his death that we had the good pleasure of chatting with this man, whose inimitable manners and expressions became tradition at Wake Forest. It was then that he recalled a chat which he had with "Bill" while he was a visitor to Stratford on Avon. "We sat down and talked it over," our host said, "I called him 'Bill' and he called me 'Ben'." Then he went on to tell us about the many happy hours he had spent in conversation with his intimate friend "Bill." Undoubtedly it was through his sincere love for Shakespeare that he was able to convey the life and works of England's poet to the memories and hearts of so many students.

WE GIVE SPACE in this issue to Dr. George W. Paschal, who kindly consented to write a story about the late Dr. Benjamin F. Sledd. We might also add that we know of no one more qualified to write on Dr. Sledd than Dr. Paschal, a man who was associated with him as a colleague for forty-five years. As the closest of friends, these two men spent many happy hours together during the life of Dr. Sledd. We firmly believe Dr. Paschal's story to be one of the most informative and interesting stories ever to be published in THE STUDENT. The staff wishes to thank Dr. Paschal for his invaluable contribution.

IN A RECENT dispatch from Frankfort on the Main there came the news that the Bible was the best seller among books in Germany during the year 1939. Figures added further that the Book of Books outstripped Herr Hitler's *Mein Kampf* by some 200,000 copies. Then we wonder if all news coming out of Germany should be termed as "hopeless." Quoting from the Winston-Salem *Journal*: ". . . The Book of Books is not only the best guide for the lives of men, it is also the most effective force for real democracy the world has ever seen." We also noted from Dr. George Gallup, director of the American Institute of Public Opinion, that the women of the United States rated *Gone With the Wind* over the Bible during 1939—even in New England. Then "totalitarian" Germany is not doing so bad after all, when compared to "democratic" America.

A COMMENTATOR from London, several days ago, was giving "The Highlights of Foreign News"—a period of fifteen minutes was allowed for the clarification of England's most recent position. However, there was so little he could say (thanks to the British's thoroughly-competent censorship) about his home country, war-torn England, that he had to turn to another land for news. After telling the listeners how England was storing away rations—not from necessity, but merely preparation for the worst possible—and digging in to await the inevitable victory, he found that he still had time to go. Then he turned to Finland, and for several minutes gave his audience the low-down on the latest Russian assaults. In other words, his own country would let him disclose only the more romantic side of the fray, yet there was a note of sensationalism in his review of the stricken Finns. And yet Hitler is the only man who uses propaganda. Perhaps we should say "the only man who uses propaganda effectively."

"THAT WAS in the 'good old days'," a speaker declaimed, "when man was the master of his own will, planting what he wanted to plant, minding his own business, and not fearing what the next presidential election would bring for him—Mr. Common Man or Average Citizen." . . . We might add to the statement that in "the good old days" the word union meant a suit of underwear, too.

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DR. BENJAMIN SLEDD

By G. W. PASCHAL

This Article, the First in a Series of Two, Tells the Formative Influences in the Early Life of the Professor Before He Came to Wake Forest

"SLEDD came to Wake Forest in 1888, the year I entered college, now more than fifty-one years ago. He was a good man and a good teacher; he exalted the reputation of Wake Forest College by his scholarship; he was the inspiration of many men to undertake literary work."

The above was written by one of the ablest and most prominent of the Wake Forest alumni. It would be easy to add other statements of like purport from those who have known the great teacher and have been quickened by his teaching in every period of his fifty years of service in Wake Forest College.



Parentage

Benjamin Sledd, as he signed his name after 1895, rather than B. F. Sledd, departed this life on January 4, 1940. He was born on August 24, 1864. On both his father's and mother's side he came of prominent colonial families of Virginia. His father, William Edgar Sledd, the eighth of the name in direct descent, lived on a great plantation of 14,000 acres in Bedford County, Virginia, which his grandfather had acquired by exchange with Thomas Jefferson of lands around both Charlottesville and the Natural Bridge. Professor Sledd's grandmother on his father's side was a Douglass, as high-minded as any of the clan that ever fought at Chevy Chase, who, dressed in silk brocade, was driven to church in her coach and four. His mother was Arabella Hobson, of that family from a lateral branch of which came Richmond Pearson Hobson. Her ancestors had settled near Petersburg, and here her father was a wealthy planter, but her name, "Arabella," was due to the fact that she had a strain of Massachusetts Bay blood in her veins. Both Sledds and Hobsons were among the largest Virginia landholders and had their thousands of slaves. Members of both families had fought in all the nation's wars beginning with that of the Revolution.

Formative Influences

Born when the Union and Confederate armies were standing off one another in the trenches around Petersburg and Richmond the young Sledd imbibed much of the spirit of the Old South; its ideals were his, and he took great pride in the accomplishments of Southerners, especially those of Virginia, in peace and war; but he also felt the call of the new day and without bitterness and vain regrets he aspired to be as good and loyal American as any.

Sledd (as I shall call him hereafter) was one of nine or ten children, brothers and sisters. His mother was infirm in health, and for twenty years before her death seldom left the house and then only for the lawn. In the house she delighted to have her little Benjamin on the footstool beside her chair. As he looked back over the years Sledd, in one of several poems addressed to her, has declared that she "sought not the martyr's but the mother's fame," and that in his life she was "the sources of all that's best."

Another powerful formative influence with the young Sledd was the old plantation life, for as Dr. J. Q. Adams points out in his brief but excellent sketch of Sledd prefatory to selections from Sledd's poems in the *Library of Southern Literature*, on these old plantations many of the customs of slavery days survived until late in the seventies. True boy that he was, the young Sledd had an eager interest in everything that took place on his father's estate. For him the horses and mules and cattle were persons; he knew them individually and by their names and the qualities of each, and "spoke to them when'er he met them." His special pride, however, was not any of the horses which he used to ride at break-neck pace over the mountain roads, but a noble bull, which his father also greatly prized, of whose travels Sledd late in life wrote an "Odyssey" (unpublished).

His chief interest, however, was in the people—the whites who used to assemble at his father's mill and swap yarns while waiting for their grinding; and also the numerous colored people who lived in the cabins on the plantation. A colored boy of his own age was his companion, but he knew well all the romping Negro boys and girls on the place, and had as protectors and guardians every one of them of every age. And he often looked in on the superannuated black-mammy and her husband in their humble home under the shelter of a hill. Thus he came to know Negro life, Negro ways and Negro dialect. There was no fooling Sledd on any of these things.

Around the kitchen fire on the long winter evenings he used to hear the Negroes tell their stories. Many of them were variations of those afterwards retold and published by Joel Chandler Harris in his "Uncle Remus" books, but there were others, weird stories of ghosts and spirits which haunted the surrounding mountains. This was at least one source of the mysticism with which many of Sledd's poems are colored.

There was one other thing in which the large group of Negroes of both sexes and all ages assembled around the kitchen fire excelled, and that was banter. It was good-natured raillery, but the young Negroes and the old Negroes, men and women, always tried to "give back as good as was sent," often with surprising keenness and wit. Much the same thing but of a slightly different character might be heard among the group of whites assembled at the mill. With such schooling in his early years it is not to be wondered at that Sledd acquired that readiness of repartee and retort, in which no one ever had the better of him. To this same source also, probably, may be traced that bold and yet never offensive freedom of speech on sexual matters which in him was not inconsistent with the highest regard for the sacredness of womanhood; and it may be said that from childhood he maintained that ideal of personal purity which his beloved Tennyson set for himself in that speech of Arthur to Guinevere, "virgin save for thee."

Any reader of Sledd's poems may see how much his impressionable nature was affected by the natural scenery of his childhood home. As in "The Truants," he is often carried "back to old Virginia," and in the phraseology of his poem loses himself "in dreaming of the autumn sunlight, falling on a farmstead lone and gray, purple hills and hazy valleys," and listening to tinkling bells, the whistling of quails, the hooting of owlets, the patter of tardy chestnuts, and the moaning of the pines. At other times he stood in an atmosphere of mysticism watching the "twilight gray, wrapping the land, hill after hill away," or the ghost-like moonlight. Yet he was more attracted by the grander aspects of his mountain home, Balder, the shadow of which was cast by the setting sun in summer over his father's house, like a "rugged dart flung from Titan hands"; but his chief love was the pass of Otter; this was the "dear comrade of his solitude" and he knew its aspect at all seasons; in his fancy he followed its windings and peopled them with "Night's handmaids at their fateful loom," and other beings of his dreams, "wild tameless phantoms." And he felt a kind of kinship with all nature about him, and like a child laid his head on the "earth's patient breast" and prayed the "sheltering trees" to teach his restless heart their calm.

Sledd's early educational advantages were very meager. The only school of any kind in his reach seems to have been that kept by the "Dominie," the pastor of the Episcopal Church of the valley, in a small house on the Sledd plantation. Even school books were hard to obtain, and Sledd has told of his delight when the "Dominie" brought in his gig from Lynchburg the first copies of Holmes' readers and Sanford's arithmetics. The young Sledd, however, early learned to read in his home and he devoured with all the eagerness of boyhood the story books, such as the *Arabian Nights*, and Peter Parley's histories, and the American poets and Tennyson, which he found in his father's library. With the stealthiness of the normal boy, he would often take his book to the shelter of a straw stack both to escape interruption and to be certain that the book was not taken from him because of the forbidden character of its contents. His stern grandmother decided that he must have Latin and taught it to him herself.

For his religious instruction the young Sledd had the advantages of a good home. All the family were High Church Episcopalians, and doubtless gave him the catechetical instruction prescribed by that Church. Early in life, however, Sledd began to attend the Hunting Creek Baptist Church, near at hand, of which in his earlier years the renowned Dr. J. B. Jeter was pastor, and later Dr. William E. Hatcher, both of them natives of Bedford. It was under the preaching of the latter that Sledd professed a good hope and by him was baptized into the membership of that church. Afterwards he moved his membership to the Wake Forest Baptist Church and continued in it until his death, in his stronger years being a regular teacher of a Sunday school class and on occasion performing other duties. Though loyal to Baptist doctrines he was as free from bigotry as any man that ever lived.

When Sledd was still in late adolescence an unforeseen series of circumstances profoundly affected his life. Into the quiet valley of his home there came an aged German of noble birth and statesliness, believed to be a political refugee. He was accompanied only by his daughter, a beautiful young woman of pronounced German type. They found a home in a small but neat and comfortable cottage on the Sledd estate, and here they lived in seclusion except for the visits of the youthful Sledd who soon found them out, was their medium for securing household necessaries, and brought from the post office the rare letters addressed to them, and served them in other ways. It was not long before he was dwelling in his thoughts on the charms of the young woman, who though hardly out of her teens was several years his senior. Before he knew it he was madly in love with her, worshiping her with all the ardor of youth. Possibly, as in the case of Robert Burns, "love made him a poet." At any rate, it is easy to believe that many lines in his poems written soon after owe their inspiration to this beautiful young German woman, such lines as, "My dream love, veiled in clouds of golden hair," and "My life, warmed in the fruitful sunshine of her eyes." Under the spell of his strong youthful passion, he thought of her alone, shunned other company, passed "whole days in lonely wood," and "loathed the schoolroom and its buzzing swarm," and was happy only when with her. The young woman, on her part, was not insensible of the devotion and worth of her boyish lover. She encouraged him with her smiles; she sang for him beautiful German

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MY CREED

To do what'er the day demands,
In ways that make even duty sweet;
Smoothing with patient, willing hands
The paths of stumbling feet;

Loving the things beneath the skies;
Hating alone where hate is good,
And finding what the world denies
Deep in the lonely wood;

And rounding out life's little plan
As hand and head and heart best may,
Depart and leave some gift to man
Which time takes not away.

BENJAMIN F. SLEDD.

RECIPE FOR "A"

If You Didn't Follow the Rules Last Semester, Here are Some Good Suggestions to Start the New Semester off Right

By BILL ANGELL

SOME time ago I was studying for a test with a group of boys, all of whom I knew to the point of being able to analyze their study perspective with the naive psychology that I possess. As we reviewed our class notes and carried on our cross examination of one another there came to me a peculiar desire to understand more clearly the reasons for my friends' varied abilities to grasp and to understand the questions and answers that arose. It occurred to me that each of my friends had a different method of learning, and each also had an unequal ability to understand the discussions.

I knew that when the test was given on the next day that all of us would make different grades. Some would make high grades in answering questions on the material that we were at the moment reviewing while others would make relatively low grades on the same questions from the same material. All had the same chance to learn it; and the thought complicated itself more when I realized that in this case it would be those who studied the largest number of hours who would make the lowest grades. What were the causes for these conditions? If I could figure out the answer to that question I probably would be not only helping myself to know how to study but also finding a secret many others also would like to discover.

A person's ability to learn and to understand is perhaps best tested while he is in school. Of course school is a place of preparation and what we learn there is usually considered valuable only in so far as it is applicable in later life; nevertheless one's ability to grasp and retain a knowledge of facts and to discern between them is best displayed when he is acquiring his formal education. And it is then that the matter of study perspective is most clearly seen.

Some students are regarded as dumb and unable to learn facts; others appear to be brilliant, absorbing and properly evaluating facts with little apparent effort. Certainly there is reason for this being true. There must be some logical and tangible reason that one student can grasp and evaluate facts so much more easily and completely than another, when to all outward appearance they have had the same chance in studying the same material; and often the one who studied least is able to answer best the questions on the material.

I believe the answer will more nearly be found in a study of mental attitude than in a study of respective ability, although the two may abstractly be called interdependent, or even identical. The most important item in study, I contend, is *perspective*. Psychology agrees that the appearance of a fact varies with the angle from which it is viewed. We cannot comprehend and properly evaluate facts, nor even mentally grasp them, unless we get at least to some degree the proper perspective from which to view them — their value, their relation to other facts, and their internal and external meaning. It is the ability to perceive and to conceive facts in the correct manner that I believe forms the difference between brilliance and mental sluggishness.



In the course of our study for the test one of my friends asked me one of a group of study questions which our professor had given us. The question was one that would have taken a great deal of outlined answer; and because I did not prefer at the moment to spend so much time in mentally gathering, evaluating, and outlining the material, I made the statement that we should omit the question, that the answer would come to us on the test. The whole group seemed very amused at my saying that the answer would come to me while taking the test if the question were asked. They did not comprehend my meaning; but I believe that in my meaning can be found a secret of study method and mental approach that would be valuable in all our scholastic efforts.

When I said that the answer would come to me when I needed it, my real meaning was that if need be I would assume the proper perspective from which to gather the general material that would be contained in my answer, material which obviously I would have learned before; and from that proper perspective I would review the material, evaluating and organizing it with the whole of my knowledge of the subject as a background. When such a position is taken the answer is usually correct and more properly put. Moreover, it is logical that the ability to answer questions properly, especially in a subject of a more advanced nature, depends upon the ability thus to gain the proper perspective and to analyze material. The same fact also applies to study; and it is there that I would most stress its importance.

There lies the reason that some of my friends would make better grades on the test after having studied fewer hours; they had gained the proper perspective of study. The important thing is not so much the amount of study as it is the attitude of study. Although I would not dare minimize the importance of thorough study, for a knowledge of the general facts to be contained in an answer is entirely essential, I do contend that most students could learn more and make better grades if they assumed a more proper perspective for study and recitation.

There are three important points that I would advance as aids in gaining the proper perspective for study. Naturally they are general enough to apply to study in any field and must be varied to suit the many differences of approach to the various subjects. First it is necessary to understand the relationship of a fact that is learned. This involves the important item of viewing a fact in

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The Bells of WAKE FOREST

By WELLS NORRIS

THE resounding booms that awaken you every morning, the vigorous reverberations that inform the community of an athletic victory, the mellow intonations that warn one of approaching church services, and the silvery tones that ring out clearly and resonantly in commemoration of the death of a beloved personality are all symbolic of the part the college bells have played in the tradition of Wake Forest College.

The history of the bells that have always been integral parts of the institution dates far back through the memorable decades to the year when Wake Forest was founded. It was in May, 1834, that the very first bell was presented by Charles W. Skinner. And upon the completion of Wait Hall in 1837 the bell began clanging in its new belfry. Wait Hall, more familiarly known as College Building, provided accommodations for approximately 100 students as well as contained classrooms and various offices. The dangling rope that a negro pulled to ring the bell was naturally a great temptation to the students who had such easy access to it, and many humorous incidents are linked with attempts to use the rope for surreptitious practices.

Major J. H. Foote, former student and professor of Wake Forest, related a story that appeared in an early issue of THE STUDENT. A shrewd student was supposed to have climbed into the belfry to ring the bell with the clapper in order to avoid detection. A member of the faculty spied the offender with the aid of his lantern and ordered the lad to come down. The professor then asked the boy why he had done such a thing. The student replied that in his lesson that day that "Caesar fecit bellum in Germania Sylva," that "Caesar made a bell of German silver" and he wanted to see if it were true. He escaped punishment for his witticism.

One night while Dr. Wingate was president the bell rang incessantly until the next morning. When the students assembled for chapel at nine o'clock the president began a speech that was quite unexpected by those connected with the proceedings of the night before. Dr. Wingate informed his audience that many complaints had been issued by the sleepy townspeople as well as members of the faculty. He went on to say that he was aware of the fact that many of the boys were from the country and that they had probably seldom heard a bell before. Therefore, that night they would all be given the opportunity to ring the bell to their hearts' content, for he would warn the townspeople beforehand of what was going to happen in order to prevent the apprehensions of fire, murder, and torture that were experienced by the people who heard the ceaseless clanging the night before. From the time darkness settled over the campus until the rays of the sun brightened it there was no sound to be heard from the bell.

In 1885 this first bell of Wake Forest College was replaced by a larger one that was constructed particularly for college or church purposes by the American Bellmakers in Philadelphia. The old bell is reported to have been sold or given to a church in the neighborhood of Littleton. The new bronze bell that was to carry on the tradition established by its predecessor was noted for the beauty of its tone. The mellowness of the sounds seemed to pierce the cold, wintry air of a December morning and spread to every part of the town. Men laid aside their hoe for mealtimes at the sound of the bell, and many are said to have set their watch by it.

This bell also equalled the mark set by the old bell; it, too, rang one entire night. Several pranksters carried perforce a cow up to the belfry and tied it to the bell. The animal worked feverishly all night in a vain attempt to get loose and flee from the raucous noise. And all night the clangings echoed and reechoed throughout the campus and town.

Shortly after midnight on May 5, 1933, tragedy struck the peaceful campus in the form of fire that virtually destroyed the College Building and the year's records. The students rooming in the building were able to save few belongings; they were fortunate to get themselves out unscathed. Students, professors, and townspeople circled the blazing structure, and they as well as a good part of the surrounding campus were brightly illuminated while firemen from nearby towns labored frantically to bring the fire under control. In the midst of the confusion when the average person's feelings were at their nadir, there was heard above the tumult a vibrant booming from the bell in the belfry. There followed a crashing thud, and the old bronze bell had rung for the last time.

From the issue of the *Old Gold and Black* on May 6, the day following the fire, there was only one line with reference to the bell: "The bell which has called students to

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The Highest Distinction of Any College—

Belongs to the Oldest Living Graduate

By RAY PITTMAN and FRED EASON

EDITORIAL COMMENT:

The King has no solitary preëminence in never dying. He shares his mortal importance with another great public character—the Oldest Living Graduate.

The following story is about a man, Dr. R. T. Vann, who holds the distinction of being Wake Forest's oldest living graduate. He fell heir to this position at the death of L. W. Bagley in April, 1937. His position is not necessarily one to be looked upon as a "another honor," but it is one toward which he probably feels like unto a little boy—for he will be in no hurry to give it up. It is a title for which he has lived and waited almost seventy years, and hundreds of men have died to make possible his ascension.

There is an air of nobility about Dr. Vann, or any other oldest living graduate: there is only one to each institution. In a sense his position should be a coveted goal for every student. Just think of it: there may be many good lawyers; any governor must share the limelight with forty-seven other chief executives, great doctors come in droves; and any other profession has more than one name tacked on to its list of "heroes," but there is no comparison to the Oldest Living Graduate. He is a class of his own.

Perhaps you are interested in claiming such a unique distinction. Then let's look at Dr. Vann; perhaps there are some rules for "success."

Back in the days when the carpet-baggers and the sealawags had left their trail of havoc through the South there was an institution of learning in the forests of Wake County whose chief claim to glory lay not in its school facilities but in the calibre of the men that it was turning out. In those days—the early seventies—some seventy-five or more students pursued the study of Latin, Greek, and the Classics in a single building which served also as rooming quarters for the students. A cluster of wooden dwelling houses comprised the rest of the settlement of Wake Forest.



Photo Courtesy State Magazine.

DR. R. T. VANN

This was the Wake Forest that Dr. Richard T. Vann, the school's oldest alumnus, knew as an undergraduate. It was a Wake Forest of study and very little recreation. There were no fraternities, no football, no basketball. There was a baseball team and the Philomathesian and Euzelian literary soeities. And there was, as Dr. Vann will tell you, a Serenading Club.

Now the Serenading Club was the more or less successful solution to a perplexing problem. In all Wake Forest there were in 1873 only three girls, and this number was hardly enough to satisfy the seventy-odd boys. Hence the organization of the Serenading Club on the theory that if seventy and more boys cannot date three girls they can at least sing to them. Dr. Vann, always an avid singer, was a charter member of that club and he recalls today how the boys used to make the rounds at night after supper, singing spirituals and folk songs to each of the three "jeune femmes" who were residents of early Wake Forest.

There were seven men in his graduating class, and twenty-two-year-old Richard Vann was valedictorian. He had been at Wake Forest only three years and had studied under men whose names have since been immortalized as Wake Forest educators: Taylor, Wingate, Simmons, Royall, and Mills; these were the five members of the faculty at that time.

Richard Vann had been born in Hertford County in 1851. At the age of twelve he had lost both of his arms in a cane mill accident. Yankees had plundered that part of the state and a doctor summoned to the injured youth had neither instruments nor chloroform with which to perform the amputation. Three other doctors were summoned, and one of them remembered that he had seen a bottle of chloroform several months before in a store nearby—a store which had since gone out of business. A hasty search revealed the bottle still in the store, and it was the only object left in the entire building! Thus the belated operation was performed, and two weeks later a second one was necessary.

At the age of seventeen he went to live with the Rev. R. R. Savage, whose wife was his first cousin, and stayed with this couple periodically until his education was finished. At nineteen he entered Wake Forest.

Since there were very few girls at the college there was very little social life. "I remember," says Dr. Vann, "how we used to serenade what girls that were here. We'd go around after everybody had gone to bed and sing under the lady's window. She'd always light a lamp to show us that she heard us, and then she'd come to the window and throw us out cakes or some kind of goodies that she usually kept in her room for this purpose." One was Nannie Simmons, daughter of Dr. Simmons. They became "very good friends, but never sweethearts."

The two literary Societies, the Euzelian and the Philomathesian were great rivals. The members of different societies didn't affiliate much outside of the

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MY ROOMMATE'S CHAIR

By G. G. MORGAN

A Student Reads About War — and Wonders. . . . Here is the Essay of His Thought



MY roommate occupies the vacant chair on the other side of my study table. It sounds a little screwball, I'll admit; but I've just had a choice bull-session with that vacant chair.

It's funny how Gene and I started rooming together. His dad and my dad were roommates during the school year 1916-17. They were both engaged to be married as soon as they were graduated.

Dad used to tell me about some of the sessions they had in this old room. He said they both made some fine plans for Gene and me, and even that long ago, they sat in this room and planned that we would room together—that is, if Gene didn't turn out to be Eugenia and I didn't turn out to be Geneva. Anyway, his dad and mine sat in this very room and discussed the two of us when we were nothing but respective twinkles in their eyes.

The United States declared war on Germany in April of that year. My dad was graduated in May and was married, as he had planned, in the Spring of 1917. Gene's dad was best man at the wedding. They wanted to make it a double affair, but Gene's dad had one more year in school. Dad said he never would forget Warren's disappointment, because they couldn't make the ceremony a foursome. Marianne, the girl to whom he was engaged, told him she would marry him the day he got his Ph.D.; but Warren would have married her then if she would have agreed to it.

I have often heard dad say that Warren and Marianne were the most perfectly matched couple he had ever seen. Warren was a tall, well-built, intelligent young man of twenty-four. Marianne was a healthy, beautiful, poised young woman of twenty-two. Warren had achieved scholastic and athletic distinction in college; he was an honor student and an All-State football man. Marianne had graduated from college as President of her Class and in the upper-ten scholastic bracket.

Dad said he predicted that their children would all be exceptional, and that is one of the reasons that he wanted Gene and me to room together.

Warren had been offered a professorship in a good school in Virginia. They could have been married with mother and dad, but Marianne argued that a year wasn't so long to wait for a Ph.D. and a marriage license.

Warren never saw a marriage license nor a Ph.D. He never went to school again. Two weeks after dad and mother were married he received a summons, which many unmarried men were receiving, to go into military training. He was in military training three months when they sent him to France. He was in France one month when word came that he was killed in action.

* * * * *

That vacant chair over there annoys me. Sometimes, I actually loathe its presence in my room. Its stiff, straight, lifeless figure is a constant reminder of a thing that cannot die, because it never lived.

Dad and his roommate were co-authors of a little play in which one of the leading characters was never allowed to see the stage; and yet that character was created in this room and I can't get away from the haunting reality.

Did I say reality? It is a thing that was as real to Warren and Marianne as any one of my unattained hopes or aspirations is real to me. As real as a college diploma is to a Senior the day before graduation. As real as the Christmas Holidays are to a college student on the Fifteenth of December. A real dream that never materialized. A real aspiration that was denied existence. A thing that is as real to me all of the time as any dream or nightmare experienced during my wakeless hours. A thing half alive, half of which died in a system of wholesale murder and half of which lives as an unattained hope or aspiration in the person of Marianne. A real, ghost-like thing that stares at me day and night from that vacant chair.

The character who should be occupying that chair is my roommate, who was cast as a leading player in the pattern of my life. The authors of the play created it in this very room twenty-three years ago. The absence of that character is as real to me as its presence would be. Omitted lines and absent characters in manuscripts and stage-plays with which we are familiar, are far more noticeable by their absence than they would be by their presence. If one sees a play poorly produced, after he has read the manuscript, the dramatic defects stand out like sore thumbs. The pestering presence of that vacant chair is a weird thing that cannot be forgotten.

There are times when I call that absent character Gene. I could have called it John, Jerome, Robert, or Charles; but I call it Gene. When it just sits there silently staring I call it a thing. But when it talks to me, from its position backstage—behind the backdrop of existence, I call it Gene.

Like any roommate it sometimes annoys me when I want to study, because its ghost-like atmosphere isn't always welcome. But, like any roommate, Gene sometimes entertains me with his ideas, and tonight he spoke more freely and more distinctly than he had ever spoken.

There was a crowd of fellows in here discussing the present World War. Most of them seemed to be individually opposed to the idea of the United States getting

(*Continued on page sixteen*)

PLEASE GYP ME

By PHIL HIGHFILL

The Collegian's Constant Refrain. . . .

THE college man is the only animal in the world who really begs to be cheated. He is almost pathetic in his unceasing efforts to induce somebody to give him an academic mickey. Fortunately the student's institution does what it can to prevent a man's sabotaging his college career. But the institution can't see to it that he gets all his money's worth.

It has long been the custom at this school for a class to assume that the professor in charge is giving a "cut" if he does not show up within ten minutes of the scheduled start of the class session. Once I had a history lecture in which very often the instructor "gave" us a cut on Saturdays. The scholars would assemble happily and perch on the edges of their chairs, scanning their watches, and ready for instant flight if the lecturer didn't show up on the minute. In the event that he didn't, the whole class would rise and tiptoe out, hardly breathing as they passed the door to the social sciences office, from whence the professor might emerge and send them back to the perdition of class for fifty minutes. It was regarded as tantamount to mutiny if a member of the class, anxious to get a line on the lesson for the day, lagged behind the rest.

It costs the average student at Wake Forest $.53 for each class he takes. Try to collect that fifty cents you bet on the Carolina-Duke game and the anguished screams will be heard at points from here to Louisburg. But I've seen a class of forty rise and joyfully take a $21.20 holiday, all sweetness and light, and beaming like seraphs.

This attitude is reasonable once in a while. But there would be few complaints indeed if *no* professor showed up for *any* class for the next six weeks, beginning tomorrow morning. And yet the student pays, whether he attends or not.

The other day I was talking with two boys about a coming holiday. One of them had sacrificed much, perhaps too much, in order to come to college. The other was working part of his way, waiting on tables in a boardinghouse. Yet both were vociferous in their demands for longer holidays. To me, there is something a trifle incongruous in this.

It is not only in the matter of class-hours that the collegian seeks to gyp himself. An investment amounting to nearly twelve dollars *per student* is put into the library here each year, yet the average student would rather suffer a beating than to have to get up a library assignment. And very, very few men ever drop by the place except to look at the picture periodicals. There has been considerable agitation of late for a chapel to replace the old assembly hall which fell victim to an incendiary. Yet how many students, after the compulsory-attendance period of freshman year, ever attend chapel, no matter what sort of program is offered?

We have one of the newest and finest-equipped gymnasiums in the state. Each year the school goes to considerable expense to provide new equipment, maintain playing surfaces, pay for water, electricity, and the thousand-and-one things a big gymnasium requires. But, except for the classes which go through their reluctant paces under the tutelage of Coach Utley, the gym is usually about as deserted as the chapel.

Undergraduates are continually griping about the condition of the golfgreens and the tennis-courts, yet few ever utilize the existing facilities (which, incidentally, are better than average), for either sport.

Now students at any college help pay for these things. A goodly portion of the fees that each man lays on the bursar's counter every semester goes into the maintenance of these adjuncts to the college plant. There would be howls of dismay if any of them were taken from us. Yet how many would actually miss them?

Oh well, perhaps the few who do frequent library, gym, chapel, et cetera, are happy in the fact that they can pursue education and recreation with little hindrance of congested facilities.

Freshmen bear the brunt of all pointed accusations. One was accused of putting on a paper that "Stagnation is a country for men only."

Getting the Right Stag (Reichstag): "I wonder if Hitler's mother, at the birth of young Adolph, realized that she was creating such a furor."

THE STUDENT

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A Strauss Waltz

—Brought Two Together Who Would Never Have Met Otherwise; Even Then It Was Short-lived.

A STUDENT SHORT STORY

GERHARD often had bad dreams. Sometimes he would wave his arms above his head, yell in a foreign language, and then as if he were conquered after a struggle, he would settle back down, and I could only hear the soft gurgling noises escaping from his throat. It often sounded as if he were choking to death.

I never asked him much about his past life, for I knew he was living and trying to forget. He purposely evaded any issue of his background; it was virtually impossible for me to draw him on the "spot" with pointed questions. Now and then I spouted a little German to him, for I had a semi-background in the language. Often he didn't understand what I said, but he was delighted to find someone willing to attempt to converse with him in something other than "the Engleesh."

Because he had become rather attached to me, I felt as if it were my duty to introduce him into the social life of nearby sources. Of course, we, as camp staff members, didn't have much time for social events, but when one doesn't expend some of that stored up energy, it seems to make one's bones grow stale.

You should have seen the expression on Gerhard's face when he saw a couple of dizzy jitter-bugs perform at a nearby beach pavilion. Little things like that stick out in my mind when I think of him. And the way people would look at him when he tried to tell them slowly that his name was "Gerhard Krassa" and not "Jerry Krast." At any rate he wasn't such a bad guy; I rather enjoyed his company.

When he first came to the camp there had been whispers from some of the more imaginative members of the staff that he might be a spy. Of course, I didn't put much stock into that belief, for he had once told me, in a very confidential discussion, that he had no use whatsoever for Hitler.

"All the more reason to suspect him," Ritt, the boy who ran the camp canteen and the one whom we soon began to call "Shylock"—because of his business principles—had said. Any such expression of a suspicious nature the director always took very lightly, saying that he "had checked up" on Krassa's past.

And since Krassa and I had become such amiable companions, I refused to entertain any such far-fetched beliefs.

One evening I motored back into camp and sought to wake Kressa and tell him the glad news. Since he hadn't been able to find anyone with whom he could do the old waltzes of Vienna (and he had even tried me as a partner), I felt that he would be happy to hear what I had to tell him.

"Krassa," I said, "I just came back from College Park a few minutes ago, and, boy, have I got some good news for you!"

"Good news?" He sat up rubbing his eyes, trying to apprehend what I had said.

"That's right, you're right."

"That's right, you're right?" he said with his eyes blaring out front under the dark rolls of his thick hair. He sat up straight, and his stocky frame of five feet eight inches, packed with 160 pounds of firm flesh, made the army bunk creak.

"I went out to the summer school at College Park tonight to attend one of their dances, and there was a girl there from Vienna. Her name was Elsia Schubard. Do you know her?" I queried intensely.

"Now listen, Deexie," he began opening the palm of his calloused hands in front of me—he used his hands to talk English about as much as he used his mouth. "Out of two million people in 'Wien,' do you think I should know a Fraulein Elseeia Schubardt? Who did she come over here to see? Where is she to stay when she is over here?"

"Oh, she's taking some English courses out at the University. I think she's going to be over here all the time. You see, I waltzed with her while the band was playing 'The Blue Danube' and when I finished, I was as dizzy as a bat. She had led me all the way." I rambled on about the dance.

"You were dizzy as a bat?" He looked at me. I was in a rather juvenile mood, and so I used as much slang as possible. This, incidentally, was one of my chief sources of fun around camp—teaching Krassa the "American Language."

I looked at him; he was reclining thoughtfully against the side of the cabin. Then it came to me as a flash of light from a storm: could he be so disinterested if he were from Vienna and there was a girl from Vienna with whom he had an opportunity to chat? Spy? Oh, yes, that was the word some of the hot-headed ones had whispered around camp. Come to think of it, it had been only two days since he had visited the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis. Could it be—?

"But I told her about you," said I, in trying to break the painful silence. "And I'm taking you over to see her tomorrow night. In fact, I've already made a date for you—that is tentatively. She thinks you're coming; so you can't get out of it now."

I lied to him. My more suspicious self was getting the best of me, and I was determined to have a showdown. So that was his reason for nonchalance? Well, it was all set now. Something had to happen.

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"For all you know there might be gold there—you know, a nice American romance," I continued with enticing language. "I've often heard you speak of being homesick—not for your girl friend back home particularly, but for the scenes of Vienna. There are the woods, mountains, cold rivers—the Blue Danube, and the German language. Now you have a chance to forget, since you say you want to forget. I have planned an engagement for you tomorrow night."

"For ME? And I am going to see her tomorrow night?" He looked surprised—not at the thought of seeing someone from Vienna, but just the thought of what she might be like. I couldn't get the relation.

But my tone was changing too rapidly. I knew that I must appear happy and unaffected by his apparently disturbed spirits. I decided to let him go back to bed then, telling him that I would see him tomorrow. Pulling the door closed quietly, I thought that I hadn't even wished him a good night. "Schlaffen Zie gut, mein herr," I said, poking my head back into the door. He sighed slightly as he pulled up a light blanket, and sank back into the bunk with a crumpling sound.

I felt happy that I had found someone for Gerhard to talk to. But why had he acted as he did? I speculated. Perhaps there was something to what the Shylock had been circulating. But then maybe he's all broken up over a girl back home, I thought. It can't do any harm, for if it's the former I want to know it; if it's about a girl back home, then he'll have to learn to live and forget—if he makes America his home, as he said he was going to do.

Forgetting all else, it would have been worth ten dollars to me if I could have taken a picture of Gerhard the next evening as I stood in the shower room and helped him dress. He hadn't worn a tie for such a length of time, that he actually looked as though he was geared up in a straight-jacket when I finally succeeded in getting him into a collar, tie, and coat—all of which were borrowed. No one in camp was ever accused of having more than one of the necessary items. Consequently, relatively few of us could attend dances in the same evening. To my dismay, he looked handsome. The extra longness of his hair added a certain distinction to his appearance; behind his small ears, it came to a broad point over his Indian-brown neck. The thickness of his shoulders and neck stood out when contrasted against his bronze-colored face. Somehow the dark flash of his deep-set eyes reminded me of a genius—one who ponders many things and says so little. His nose sloped down from a high bridge, forming a simple curve at the end and broadening slightly at the nostrils. This was his only defect—a nose of most unusual shape. But his teeth glistened against the semi-darkness of his lips.

Gerhard paused before he left the mirror, adjusted the gold watch and chain across his chest, being sure that the gold motto plate was in correct position—directly in the center of the chain. And such a beautiful motto plate it was. It was diamond-shaped, jagged-edged, with a miniature Demosthenes engraved on the front. I couldn't read the German letters, but he once told me that he had won it at the University of Heidelburg as the outstanding law student delivering an oration on "The Future of Germany." I had never asked him, an Austrian, what his theme was when he orated at a German University.

An hour later we were moving around the University gymnasium, searching for several of the girls whom I had met the preceding evening, primarily, of course,

Miss Schubard. The band began to play, and Gerhard and I found several young ladies who seemed alone, and so we asked for a dance. We glided across the slick floor, and I began to converse with my young lady. Just a dumb coed, but there was something striking about her appearance. She chattered on and on, telling me about a cruel professor who had given her an "F" on a test the day before. "And," she almost shouted, "he had the nerve to tell me that some of us would be flunking if we didn't remember that we had classes also in summer school."

Presently I remembered that I had Gerhard with me, and before my very eyes I saw Elsia. She was over by the door, chatting with Lambert. Lambert, he's the fellow who dances for his serious work and takes a few courses as a sideline. I gave Lambert the sign and he came over and broke on me. Without a moment's hesitation, I scurried across the floor to get Elsia. Just a moment too late, for some other swain dashed up and grasped her hand just ahead of me.

I made my way back to where I had formerly left Gerhard to find that he was sitting one out on the gym steps. I thought I should never get him pried loose from Glenda, for she just "adored" his accent. He "intrigued" her, she said. In fact, she had told him that Elsia was there; that she had made a big hit on the campus; that she had accepted a position for the following year to teach skiing at Smith College. In short, she told Gerhard everything, and added further that she thought Elsia "to be a bit sophisticated" for the other girls—which I took to be a scheme of enhancing her own chances with the "attractively-striking foreigner from 'Viana'," as she put it.

Shylock Ritt appeared on the scene. I might have known he would be there—or anywhere there was amusement going on. But this time he proved to be a lifesaver, for I shunted him off to Glenda. Ritt didn't mind, I was sure, for his only requisite was that the companion had to be wearing a dress and have hair longer than a boy's.

Grasping Gerhard by the arm, I led him into the gym. I could feel his arm muscles growing taut. His knees seemed to buckle slightly under his stocky frame. To be sure, I was rather excited over the matter myself. Suddenly I stopped him. There was Elsia dancing on the other side, just below the bandstand. I caught a glimpse of her between the seething mass of color between us. She was smiling, leaned slightly backward, tripping lightly along to the strains of some plaintive melody. Bidding Gerhard to wait a moment, I started off through the crowd, rubbing against couples here and there, but keeping my eyes fixed on my goal.

The other fellow didn't mind, and I broke on him. Before I took three steps with Elsia, I had told her that I brought Gerhard with me that night. She looked around, rather quizzically. "And he's waiting over by the other wall," I said, nodding my head toward the west side of the gym.

"Yes," Elsia began both slowly and expressionlessly, "we'll go over and meet him." Could she be suspicious of him, too?

"—and this is the Elsia Schubard I've told you so much about." Gerhard nodded and took her hand nervously.

"And where shall I meet you when the dance is over?" I questioned smilingly.

The music began and I watched them closely. A sudden thrill tingled my very soul as I heard the band play "Tales from the Vienna Wood," and then "The



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Blue Danube." I had requested both numbers, and Lon —the band leader—had promised them.

For a few minutes I forget everything, and watched the two sway so gracefully in the soft blue light. Somehow, I could imagine it to be the happiest day in Gerhard's American life, as he, no doubt, inhaled the very loveliness of the beautiful girl, combined with the dreams of old Vienna and intermingled with the intoxicating tempo of the immortal Strauss waltzes. They seemed eminently suited for each other, intellectually and physically: a perfect couple. I was thrilled as my eyes followed them around the floor.

"From my home," I heard Gerhard say as I purposely passed close by, "there overlooking the city, I could see the curved course of the Danube on the other side of town."

She merely smiled and looked off blankly into space.

Early evening passed into midnight, and the orchestra finished the evening's work with a new version of "Home, Sweet Home." Then throngs of dancers jammed the exits, striving frantically to reach the exhilarating atmosphere on the outside.

Since we didn't accompany Elsia to the dance, we had to relinquish our temporary rights and give way to her escort, some fellow who frowned persistently. But I drew him aside, hoping that I could engage him in a conversation, so that Gerhard could get in a good night word or so. However, he was saying good night, and before I had planned, we were getting started back to camp. The Shylock jumped in for a ride back to camp, and before we were well on our way, he squalled for us to stop at every beer garden along the prominently-traveled road. I didn't feel in the mood to give way to his requests, for I wanted to chat with Krassa. Nevertheless we finally gave in, and pulled up at one of the more popular emporiums. Ritt had dashed into the joint before we had succeeded in stopping the car.

Krassa said he didn't want anything, and I sat for a moment and chatted with him. He seemed rather anxious to get back to camp. And I was anxious to have a word with him. The whole affair—with the strange reactions of the planned meeting—had enchanted me, even mystified me to some extent. I had planned all this, and I was bent on seeing what the results had been. Why had he been so calm and apparently anxious to get back to camp? Could this be a clue?

"Got a date for tomorrow night?" I asked, looking at him out of the corner of my eye. "I'll be glad to bring you over."

"Nope," he said quickly. He appeared to be staring off into space, as if he were trying to forget something, or attempting to stop my topic of conversation.

"One for next night?" I asked after a pause.

"No. Tonight was the last," he said painfully. "Oh, it was nice to see her, but you know we all must learn to fit ourselves into any situation."

He looked down and flicked several particles of tobacco from his vest which had fallen there as he filled his pipe. He adjusted his gold motto plate, turning it up so that Demosthenes' figure shone brightly in the rays of light from the beer garden sign. "The Future of Germany" he had proclaimed once—in a land which wasn't his home then, for it was Vienna—of Austria.

I didn't understand then, but later I did. It was two days later that I learned that Gerhard Krassa had Jewish blood in his veins; and Elsia didn't.

BELLS OF WAKE FOREST

(*Continued from page seven*)

classes for many years is somewhere in the mass of ruins in the central section of the building." The following week the paper ran a feature on the bell and estimated without prejudice that since its installation the bronze bell had heralded more than 2,500 college victories.

Little time elapsed before construction was begun on a new administration building, but it was somewhat longer before a bell that could rank with the old bronze bell was obtained. A steel farm bell 15 inches in diameter roosting on top of an improvised pole in front of the administration building served the college until better arrangements could be made. The farm bell provided several difficulties that were heretofore unknown to the bell-puller. On cold mornings the metal might be covered with ice, thus causing a delay until it could be melted. Too, the novelty of ringing the bell vanished with the change from indoors to outdoors. It was no pleasure to pull a stiff, frozen hemp standing in the cold wind, especially since it must be done so frequently.

If ever the students and professors hated the noise of the bell in the morning it must have been during the era of the old farm bell's reign. There was not the slightest similarity in the sound produced by the steel bell and the tone produced by the huge bronze bell. The former rang with a metallic dullness, and it was difficult to hear it at any distance. It seemed that the traditional bell of Wake Forest was to become a pleasure of the past.

However, interest in the bell as a part of Wake Forest was resuscitated when Dr. J. W. Dichie of Southern Pines donated a bell that was 24 inches in diameter. The new alarm was soon placed in the belfry of the new Wait Hall, and although it was much better than the steel bell, it was considered inadequate for the purpose. But nothing was done about it immediately.

Finally, Professor Percival Perry of the Social Science department happened to mention the fact that there was a possibility of buying a huge bell from a church in his hometown, Chesterfield, South Carolina. Later Professor Memory chanced to be near the town and went to the church, climbed up into the belfry, and examined the bell. He was satisfied with it and offered the relatively new donation by Dr. Dichie, plus $35.00, in exchange for it. The offer was accepted, and Mr. Holliday lost little time in hauling the bell to Wake Forest in a truck soon afterwards.

Many comments have been made about the absence of any distinction between the tones produced by the old bronze bell and the new bell from South Carolina. Several professors have declared that if an alumnus who attended college when the bronze bell prospered should visit the campus now he would not be able to recognize a bit of difference in the tones.

And now today, amid the hustle and bustle of new inventions, more modernized ideas, and rapidly changing customs, we still respond to the hand-pulled bell. We even have a student who does the work and awaken us at the end of a class period. And some of these student bell-ringers have distinguished themselves in later life, even as John Thomas "Tarzan" Hughes, the present ringer will probably do. And so while thousands of other students jump at the sound of the electric buzzer on the wall, or eye with anxious expectancy the light above the door, we continue calmly to strain our ears for the first mellow booming to emanate from the belfry in Wait Hall. And even though the bells be turned to molten masses, purloined at night, or broken into jagged bits of metal, the traditional bell will always remain an innate part of the institution and will forever be responded to by the Wake Forest College student.

RECIPE FOR "A"

(*Continued from page six*)

its setting, with all that is known about the subject as a background. Its relation to the general subject and to relevant facts should be understood. If the comprehension of the relation of a fact can be so thoroughly understood that the fact is made dependent or obvious, then it is most easily remembered. It is logical that the memory is greatly aided in retaining a fact if it can be made relative to some other fact. Therefore it is necessary first to understand the relationship of a faet in order to gain the proper perspective for learning it.

The second point in gaining this perspective is proper evaluation. It is in the evaluation of facts that I believe most students have difficulty, for this involves such things as "knowing what to study" and "spotting the teacher." When one considers the utter lack of student abil-



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ity generally to decide between important facts and unimportant ones, the cause for low grades is better understood. Naturally a student cannot always know just what the professor considers important, and indeed the professor sometimes does not stress every important fact, but great progress would be made toward gaining better study perspective if we would better evaluate the facts before us.

The last important method of gaining this proper approach to learning is what I would call correctly filing the facts. In reasoning it is necessary to put the correct facts together in the correct way, using logic and general information as a background. The knowledge of a whole group of facts is entirely worthless unless those facts can be produced and used at the proper time. I have seen students learn a whole mass of facts, in history, for example, and yet those facts were in no system and had no composite meaning whatsoever. It is necessary to mentally file each fact learned so that it will be properly remembered and usable. And if facts are learned and mentally filed or digested, they will group themselves together to form an organized whole that can be called a brilliant intellect.

The difference between brilliance and mental sluggishness, then, lies for the most part in the mental approach of the student, the perspective from which he views his study. My friends who could best evaluate the facts in our review, who could best see the relationship between them with all they had learned about the subject as a background, and who best digested the items of discussion, made the best grades, not necessarily those who studied the largest number of hours. I concluded that the best study is concentrated and analytical, and the matter of learning is best done when the proper perspective for study is reached.

MY ROOMMATE'S CHAIR

(Continued from page nine)

into the war, but the entire group was resigned to the fate that we would enter it. Some of them went so far as to say that they thought we ought to declare war on Germany right away. John Randolph, a prominent intercollegiate debater on the campus, said Hitler had the thing cinched if the United States didn't step in and cut his water off. He said, further, that if we were smart we'd take the long look and consider the future welfare of our country, because the United States would be Hitler's next victim after he got England and France.

I was interested in Gene's reaction to what had been said. He said, "You know, if it weren't for such sessions like that, which occurred in this very room when your dad and mine were here, this chair wouldn't be vacant tonight. All this stupid stuff about the future welfare of the country. Bah! G. G., you've seen pictures of my dad. You know that he was nearly perfect intellectually and physically. His life would have meant far more to his country than his death. What would his life, in addition to the ten million lives that were snuffed out with his, have meant to the future of our country? How many unborn Thomas Edisons died with my dad, and what did they die for? If those men had lived, tomorrow's school children would study a far different United States History book. As long as the United States is in its present geographical location it needs living men for its future welfare; not dead ones, or men like myself —who have never lived."

You know it's funny what thinking will make people do, I thought to myself. Sometimes it makes a fellow see things—even ghosts.

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THE HIGHEST DISTINCTION

(*Continued from page eight*)

classroom. The rivalry was so strong that fights were started over mere society discussion. Too, it was suspected that there were secret organizations in the student body. Rumors of the dreaded Ku Klux Klan were floating around.

"One night we were sitting in the society room holding our regular meeting when there came a series of loud knocks at the door," related Dr. Vann, "Someone called for Ramshaw of Cleveland County. Ramshaw went out to see what was wanted and was seen no more for three years."

The men outside were United States Marshals and arrested Ramshaw for being a member of the Ku Klux Klan. He was sentenced to three years in a federal penitentiary. Ramshaw was the only man at Wake Forest ever suspected of being a member.

Dr. Vann expressed his admiration and reverence for Dr. Simmons who, he said, was almost blind. A man named Garvey was employed to read to him and handle his correspondence.

Upon completion of his work at Wake Forest, Dr. Vann went to the Seminary at Louisville and a few years later had the degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him by Furman University. Subsequently, he was pastor at Enfield, Weldon, Wake Forest, Edenton, and Scotland Neck (twice).

Dr. Vann was one of the founders of Meredith College, and was one of its original trustees. He also served as a trustee of Wake Forest and the Seminary at Louisville. From 1900 to 1915 he was president of Meredith, and resigned his duties at that institution only to accept another position of responsibility and trust, that of Secretary of the Baptist Board of Education. After many years of service he retired from that post and was named Secretary of Benevolence. So long and faithfully has he served the Baptists of North Carolina that R. C. Lawrence, in a recent article on Dr. Vann, calls him the "bishop" of the Baptists of this state.

In his numerous official capacities he has had to travel from one part of the state to the other. He has perhaps met and made friends with more people throughout the years than any other man in the state, and he numbers among the thousands the men whom he calls by their first names.

A man talented in many things, perhaps one of the most remarkable of Dr. Vann's gifts is his gift of oratory. When he was in his hey-day as a preacher he was generally conceded to be about the most powerful minister in the state. His powers of inspiration were unexcelled, and he was known far and wide for his ability to sway an audience.

Although without hands, he writes—and writes well. He does, in fact, almost anything that the normally healthy man could do. Today at 89 he goes to his office regularly, except on Wednesday mornings. His hobby until recently was bird hunting, and he was phenomenally adept at the sport. He has planned to take up golf, and if you know Dr. Vann you'll allow that he may do it yet—when he finds the time.

And so it is difficult to ascertain whether Dr. Vann's chief distinction as a Wake Forest man lies in his being the oldest alumnus of the school or one of the most distinguished and useful of alumni. Suffice it to say that he is just Dr. Vann—an abiding personality, a venerable churchman, and the dean of Wake Forest graduates.

DR. BENJAMIN SLEDD

(*Continued from page five*)

songs; she told him much of the world beyond the sea, and, joining with her father, she taught him the German language, finding in him an apt pupil, so that he was soon able to speak of his love in pretty German phrases and in Heine's "Du bist wie eine Blume," and like lyrics of Uhland and Goethe. Perhaps to those halcyon days are to be referred lines in "Alice," which must reflect an experience real or strongly imagined:

> "Night-long my soul would drink entrancing joy;
> And once I clasped her wildly to my breast
> And pressed long, breathless kisses on her lips
> Which clinging gave my kisses back more sweet."

The eyes of the mountain youth saw a new heaven open; his heart was reveling in bliss, but "Der ersten Liebe goldne Zeit" (*first love's golden time*) did not last forever. After a few months or a year he brought a letter to the old man. Larger and fuller than former letters it was regarded with misgivings by the wary lover, and the result showed that his fear was not vain. The letter changed all. There was a bustle in the house, and the old man and his beautiful and dutiful daughter were gone as suddenly and mysteriously as they came, but not before the dazed youth learned from the woman he worshipped enough to know that they were restored to their former rank and estate, and that it was her lover who had effected it all. He was left in desolation and gloom. He "got over it," as most young men do, but no reader of his poetry can doubt that "Die Schoene Zeit der jungen Liebe" (*the fine time of youthful love*) made a lasting impression ("wound" might be the better word) on his life.

After no long time, finding his feet again and possibly with a little iron entering his soul, he began to think of fitting himself to play a man's part in that great world which had been opened to him. In his introductory note to his poem, "At Lexington," he says:

"It was at the close of the seventies [in reality, 1881] that I gave up the struggle with sassafras bushes and crabgrass, worn-out soils and hopeless Negro labor, sold a big slice of my world of useless land for the princely sum of three hundred dollars; and one fine September morning with books and clothing packed in a pair of saddlebags, rode away on old Frank (*nomen carum et venerabile*) across the counties to Washington and Lee University."

Led to this institution chiefly by his adoration of Lee, as he tells in the body of his poem, he entered on his student life with much zeal. He found a helpful friend in Professor Carter J. Harris, teacher of Latin, who was quick to recognize his worth, and gave him a room in his home with his own son, Lancelot Harris, afterwards a life-long friend and professor of English in the College of Charleston. Professor Harris also found him work as teacher in a preparatory school which yielded him needed income until he finished his college course.

There was no part of college life which he neglected. The animal spirits ran strong in him. Tall and handsome and of noble bearing, and full of wit, the seventeen-year-old youth was soon a great favorite. Getting out of his freshman year, he was the recognized leader. There was no harmless escapade in which he was not engaged. He headed the "kallithump," an annual procession through the streets and campus in honor of the year's crop of freshmen; he was captain of the mock "dress parade" on the parade grounds of Virginia Military Institute which he put on with the accompaniment

of a tin-pan band in the moonlight at an hour when the cadets were confined by military discipline to their barracks and unable to express their disapproval of the desecration of their grounds except by angry objurgations hurled from their windows; he was also president of the "Sons of Confucius," into the membership of which freshmen were lured and initiated with ridiculous rites.

But these were only diversions. Sledd kept to his purpose. He made great progress in his studies, especially in Latin and Greek, French and German, History and English. Soon everybody on the campus, students and professors alike, had the highest respect for his ability and scholarship. They gave him a name, "rare old Ben Sledd," by which they continued to know him in after years. Several of his teachers were able men. Professor Harris (Old Nick) in Latin; Professor White (Old Jim) in Greek, and Professor James A. Harrison (Old Hatchet) in English, exercised a powerful influence over his development. Graduating in all the departments with the prescribed grades he was given the Master of Arts degree in June, 1886.

Largely through the influence of Professor Harrison, one of the foremost creative English scholars of his day, Sledd entered the Johns Hopkins University in the fall of 1886 as a graduate student of the Teutonic Languages—English, Gothic and German. Here he was greatly stimulated by the traditions of the place and the company of scholars. One of these, not a member of the University but a preacher in a Baltimore church, with whom Sledd was on intimate terms, was the young Frank Gonsaulus, a powerful spiritual and intellectual force.

In his zeal for his work Sledd read incessantly and overtaxed his eyes, so that he came to the close of the year in danger of losing his sight altogether. For two months he was kept in a dark room, at first with eyes bandaged, and he came out permitted to use them only sparingly, and with hope of university study gone forever. What must have been the sorrow of the aspiring young student! Though by careful attention his eyes grew stronger and he was able to use them for many years, yet the recollection of that dark room and the terror of possible blindness haunted him to the end.

Defeated in love a few years before, and now dejected from his high hope of scholastic attainment, he was in that state of mind in which he composed such poems as "In the Valley of Shadow" and "Out of the Depths," with their pictures of "desolation's mighty jaws gaping behind," and the suicide-inviting "river—dark, dark, and cold its flow." Happy was he that in all this gloom he could see that "The light of heaven lies waiting there below."

By the blessings of that heaven he was called to spend his next year amid most cheerful surroundings and cheerful friends as master of a school in Southern Maryland, at Charlotte Hall, "beside the wintry, storm-tossed Chesapeake." He had his lodgings "in a quaint house," where his assistant also lived, a good violinist who filled the place and Sledd's soul with the rapturous power of his music. This life in which social pleasures and gaiety succeeded at brief intervals the rounds of duty set him on the way of life again. He finished the year knowing that he was undefeated, and with aspiration as resolute and vital as ever was expressed by his beloved Browning's "Paracelsus." Like him he was now "Sure that God ne'er dooms to waste the strength He deigns impart," and doubted not that he should attain. At this time he was called to Wake Forest, but of that later.



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BOWL FOR FUN

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Scene on the Campus







"SAY, Dick, there comes our candidate for the best dressed man on the campus." (The candidate is wearing a gray double-breasted chalk-striped suit with shell cordovan blucher shoes. That's a white broadcloth shirt of maroon pin-checks with a striped silk tie.)

"You two don't exactly look like potato sacks either," the candidate retorts. (Dick, up against the pole, is wearing a sport outfit consisting of a single breasted checked tweed jacket and solid flannel trousers. Fred, the gent with the pipe, plaid trousers and cashmere sweater, is wearing a raglan couvert sport coat with triplet stitching at the bottom, and a corduroy hat.)

The sweater jacket to the extreme right is made of wool in contrasting colors with an elastic shirred bottom. Of the two shirts, the upper is a boxed flannel with a short pointed collar, and a two-toned tie. The lower one is a striped broadcloth shirt with Foulard tie.

DEAR JACK

Jan. 5, 1939.

Dear Jack:

It happened last night. I walked into the room and there she was. I spent the whole evening trying to find someone to introduce us, but dizzy Mable whom I brought wouldn't let me out of her sight. Just wait and see I'll meet her, yet.

Your Pal,
Bert.

Jan. 11, 1939.

Dear Jack:

I met her. And she's more wonderful than I even thought. What a little actress; I know darn well she likes me, but she wouldn't let me know. She's just trying that old stand-offish stuff, but I know I got her. She seemed sort of embarrassed to find out what a big shot I am as she tried to change the subject all the time. I wanted to walk her home, but she said she had arranged with her father to take her home. That was sort of funny because after she left me I heard her telephone her home and ask her father to meet her. I guess he had forgotten all about it.

As ever,
Bert.

Jan. 15, 1939.

Dear Jack:

At last I got that date. It happened in a funny way. I kept calling her, but she was always busy. One day, though, she sort of hinted that she wanted to go out with me. She asked me what I was doing Saturday night, and I told her nothing. Then she asked me what I was doing next Saturday night, and when I told her again I wasn't doing anything, she asked me why I didn't try taking a bath. I guess mayhe she was leading up to arranging a standing date for Saturday nights, but she was too hashful to tell me. I asked her if she was free any night, but Tuesday, and she told me she took zither lessons, and only went out Tuesdays. So I asked her to a formal next Tuesday. She sort of liked that and agreed to break her standing date, just to go out with me. Oh boy!



Your Pal,
Bert.



Jan. 22, 1939.

Dear Jack:

Well, it's all over. I found out she was not the girl for me, so I gave her the air. Gosh I did everything to give her a good time, too, and all I got was a bunch of dirty looks.

My Uncle Walt gave me some tickets for the Undertakers' Convention which was having its grand ball, on Tuesday. I didn't tell her about it because I wanted to surprise her. She was amazed and for a moment she couldn't say a word. When she recovered her tongue, she didn't say anything anyhow. She said she needed a drink, so I got her a coke. I wondered if someone died, because she acted like she had a great sorrow. I then found out it cost a buck extra to dance, so I suggested we sit around and watch for a while. I was in the middle of my hitch-hiking story, when she got a headache, and she wanted to go home. I got a little sore because I enjoy listening to the music. I guess she just isn't the intellectual type. It was beautiful out. so I suggested walking her home. It was only twenty blocks. Well, I thought she'd explode, and I didn't exactly like it when she handed me carfare and then hailed a cab and went home alone. As you can see, I guess we don't click, so I'm giving her the air.

Your friend.
Bert.

•

Professor: Why were you away yesterday?

Student: I was ill.

Professor: Have you a medical certificate?

Student: No—I was really ill.

•

First Cannihal: Is I late for dinner?"

Second C: Yes, you is. Everybody's eaten.

•

Coed: I had a date with an absent-minded professor last night.

Coed No. 2: How do you know he's absent-minded?

Coed: He gave me a zero this morning.

Welcome Students!

Begin the Semester

BY "COMING TO SEE US"

Collegiate Theatre

Whit Fannie June Johnnie

Coming Pictures

THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT
ALLAN JONES : MARY MARTIN

EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT NIGHT
SONJA HEINIE

FIGHTING 69th
PAT O'BRIEN : JAMES CAGNEY

REMEMBER THE NIGHT
BARBARA STANWYCK

LIGHT THAT FAILED
RONALD COLMAN : WALTER HUSTON

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The STUDENT



Vol. LVI MARCH No. 5

"I GET

EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR

in slower-burning Camels," says Bill Corum, famed sports writer and columnist



LIGHTNING-FAST in the press-box. Why, Bill Corum's been known to file 3,000 words of sizzling copy during a single big sports event. But no speed for him in his smoking—slower-burning Camels are Bill Corum's cigarette.



And here's Bill at work in the quiet of his office. Bill...typewriter...books ...pictures...and *Camels —slow*-burning Camels. "I find them milder and cooler—and thriftier," he says.

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

BILL CORUM'S sports news isn't just printed . . . it's *sprinted* . . . at lightning speed from press-box to press and the Five-Star Final. But when the candid camera catches Bill in his office with a cigarette—well, "No speed for me in my smoking," he says.

His own common sense and experience tell him what scientists have found out in their research laboratories—that "slow-burning cigarettes are extra mild, extra cool, fragrant, and flavorful."

Cigarettes that burn fast just naturally burn hot. And nothing so surely wrecks the delicate elements of flavor and fragrance as excess heat. No wonder you get a hot, flat, unsatisfactory smoke.

The delightful mildness, coolness, fragrance, and flavor of Camels are explained by this important finding—Camels proved to be the *slowest*-burning cigarette of the sixteen largest-selling brands tested! *(The panel at the right explains the test.)*

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to



5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF... MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Camels — *the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos*

FRATERNITY Totos



• LOUNGE LIZARD

Complete lack of enthusiosm . . . nothing to live for . . . he does nathing for hours but sits and stares...dreams...looks down ot everybody especiolly if he isn't o fraternity mon . . . serves no purpose oround the Hause except to blockboll three out of every four pledgees.



• HOUSE SMOOTHIE

Every fraternity hos him—he lives, ond will probobly die, by Esquire. His hoir is cropped close, reveoling oll the uneven contours of his dome. The cuffs of his ponts are neorer his knees thon his shoes, which ore olways gray, brown, or block suede. He needs o shoe horn more for getting his big feet through the norrow bottom pegged trousers thon for getting into his canol boots. His sacks ore o hideous combination of sick blue, nauseoting green, bull red, ond o bright yellow. He believes all he hos to do is put in on oppeorance and o boker's dozen of Frosh will pledge . . . he usually flunks out of school.



• RUSHING CHAIRMAN

You know him by his huge right hond ond oozing personolity. Somehow he can tolk most Frosh into pledging, sometimes using o sledge hammer.



• TREASURER

Everyone knows that look . . . "All right, fellows, if you don't poy up, the house will go on the rocks, etc., etc., etc."



• ATHLETE

Whether his letters ore corned monoging the ping-pong squod, or playing vorsity full back, he is olwoys the some...refuses to obide by house rules... never poys up on his obligotions . . . very offoble . . . smiles ond hits everyone in the stomoch...likes himself very much.



• BLACK SHEEP PLEDGEE

Pledged in o moment of weokness... everyone distikes him, but they don't know how to displedge . . . so they moke him do oll the work there is to do . he hotes the house, too, but he's ofroid to hand in his pin.



• FRATERNITY PRESIDENT

On the brink of a nervous breokdown . . bills . . bills . . mortgoge due . . . stor pledgee flunked out . . . gas bill unpoid...worry, worry worry.

SMOKY JOE HAD THE DAMSEL IN DISTRESS!



"GIDDYAP, NAPOLEON! Looks like this Romeo is trying his darndest to smoke us out. Phew! His tobacco smells like the backfire from Pa's flivver!" Just then



UP RIDES A RANGER, sniffs the pipe, says to clean it and refill with *mild* Sir Walter, a burley blend famous for aroma. It worked! Joe won her back!

New! CELLOPHANE TAPE around lid seals flavor in . . . brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!



UNION MADE

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

TUNE IN—*Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House." Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.*

CINEMATICALLY SPEAKING

The picture was so bad they had to give a set of dishes to the producer to get him to look at the rushes.

The critics feel the author must have something on the producer to make him put out such a picture, and they believed it must be more than murder.

The picture was so bad they could not even get the audience in on dish night before they filled the plates with soup.

The star insisted on a raise because she receives equal billing with Dish Night and Sereeno, wherever her picture is playing.

Today an actor is nothing more than a straight man for a set of dishes.

A moving picture owner said he could make more money if he could do away with running the pictures and just run screeno continuously.

•

Some gulls were following a ferry boat.

An Irishman said, "Nice flock of pigeons."

"Those are gulls," insisted a tourist.

"Well," said the Irishman, "gulls or boys, they're a fine flock of pigeons."

•

"What a long letter!"

"Yes—sixteen pages—from Lucy."

"What does she say?"

"That she will tell me the news when she sees me."









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is never an accident. It is always the result of firm intention, sincere effort, intelligent direction and skillful execution.

Quality represents the wise choice of many alternatives and the cumulative experience of many craftsmen. It demonstrates the success of a determined purpose.

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Raleigh * * * * * * * * * North Carolina

Two Sides of Spring

Speaking of Magnolias . . .

it was in 1885 that the real beautification of the Wake Forest campus began. To go with the new buildings, stone wall, and variety of shrubs, Dr. Charles Taylor began a drive to set our magnolias on the campus. Dr. Taylor, who was the father of Mrs. Earnshaw (who writes of the magnolia's beauty in this issue of the magazine) was instrumental in their being brought to Wake Forest. One hundred of the trees were donated by as many friends of the college, and Dr. Taylor, helped by the services of his ever-reliable assistant, "Dr. Tom" Jeffreys, spent many hours in keeping the trees pruned and bringing new seedlings to the campus. By 1906, according to Dr. Paschal's *History of Wake Forest College,* there were 176 magnolias on the campus. And so magnolias have become a background of tradition to the Wake Forest student.

But Along With Spring . . .

come new thoughts and problems peculiar to 1940. The Wake Forest student is enshrouded by the natural beauty represented in the magnolia and budding shrubs. He is hardly aware that another world awaits spring with other problems in pre-eminence. In short, to him spring of 1940 means the conclusion of another scholastic year, primarily. To the American collegian it doesn't bear a plausible possibility of being a gamble of life and death, victory and defeat, happiness or bondage. Apparently, anything can happen, and something must happen. We go out under the magnolia or to the playhouse and visualize imaginary situations with characters of mere illusion. Millions of others stand ready to receive real roles, whether they be tragedy or happiness.

THE STUDENT

VOLUME LVI for MARCH NUMBER 5

In This Case

ON THE COVER: Springtime the world over has its characteristic touches at various places. Wake Forest is no exception, for with spring there comes the pallets of green, cool shadows of the perennially-green trees and shrubs, and the penetratingly pleasant scent of the magnolia in bloom. Here we have the magnolia bloom at its start, and captured in native color by the skillful photographer. Dr. Neville Isbell, of the Chemistry department, a man whose profession is that of a chemist and whose hobby is photography, took this picture last summer with a kodachrome film. We believe it to be one of the few of its kind in existence, and, as far as we have seen, the most beautiful.

IN RESPONSE to Wells Norris' article of last issue on "The Bells of Wake Forest," we had a letter from Myron McCurry, now head of the English Department of Franklin College, Indiana, who was at one time a "Bell-Puller." Among other things included in his kind letter was: "I read with keen interest of what goes on at Wake Forest. The death of Doctor Sledd was a shock to me, for I am one of the boys who owes much to him."

FOR SOME TIME the papers and radio newscasts have been filled with war news from at least three different fronts. We were greatly interested in what Dr. John G. Neihardt had to say concerning man's incessant desire to quarrel and fight: "We preach the unity of mankind in our churches," he said in an interview, "and then split into different sects and denominations. We also stress unity in government and cooperation in all phases of life. . . . And yet we look at Europe today and wonder. And to think that the persons behind all that strife are men with whiskers."

WE REMIND YOU AGAIN that you are passing up something worthwhile if you fail to read the editorial page of *Old Gold and Black*. In our way of thinking, this paper has been in a class of its own—editorially—this year. We often notice the careful planning behind the final product, and see that the paper has been about two jumps ahead of the majority of other college papers on the editorial side. We commend the staffmen.

THIS ISSUE we give space to several articles by members of the staff who have worked tirelessly in preparing something which might be of interest, entertainment, and well worth preservation. The center spread is given to Dr. G. W. Paschal, and we call special attention to his second and final article in a series on Dr. Benjamin Sledd; space is also given to articles on Dr. Charles Lee Smith and his library, both of which deal with the life of a man whose personality could not pass without one's reaping from the vast storehouse of his diverse interests; to Seavy Carroll, who has done another very clever, authentic, and highly interesting article, this time on "Congressional Appendicitis"; to G. G. Morgan, who gives us an insight into the life one might lead if he were employed in a rayon mill; to Phil Highfill, a staffman who delved deep into the past of Wake Forest and North Carolina to dig up information on white man's first visit to this section; to Wells Norris and Vincent Convery, who have worked out a fitting article about a man whose services on the baseball field at Wake Forest will not soon be forgotten—Coach John Caddell; and to several other contributors of poetry, fiction, and photography.

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MAGNOLIA

It was at dusk the bud began to open
—So fair a thing, it seemed as if the day
(Reluctant to depart and leave such beauty)
Was loit'ring on its dim, mysterious way.

A sudden shadow veiled the face of heaven;
The bud was then aglow with inner light,
Its perfume like an evening prayer ascending
Against the unknown sorrow of the night.

But now! a sudden lifting of the shadow!
The blossom sees the moon's first beams the while
Like some pure soul, through tribulation finding,
The heav'nly radiance of the Master's smile.

EDITH EARNSHAW.



Dr. Charles Lee Smith

THE MAN AND

A Former Student Editor Who is a Distinguished Scholar, Educator, and Business Man

By EUGENE

PIRANDELLO had quite a task before him when he set about to give modern drama "Six Characters in Search of An Author." But just now I wonder what Mr. Pirandello would do if he were confronted with finding an author for just one complex character: a character whose life has loomed large in American education; a character whose library alone—if the ages of the books contained therein were added together—would reach a million years into the past; and a man whose personality has stamped "a successful contribution" across every page of his undertaking.

But Pirandello wasn't there, and so I wandered down North Wilmington Street of Raleigh, N. C., making my way to pay an initial visit to the third editor of the Wake Forest STUDENT. *He was an editor who had served his term of office fifty-six years before myself, and I was to interview him!*

Almost too soon had I reached my destination and with a nervous hand I rang the doorbell of his colonial-styled home just off the street. I screwed my courage to the sticking point and prepared to meet a difference of fifty-six years editorial seniority. The door opened quickly before me.

And that was the end of the half-century's difference. Dr. Charles Lee Smith grasped my hand, and no sooner had I crossed the threshold of his inviting living-room than I had begun to feel the effects of an intellectual workout with a real editor. The front door closed behind me, shutting out the stifling atmosphere of an everyday life, and enclosing me within an atmosphere of culture, appreciation, and friendliness.

Before me stood a man with the friendliest smile I had ever seen, I thought. The clear-cut features of an intellectual, yet understanding, face glowed with kindness. A pair of blue eyes seemed to open the windows of a poetic soul, and the very neatness of his every feature suggested beauty of character and presented to me the highly polished temple where there stands the shrines of the learned, the soft lights of deep appreciation, and the soft music of a warm cathedral.

There was a huge radio in one corner, blaring forth with international news of wars and rumors of wars; but that was cut with the simple twist of the dial. Two editors, who had in the twinkling of an eye lost a difference of fifty-six years in experience, had no time for wars. I was ready to sit at the feet of a master and together we were going to press.

I soon found that it wasn't an editor alone with whom I was talking: here was a man whose services in life had not been restricted to one single field, but one whose successful triumphs transcended the realms of an educator, business man, author, and teacher. In the course of our conversation, many things came out which made me feel quite close to my colleague of the "fourth estate."

"I'll go and leave 'you boys' to yourselves," his amiable wife said as she closed the door on a session which passed swiftly from early afternoon to early evening.

I had gone to see Dr. Smith with the intention of getting a story on his very rare library. Soon I learned, however, that we were just getting around to the library and the better part of the day was already spent.

So inspiring was the conversation with the third editor of the magazine that I pondered the idea of trying, in my humble and far-inadequate manner, to write an article on him, his life, and travels. Upon this thought there came another, however: in the course of a six-hour chat with him, I had found out many things for my own pleasure, and had literally basked in the sunshine of a new inspiration, but I had failed to get the facts of his accomplishments. While I treasured the spirit of his personality and envied myself for such an opportunity, I wanted to tell others about him.

It was then that I began my search, which netted me a wealth of factual material. I found items concerning his life, education, and professions from volumes of *Who's Who* and an article written by Stephen B. Weeks. Strange that I should have to delve into other sources to find out the accomplishments of a man whom I had known casually for a year and with whom I had just spent six hours. Yet, it was that way: Dr. Smith doesn't boast of his accomplishments. On the contrary his accomplishments have been written in the lives of the hundreds of youth and old who have dealt with him, studied under him, and lived close to him.

While pondering the article, I groped for a lead which might fit the most complex and versatile character I had encountered in many a long day. Then I needed the immortal Pirandello, but even at that I wondered if the Italian literary master would not have been at the same loss at which I found myself.

"In studying the rise of the new education in North Carolina and the South," flashed the words of Stephen B. Weeks across my mind, "it will be found that few men have been of more real, vital service than Charles Lee Smith." And so in that a writer had set forth a clear-cut statement regarding my afternoon host.

Chronicled within the one statement made by Weeks there was a life and a life's work. Here was a man whose abilities and services had been restricted to no particular section, but the works of a man whose life bears the marks of formidable contributor toward an elevated cult of educators and, in turn, a more desirable form of society. This was the work which had taken his time and efforts during the fifty-six years between his editorship of the *Student* and its present editor.

(*Continued on page twenty-five*)

HIS LIBRARY

—And Who is Probably the Most Extraordinary Bibliophile in the South

BRISSIE

THE library of Dr. Charles Lee Smith is literally a home of thousands of characters. Some of these characters have come from a long line of descendants, having been handled by many persons—some of nobility, others who have been internationally-known scholars and writers, and some by apparently insignificant book handlers.

Upon entering Dr. Smith's library, you are greeted first of all by the comfortable appearance. There are the art masterpieces adorning the walls, book shelves lining the four sides of the room, and a series of easy chairs inviting to a long winter's evening rest, or a dose of poetry for the soul. You are greeted by the oldest of the characters in the library, *Praeparatio Evangelica,* by Eusebius, which came out in 1501. At the outset you will be astounded at the age of the Latin classic, and by its good condition for such an old character. But you will not tarry long, for there is another sight to greet the eye. Perhaps your attention will be focussed upon the 1760 Baskerville Edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained,* volumes put out to astound the librarians of the world and bound so beautifully that you can't resist the temptation of smoothing your finger across the golden border in order to get the full effect of its tangible beauty. Just a little bit farther you see a copy of *Willobie His Avisa.* A copy of this edition owned by the British museum was referred to by Sidney Lee in 1909 as being "unique"; however, since then three other copies have come to our knowledge; those are owned by the Folger Library, the Huntington Library, and the copy which Dr. Smith possesses.

Going farther down the stacks you find volumes from the library of John Ruskin, including William Sharp's *Sonnets of This Century.* Other characters flash before you as you pause for a moment. There is Zola's *Nana,* first English edition; there is a volume of James I's poems, *Lusus Regius,* of which only 275 copies were printed and the edition was inscribed to Queen Victoria, following her death in 1901. Raleigh stands out before you, suddenly, and you see his *History of the World;* there is the 1609 edition of the *New Testament,* which is written in Greek with the Latin translation and which came out two years before the King James Version.

By this time you have become so absorbed in the inter-

(Continued on page twenty-four)

(1) Milton's *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained.* (The rare Baskerville edition with list of subscribers.) Birmingham. 1760.
(2) *Constantini Porphyrogennetae Imperatoris Opera.* Joannes Meursius, edidit. Elzevir in Leyden, 1617.
(3) *Le Comedie di Terentis Volgari.* Aldus in Venice, 1546.
(4) Milton's *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio.* London 1651.
(5) *Taciti Opera Quae Exstant* a Lipsio Postremum Recensita. C. Velleius Paterculus cum Animadversionibus Justi Lipsi. Plantin in Antwerp, 1648.
(6) Sir Walter Ralegh's *History of the World.* The important edition containing Oldys's Life of Ralegh and the Proceedings in his Trial for High Treason. London, 1736.
(7) *Discorso della Nobilita di Firenze e de Fiorentini,* di Paolo Mini. Florence, 1593.
(8) *Lusus Regius,* by King James the First, now first set forth and edited by Robert S. Rait, Fellow of New College, Oxford. Westminster, 1901.
(9) *Eusebii Pamphilii de evangelica praeparatione.* Impressum Venetiis per Bernardinum Vercellensem, M.CCCCCI. (Colophon).



CONGRESSIONAL APPENDICITIS

Facts Concerning the Behavior of Congressmen Away From Home; Based on Excerpts From "Congressional Record"

By SEAVY CARROLL



THE solons of Capitol Hill, in their latest chapter on *How to Win Offices and Influence Voters,* have unitedly declared that the government of the United States should cut its expenditures. Their first thought is to place a few of the alphabetically named projects under the congressional knife. This, of course, is all well and good, but if the lawmakers of the nation would analyze the financial policy of their government, they would find many other items that could stand the blow of an axe.

It is generally conceded that our government is about the costliest enterprise that America keeps going, and this is only natural. However, there are many minor expenditures of the government which in reality do not provide necessities, even in the most liberal sense of the word. To cut the expenses of many of these items would relieve the government a great deal.

To cite only one example, we might mention the excessive cost of the *Congressional Record.* The cost of each page of this publication is $45.00, and at this rate each issue of THE STUDENT magazine of Wake Forest would cost something over $1,000.00. During the recent special session of Congress, the *Record* was made up of some 2,373 pages which set the American taxpayer back for approximately $106,785 — the last issue alone, number 31, costing $5,850.

The idea which I am advancing is not that there is no need for a *Congressional Record,* but that there is no need to pay as much as we do pay to preserve for posterity a detailed record of the proceedings of our great legislative body. The reason the *Congressional Record* costs such an enormous amount is obvious to anyone who will examine an issue for a few minutes. Every issue of this document is provided with an appendix which contains, accordin to law, "All extraneous matter not germane to the proceedings . . ." And, it is this appendix which causes the *Record* to cost so much.

Although the last section of this publication is supposed to be of little importance, it costs nearly as much as the record of the regular proceedings costs. The recent special session paid $63,135 for 1,403 pages to tabulate permanently the details of congressional activity, and closely approaching this figure was the $43,650 paid for an appendix which carried in 970 pages merely ". . . extraneous matter not germane to the proceedings" of our legislative body.

Now, what is this extraneous matter, which is referred to, and why is it included as a part of the record of congressional activity? Thumbing through the pages of a *Congressional Record,* we find that many congressmen who have something irrelevant to present to their colleagues ask leave to insert their material in the *Record.* Very often a speaker, being limited in his time, will ask permission to have his remarks extended in the *Record.* And rarely is a congressman refused such a privilege by his brethren, for it has almost become a matter of congressional courtesy.

The necessity of such a practice would hardly be questioned if this extra material had any direct relation to the debates, but the chances are that very few people are enlightened at all by the appendix when pursuing the proceedings of Congress. This irrelevant "bull" might be divided generally into two classes: The first class includes merely the additional remarks of a speaker who, having gained the floor, has had his time limited by the presiding officer. His material as it ap-

(Continued on page twenty)

"Discovery" of Wake Forest

It Was Back in 1700 that a Man by the Name of John Lawson Came Through What is Now Wake Forest— the First White Explorer

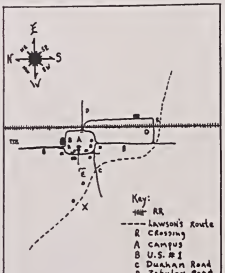
By PHIL HIGHFILL

IN the late winter of the year 1700 a small band of people crossed the Neuse River and pushed upward into the rolling timberland in the vicinity of what is now known as Wake Forest. They ascended the hill where the golf course of the College now lies and crossed the game-trail at about the same place that the streamliner now blows for the crossing back of the water-tower. In the party were six Englishmen and four Indians, one of them a woman. At its head was John Lawson, the first white man to see this part of the country, and one of the most interesting personalities this part of the country has seen, before or since.

Little is known about Lawson: who he was, or what part of Eng'and he came from. Dr. Stephen B. Weeks, of the United States Bureau of Education, is of the opinion that he came from the family of Lawsons of Brough Hall, Yorkshire, and as probably "the son of that Lawson who was such a faithful adherent of the King in the Civil War that he suffered the sequestration of his estates under the Commonwealth." One thing is certain: he was a gentleman — a gentleman of many talents, diverse abilities, wide-spread interests and plenty of means with which to indulge his whims.

It was by accident that Lawson decided to explore North Carolina. For this we have his own word: "In the Year 1700, when People flocked from all Parts of the Christian World, to see the Solemnity of the Grand Jubilee at Rome, my Intention at the Time being to travel, I accidentally met with a Gentleman, who had been Abroad, and was very well acquainted with the Ways of Living in Both Indies; of whom having made Inquiry concerning them, he assured me that Carolina was the best Country I could go to; and, that there then lay a Ship in the Thames in which I might have my Passage."

And so Lawson took passage for South Carolina. At this time, New England was settled and self-sustaining. Virginia had long been a crown colony. Th Colony of Carolina (that is, South Carolina) was fairly large and thickly-populated, and Charleston was a town of commerce and colonial industry, with brick houses, a well-established municipal government, churches, and "Inhabitants . . . as free from Oppression as any in the Universe . . ."



But the northern parts of the colony were totally unexplored and inhabited only by scattered Indian tribes.

On December 28, 1700, Lawson left Charleston and headed north for the Santee River. Ascending to the French settlements, he took the trail which lay along the eastern side of the coast streams, Santee, Watcree, and Catawba. Leaving this trail about where the present boundary between North Carolina and South Carolina lies, he took the great trading path from Virginia to Georgia and followed it.

Gifted with an almost photographic memory and a keen sense of adventure, Lawson deplored the fact that most of those Englishmen who ventured into the American Wilderness were uncouth fellows of little education who cared nothing about the country and could tell nothing about its nature when they returned. He, on the other hand, started into the backwoods on a simple trip of exploration and came back with enough mental notes on the topography of the land, its mineral resources, game, native tribes, and water-courses to fill a volume. As the party went farther and farther into the woods, Lawson became more interested in the fascinating new country.

The astounding thing about Lawson's later accounts of his trip is that they were so accurate. The man must have been an expert ichthyologist, botanist, mineralogist, and zoologist, as well as no mean sociologist. For as he traveled into the interior he described the changing country and its peculiarities, from the coastal sand-hills to the foothills. He listed thirty-three different kinds of animals, being especially interested by the buffalo (of which he noticed great herds around the Cape Fear River valley), and the bear, of which he says "The Flesh of this Beast is very good and nourishing, and not inferior to the best Pork in Taste. It stands betwixt Beef and Pork and the young Cubs are a Dish for the greatest Epicure living." In his tabulation of the fauna peculiar to North Carolina, he also lists the reptiles (which he dubs "insects" —24 species, and the fishes—eighty-two kinds.

He also found the social system of the native Indians absorbing, commending their cleanliness, their loyalties, and exclaiming in amazement at their civilization, contrasting it favorably with the European system.

During his journey from the coast, Lawson had passed through the territories of the Santee, Congaree, Wateree, and Waxhaw tribes. As he went north and doubled back east, he came upon the great village of the Occanceechi, at about the site of the present Hillsboro. From here, authorities differ as to the course taken by Lawson. Some say his "Sapona" river, taken by him to be a branch of the Cape Fear, is the Yalkin, and that he crossed it at the traders' ford near the site of Salisbury. His "Rocky River" argue these authorities, is probably Abbott's Creek, and his "Haw or Reatkin," which he crossed as he doubled back, is the Haw. He is supposed to

(Continued on page twenty)

JOHN C. CADDELL
. . . The Man and Coach

By WELLS NORRIS and VINCENT CONVERY

SPRINGTIME at Wake Forest means more than flowers, budding trees, and blooming magnolias. It means baseball, too—America's favorite pastime, and a big reason that Wake Forest's name has come to be known far and near in athletics.

If the college bell has been tolled at the conclusion of every athletic victory for the past eighteen years, then John C. Caddell, better known to his men and his scores of friends as "Coach John," has had more reason for a personal delight in its resounding tone than any other man associated with the college. But to say that his record as a baseball coach has no equal in the entire Southern Conference, would be putting it in terms of business and figures. Let's go deeper than mere figures; let's dwell for a short while with a man who has been and still is a coach of men, interpreted in the strictest sense of the phrase.

The illustrious career of John Calhoun Caddell has not ended. When he tendered his resignation from active service on January 6, he merely indicated that he would no longer be able to attend the business end of the job, that is, the coaching out there on the field. But to each individual "man" of his, he will remain the intimate friend known only to those who have been privileged to call him "Coach John" everyday.

The twenty-ninth of this month will mark the fifty-ninth year of Coach John. As a youth, he was not long in showing his athletic prowess; he attended Littleton Military Academy and was catcher on the baseball team. Before entering college he secured further training at Graham Preparatory School in Warrenton where he was a regular on the baseball and football teams, playing catcher and halfback, respectively. Despite our reluctance in mentioning it, Coach John attended State College for a short period of time and played baseball under Buck Casserly. But he soon transferred to Wake Forest. While here he was catcher on the baseball team, which was coached by J. G. Mills, Sr., who is now a Raleigh attorney.



Coach Caddell

When he assumed his duties as coach of the freshmen at Wake Forest in 1922, his name was not widely-known. Now, after 19 years of continuous service his name predominates all others when conversation switches to baseball in the Southern Conference. The 1937 *Howler* paid a tribute to the dignified dairyman when it was dedicated to: "Coach John C. Caddell, moulder of champions and dean of North Carolina coaches . . . with appreciation for his loyalty to Wake Forest College. For more than a dozen years, Coach Caddell has taken boys from little towns nearby, shaped them into championship baseball teams, and fed them to the big leagues. Although Wake Forest is within a stone's throw of colleges which lead the nation in athletics, her aggregation of unheralded sandlot stars whip their neighbors with almost monotonous consistency."

It was in the same year that his team took the state championship and an Asheville lawyer wrote: "To John Caddell, Premier North Carolina Coach, Prince of Gentlemen, Wake Forest, North Carolina. If the rhododendron were not to bloom this year it would not be as surprising as if your baseball team were not to make a creditable showing."

While paraphrasing we might turn to a quotation of more recent date. The Homecoming issue of last year's series of THE STUDENT contained an article that dealt with the history of baseball at Wake Forest. There was a paragraph that read: "Since arrival (Caddell's) here 19 years ago, the Baptists have been state champions or runners-up every year. He made his debut as a Deaconlet in 1889 as mascot of the team, and he starred on the team of 1900. As a coach of baseball teams at Wake Forest, his record has been equalled by no one."

To adequately express the esteem and devotion felt for Coach John by his pupils would require more than just words. Judging from several of the players who worked under him, the feeling is something more than an open or verbal emotion; it is something that one who does not know Caddell cannot understand. He can only stand and admire the outward manifestations that are apparent in one who does know the feeling.

Tommy Byrne, who has been an intimate associate of Coach John for three years, is the compendium of the entire squad who trained under him last year, and for any other year for that matter. Tommy had never seen Coach Caddell until he came to school in the fall of 1937. One afternoon just before dusk had enshrouded the town into darkness, he went out to meet him. When he drove up with Coach Weaver, Caddell was sitting on his front porch with his feet propped comfortably on

(*Continued on page nineteen*)

I Was a Millhand

—Being the Story Told by a Man Who Lived by 24-Hour Clocks and Shaved on Sundays.

By

G. G. MORGAN

I WAS once a mill-hand. The kind who works all night in a rayon mill, shaves every Sunday, and wonders about that strange light in the sky every time he gets a good squint at the sun.

At 11 p.m. every night I went to work. At least it was 11 o'clock everywhere except inside the iron gates of that mill, but once inside those gates the "hands" were calling it 23 o'clock. For a while I wondered whether they knew any better, but I soon learned that the complicated 12 hour clock with an a.m. and p.m. was too much for them. Their clocks had 24 hours. At 1 p.m. it was 13 o'clock, at 2 it was 14 o'clock, etc. They just didn't bother to start over at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, consequently, by the time I got to work the time had progressed to the alarming hour of 23 o'clock.

After I reached the plant I had a fascinating duty to perform. An exactly 23 o'clock I picked up a small graduated glass, put thirty cc. of water and 18 cc. of some kind of substance that looked like syrup, shook the glass vigorously for exactly three minutes and poured it in another glass. This glass was taken by a man who poured something else in the concoction, shook it with equal vigor, and peered at the solution as if he fully expected something interesting to happen. At 23:10 o'clock I picked up another glass and repeated the procedure, again handed the glass to the man in the white coat, and again he peered with microscopic scrutiny as if he thought surely something would happen this time. At 23:20 we tried again, and we even held the glass to the light; but again I was disappointed, nothing happened. This was continued at 10 minute intervals until 24 o'clock at which time we washed our glass and started over.

For the first four or five hours of my first few nights on the job I was intensely interested in watching for that "something" to happen. But ever I would hand the man the glass, and ever he would shake it and examine its contents with the same hopeful expression on his face, and never anything happened. Just before dawn the work began to get rather monotonous and mechanical and since I really didn't know what the chemist was looking for, I became disinterested and indifferent about the whole matter, but my learned friend assumed no such attitude. He would always seize the glass with the same determined grip, stir the solution with the same vigor, and look at it with the same expectant facial expression.

This process went on for a period of eight hours and then another chemist and another assistant came and took the glass from our hands, and put it through the same procedure for eight more hours. He and his assistant were, in turn, relieved by still another chemist and another assistant who handled the same glass for eight more hours at which time it was 23 o'clock again and time for my friend and me to resume our work for another eight hours.

Again we took the glass with the same precision, again we mixed the chemicals in proper proportions, again the chemist examined the solution with the same scrutiny, and again nothing happened—and, so on into another night.

I learned how to do my job well, but I never learned why I was doing it. I worked in this plant for two years, we executed this same experiment over and over again, thousands of times, and I often grew terribly weary of such a maddening and monotonous existence; but my educated friend, the chemist, seemed to have superhuman powers of patient perseverance. He was truly an interesting and intriguing personality. He was just as painstaking and assiduous with the last experiment of the eighth hour's work as he was with the first experiment of the first hour.

I never saw him perform the experiment with a half-hearted or indifferent attitude. His facial expression was always characterized with patience blended with expectancy, and mine was characterized with curiosity blended with disappointment, because I wanted something remarkable to occur when we performed the experiment. I asked him once about what we were doing and he muttered something about the "reprecipitation of cellulose in a mixture of ammonium hydroxide and copper hydroxide."

It was under such conditions that my first lasting impressions of an educated man were made. To me and most of the other assistants in the laboratory of the plant, an educated man was a man who knew what was supposed to happen, or what was not supposed to happen, when we agitated that unknown solution in the glass. He was a white-coated individual who was nice and friendly all of the time except when he was working, and when our curiosity got the best of us, he was a man who spoke in an unknown tongue, mixing words and letters to form meaningless constructions, such as, NH_4OH and H_2SO_4. We suspected that he was a man who drew a salary four times the amount of ours, and we often eyed him with envy.

Since I was interested in getting an education, I often talked with him about going to school, and I learned that he had spent $3,000 in getting his education. This increased my suspicions about his enormous pay-check.

One night, just as we were running our last experiment, I handed him the glass with the solution. He took it with the same diligent attitude and put it under the same conditions as he had done thousands of times. Just as he started his examination, he was interrupted by the laboratory janitor, who was in the process of sweeping the floor. The janitor wanted my chemist friend to cash his weekly check.

As he took the check in his hand and glanced at the amount for which it was made I saw the expression of his face suddenly change. His eyes drew into a mean slant, his face became distorted and flushed, and the patiently persevering master of circumstances seized the graduated glass he had handled so often and threw it to the floor with a thundering crash. The contents of the glass made little mocking rivulets over the hardwood floor of the laboratory, as my educated friend shouted to the janitor, "Give me that damned broom!"

THE teacher smiled when I stumbled on the word "generous," I looked up at her in despair. "Miss Power, please don't make me read any more." I felt my ears get hot, and sweat popped out on my forehead; I rubbed the back of my hand across my hot, dry lips.

"You may sit down, Jake. You have read enough today." She settled back into her swivel chair and acted like she didn't know I was staring at her in hurt, almost tearful bewilderment. For one or two seconds that seemed to me like hours there was complete quiet in the room. Miss Power then grunted or coughed like she didn't like everybody staring at her and called on the small girl that sat in front of me, the one in the sweet-smelling blue dress, to read next.

She slid from her seat with the same scared look on her face that I had when I sat down. But she read good. I stuck my hand as far as possible under my high desk and played like I was keeping up with her in my book. I was fidgety and every few minutes I would slip my hand into the deep side-pocket of my corduroy knickers and pull out my small watch, the one Dad had given me a couple weeks ago when Kathleen—she's my big sister—thought she 'prised me with a birthday party. And Miss Power had brought me a great big cocoanut cake with seven tall, skinny candles on it.

She tapped her long, bright-red fingernails on the desk like she was trying to keep up with some music that I didn't hear. Once a finger touched the big apple I had brought her that morning.

"Please, Miss Power, mayn't I walk home with you?" I blurted out suddenly.

She whipped around and sat straight up in her chair; her pen fell to the floor. I got down on my knees and reached under the desk to get it. "Oh, you!" she breathed like she was half-way glad and half-way wasn't. "Of course, you may if you wish. Don't you always walk home with me?"

I was stumped there. "Well . . . er . . . I did until yesterday. But you got into some car with a strange man with a mustache, and I thought maybe you didn't aim to let me walk home with you anymore."

"Why Jake, you know I wouldn't ride with anyone else as long as I can have you to go home with me."

I swapped leaning on one foot, glaneing at the loose strings of my shoes. My eyes met Miss Power's, and I didn't know if I should believe her or not, 'eause women are so fickle—that's what my brother said all women were. But I soon began to smile and finally agreed: "Yes 'am, I thought you liked me a lot, but who was that man? I ain't, I mean, I've not seen him before."

WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT

Please Visit Us Sometime – Anytime

By WELLS NORRIS

When the bell rang for the end of school that day, I edged up to the teacher's scarred desk and stood waiting, leaning on one foot, playing like I was just as calm and cool—just like Kathleen does when Mom gets hot with her. I look her straight in the eyes, like I was admiring their blue, soft color. I ran my fat finger over the rough initials earved in the old wood; and I stuek my ehin out a little when I saw my own initials under my teacher's. That was the only time I had ever stayed after school—that is before Miss Power had honest-to-goodness loved me—like a beau, I mean, not like a little boy. Even then I thought she was beautiful; you know what I mean: I liked to watch the sun beams through the window as they played in her golden hair, just like painted dust particles. I thought her eyes against that golden hair reminded me of something; oh, yes, it was the blue stone in the set of Mom's golden ring. That was when I was new in the second grade, but now I had been there for a month or so and was sure that I knew what I liked.

But that day Miss Power didn't seem to know that I was standing there and kept right on writing in her sprawling way, and the only racket was the scratching of the pen. In a few minutes she stopped and stared out the window at the bunches of children leaving the school grounds. Gosh, but she was a perfect picture. Her slender waist, and that same golden hair in the afternoon sun, the sparkle in the white of her eyes, and best of all I liked her in the blue dress she was wearing —just exactly the same color as her eyes.

"Oh, that was just an old friend of mine. I met him at college." She ended with a snap and I knew she didn't plan to say any more about the mustached stranger.

When we had almost reached the familiar corner where the bare, lifeless hedge stood, I thought what a pair we must make to anybody who doesn't know us. She walked so straight and I toddled along, running to keep up with her. Then she slowed down and leaned over to my upturned faee, planting a hot kiss right smack on the cherry-colored birthmark on my left-hand cheek. "Be good and don't forget to study hard tonight." She turned on her heel and added over her shoulder: "And if you get in all the coal and wood for your mother this afternoon I will buy you some eherry ice cream tomorrow."

"Yes 'am, I will," I yelled at her. I watched her as she turned up the briek walk, and then I walked on down the street like I was on air, still feeling her kiss and thinking of billions of eherry ice cream cones before me. I hurried up to the front door of our little green-topped house, twirled the knob, and stomped in, happy as a sparrow, forgetting to elose the door quietly.

"Jake Bristow, how many times have I told you not to slam that door!" a voice rang out from another room.

I slung my books into the old easy chair and went into the room. Mom was seated at her sewing machine by the window, and didn't even bother to look up when

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POETRY

TRAVELER'S DREAM

I would be away to parts unknown,
To distant shores and banks where winds,
Unknown to sail or human breath
Or smoke of cities' mills,
Caress the seas and speed the flight
Of albatross, lone and wild;
Where unknown tongues are heard
And kindly spirits haunt
Cathedral pines.
There I'll sit to rest awhile,
And resting, sing a song:
Just half a league from here,
Or half a league and one,
I'll come across that holy place
Where sets the sun.

JOHN A. FREEMAN.

HER PICTURE

That picture on my dresscr top,
In gilded frame with silver lace,
Smiles warmly down, but not on me;
That smile is for another face.

You see, she doesn't know that I
Have mounted that last picture there;
She doesn't dream that she's still mine;
She thinks my dresser top is bare.

She posed and smiled that summer day
Of long ago when we were young,
And said that mine she'd ever stay
Until to both the end should come.

I kissed her cheek; a honey bee
Droned softly thro' the summer air.
She doesn't know she's still with me;
She thinks my dresser top is bare.

Then one sad day I had to go.
She said she'd watch for my return,
And, though the months would be so slow,
Her heart for only me would burn.

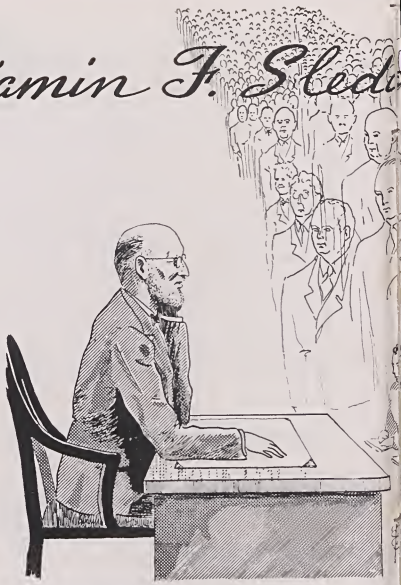
But when I came again to see
My fragrant rose of April's noon
I found that vows are but deceits,
For someone else had plucked the bloom.

Now all is lost, and yet it seems
That she is not far distant there.
She lives here in my gilded frame,
And thinks my dresser top is bare.

CHARLES W. NANNEY.

Dr. Benjamin F. Sledd

Arrived on the Wake Forest Campus in 1888; Here is the Story of those Fifty Years, told in the Second and Final Series of Articles Written for THE STUDENT



By Dr. G. W. PASCHAL

IT was at a meeting of the Board of Trustees in August, 1888, that Professor B. F. Sledd was elected to the chair of Modern Languages (French and German) in Wake Forest College. Statements from the faculty of Washington and Lee University, published in the *Biblical Recorder* of August 15, 1888, list some of his scholastic honors in that institution—in 1883, the honorary scholarship; in 1884, the F. O. French scholarship; in 1885, the prize of the Early English Text Society; in 1886, the Santini prize medal and the Robinson prize medal, for the highest attainments in French and German, Latin and Greek. Professors Bright and Wood of Johns Hopkins University united with Professor Harrison of Washington and Lee in speaking "in exalted terms of him as a man, a scholar, and a teacher."

On coming to Wake Forest Sledd was still a very young man, barely twenty-four years of age. He was tall and spare with no great show of physical strength; but his native nobility and bearing won for him instant respect; his brow from which the hair had already gone was broad and noble; his eyes as seen through his glasses were large and fine; his face was quiet, noble, masterful, with unpretentious and unassumed dignity.

PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES

From September, 1888, to June, 1894, Sledd was professor of Modern Languages—French and German and sometimes a class in elementary Italian. The chair had been created to carry out the purpose of the College to enlarge and liberalize its curriculum by allowing the substitution of modern languages for one of the ancient languages in the requirements for degrees. As developed by Professor Sledd the Modern Language course consisted of two years of work in each language, five recitations a week the first year and three the second year. For successful work in either the catalogue declared, "Previous linguistic study is indispensable," which those who undertook them found no idle words.

Much was required of all in his classes. "Old Sledd" did not seem to know that his students had anything else to do; they had to master declensions and conjugations, pronouns, irregular verbs, syntax, and get a vocabulary, all in a few weeks. Almost before they knew it students were trying to prepare ten pages of Grimm's "Maerchen" or as large an assignment in French for one lesson. They could do and had to do because their professor thought they could do. And so it went on for the remainder of the two-year course, and it began to be talked around the campus that after all the old classical course of Latin and Greek was the safest for the student to elect. In the first year one of the ablest seniors had to petition the faculty for a second examination in French.

But in general the students responded to the expectation of the teacher and when they had finished the two-year course in French or German they had a good introduction to its literature while some went further and gained a ready reading knowledge of French and German of which they continued to make use afterwards. Several became so proficient that they were successful teachers of either French and German or both in smaller colleges.

Something of Professor Sledd's method at this time may be of interest. From the first he was an inspirational teacher. He was in perfect liaison with his students or the most of them. He had sympathy for the plodding and slow, and he soon took the starch out of the conceited. Nearly all found a stimulus in his big assignments; they were alive when they took their seat in his classroom; they knew that something in the lesson was going to strike fire from the professor, and



bring an illustration, possibly from his prodigious fund of knowledge of ancient and modern literature, history, mythology, and biography, possibly from some local concern of their own. There were no drowsy men at that hour.

Things went easy and natural in Sledd's classes. Sometimes an unprepared student would manifest great interest in some matter used by the teacher as illustration hoping to hear the next bell before he was through with it. Or they played some other harmless trick on him. "We have this French word 'plutot,' and we have also a word of our own that sounds very much like it, 'Pluto.' Who was he, Mr. Dullard?" Mr. Dullard slowly blinks his eyes and hesitates, while the professor turns to the board to write the name there, when Mr. Bright whispers to Dullard, "Tell him you are not acquainted with the gentleman." "Now, Mr. Dullard," says the teacher turning from the board, "tell us what you know about Pluto." "I am not acquainted with the gentleman, Professor," drawls Mr. Dullard. "Well you had better be; you will have to make his acquaintance some day," retorts the professor, crediting Dullard with a knowledge of the Prince of the Lower World of which he is entirely innocent, while the class breaks into a laugh.

It was not long before Sledd was more talked of at dinner tables than any other member of the faculty. He was not ostentatious of his learning, but he was always ready. Once he was called to hear the class in "Swinton's Outlines of General History," taught by Dr. Charles E. Taylor. The subject was the "Age of the Tudors." "Well, Mr. Williamson, leaving out of the account Lady Jane Grey, poor thing, will you tell us who succeeded Edward the Sixth?" "Elizabeth, Professor." "Why, Mr. Williamson, you can't mean that." Mr. Atkinson, with his thumb already at the page threw open the book; it said nothing of Mary and he told the teacher so. Evidently Sledd was not much impressed by what the book said or did not say, and he continued, "Can it be that you know nothing of Bloody Mary? Why I thought every child knew of Bloody Mary. Surely college students ought to know something of the succession of English kings and queens." And without more ado he went to the board and to the amazement of the class in a few minutes had it covered with a scheme of descent of all English sovereigns from Edward the Third to Victoria.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

After a year Professor Sledd had the work of the Modern Language department well organized and was giving to it all his energies and enthusiasm; but when he was in the midst of his fifth year of work on January 3, 1893, came the sudden death of Dr. William Royall, the able and much beloved professor of English in the College, which brought about the transfer of Sledd to the department of English. During the spring of the year 1893-94, January to June, he taught the classes in Anglo-Saxon and rhetoric, and the next year had entire charge of the English department, though he was not formally elected to the place until June, 1894.

Few have gone to any work as well equipped for it as was Professor Sledd for his new duties. He had studied in the original the literary masterpieces of Greek and Latin, French and German; he knew English and American literature as few have ever known it. Having taught a Sunday school class during the years of his student life at Washington and Lee University he was well acquainted with the English Bible. In addition he was well versed in history, geography, mythology and biography, and being a great reader he kept apace with current thought as expressed in books and periodicals. He had a live interest in men and women and social and political affairs. He loved nature; the stars, birds and their songs, flowers and trees; the streams and the woods and the hills and mountains. His critical judgment of literature was good, especially of poetry, since he was himself a poet. In January, 1893, he was not altogether without experience in teaching English in the College. During his first year, when his work in French and German followed the catalogue of the year before, he had taught a class in first-year English, and had come to know something of the poor preparation of the average North Carolina college freshman of the day.

It is no surprise, then, that with this equipment his teaching of English was highly successful from the first. No other evidence of this is needed than the fact that at the next commencement the trustees were presented with a petition signed by nearly every student asking that Professor Sledd be elected to the chair of English. At this time, however, the trustees were in straits. The College income was badly impaired by the great financial depression of 1893-94. At the same time there was a strong demand that the College establish departments of history and the Bible. If Sledd should be called to take the chair of English, another man would have to be secured for French and German. Probably it was with these considerations that Dr. Columbus Durham, appointed for the purpose, sought to reconcile the students to the refusal of their request.

At the beginning of the session, however, in September, the faculty asked Professor Sledd to take full charge of the work in English and made such provision as they could for the work in French, the work in German seemingly still being done by him. But a year later, on the election of Dr. J. H. Gorrell to the chair of Modern Languages, Sledd was free to devote all his energies to English.

On taking charge in 1893-94 Professor Sledd extended the work in English from two years to three years, and required all to begin with the work of the first year, which included composition. "Great stress," said Will Bailey in the *Biblical Recorder*, "is laid on directing the student to a correct use of the English language, and we are in a position to know that such ability is a rarity even among college graduates in our State. Another commendable feature is the system of parallel readings, the course this year including the foremost English novelists, essayists and poets."

Bailey's statement is an indication of the enthusiasm for Sledd's courses that was soon manifest among the students. They took the first two years, which now were prescribed for all degrees, and many of them continued to the third and soon to the fourth year, and they showed the same interest in all. They were not at all deterred by the formidable outlines of work which Sledd put on the board at the beginning of each term, including parallel readings in a score of volumes of history and literature; they took as a matter of course the heavy assignments for recitations, and nearly all of them made an honest effort to do all that the professor asked them to do, even the writing of the weekly themes. They were charmed by his interpretations of the poets and they aspired some day to be able to make them themselves.

Of course, for the average student the work outlined and assigned in English would have required all his time. And in fact, many of the students did give the greater part of their time to their English courses, feeling that they were getting something worth while out of them. In many instances the work of the other departments suffered from this condition and there was some talk of Wake Forest having "an English department and a college." The other members of the faculty, however, had the remedy in their own hands, that of making more rigid requirements themselves and they applied it with the result that after a few years those who took their courses were giving proper attention to them. As for Sledd, however, he continued to require much of his classes until the day he gave up his work.

I have no space to discuss Professor Sledd's work in his English classes further than to say that it was most fruitful. Hardly a student ever came under his instruction without acquiring a love for good literature. Great numbers of them made extensive studies of some favorite poets and published their results in the WAKE FOREST STUDENT or elsewhere. Hundreds of them turned to journalism as a profession, among them some now of national reputation. Many discovered natural talents for story-telling. Several became writers of verse, of whom three or more may justly claim the name of poet. Not a few continued their studies in the universities of America and Europe of whom a full score won the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and of these several became recognized authorities in their fields. Two or more of them have become deans of graduate study in the higher universities of the country.

Often these men with knowledge of English teachers in several of the best institutions of the land have been

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heard to say that as a teacher of literature they had never seen the equal of Sledd. By request Dr. H. B. Jones, since 1924, Professor of English in the College and the successor of Sledd as head of the department, has given the following, which expresses his mature judgment after the passing of many years. Dr. Jones says:

"It was my good fortune to be one of Dr. Sledd's pupils within the best years of his career as a teacher—the foundations of his scholarship securely laid, his philosophy rich and mature, his intellectual keenness unsurpassed, and his power of stimulation at its height.

"As one of those who became in a sense his disciples, and swore by him rather than at him, I appreciated his colorful personality, his power as a teacher, and his genuine personal interest in those of us who were able to keep pace with him or to enter sympathetically into the world of his intellect and spirit.

"It was not as a patient drill master or a painstaking critic of student compositions that Dr. Sledd did his distinctive work. I am not sure that he worried a great deal about those who were indifferent or unresponsive, but I know that he took genuine pleasure in working patiently with those who were working for themselves, and that he took the keenest delight in their achievements. Not the least significant part of his work he accomplished in fireside chats with individual students or during strolls about the campus."

THE KAHN TRAVELING FELLOWSHIP

In June, 1914, Professor Sledd was granted a Traveling Fellowship of the Kahn Foundation, with a stipend of $3,000. It was expected that he would travel in nearly all the countries of Europe, cross the continent on the trans-Siberian railway, return by way of Java, Egypt and Palestine and be absent from home about fifteen months. But he had hardly reached England when the Great War broke out and he found his travel limited to the countries of Southern Europe. Many courtesies were shown to him. In England he was entertained by Ambassador Walter Hines Page, and he was an invited guest at receptions given for literary men, being shown special kindness by the poet Masefield. At repartee he was a match for George Bernard Shaw. He visited the Lake Country and the haunts of Wordsworth and Burns and Scott and walked at night amid the ruins of Stonehenge. He saw Rome and Athens and Delphi, and many other places he had longed to see. Even though Europe was at war it was a great year for him. The College felt that it shared the honor shown to him.

GROWTH OF DEPARTMENT

During his absence in Europe the English Department was in charge of Roger P. McCutcheon, Acting Professor, and a group of student assistants. It may be remarked here that until the year 1910-11 Professor Sledd had only the help of student instructors and assistants in the work of the department; it was first in the year 1922-23 that the burdens of the department were shared by one of full professorial rank, Dr. R. P. McCutcheon, who was succeeded by Dr. H. B. Jones, the present head of the department, who was added to the staff in 1924. On the addition of other able teachers Sledd was set free to confine his work to a course in Anglo-Saxon and special courses in English and American Literature. Though through all the years he was somewhat handicapped by bad eyes and slightly defective hearing, it was only in the last year or two



that they seriously interfered with the high standards of work of his best period; so long as he taught many students elected his courses and pursued them with great enthusiasm. He retired in June, 1938.

In the summer of 1921 Professor Sledd accepted a request to offer some courses in English literature in the summer school of the University of Virginia. Before the end of the summer stories began to come of Sledd's immense popularity on that campus, and of how his courses were thronged with students. From that time so long as his health would permit, for nearly twenty years, he continued this work, greatly to the satisfaction of the University authorities.

SLEDD'S POETRY

It may be a surprise that with his time so largely engrossed in the great work of teaching Sledd should have any time for literary production. With his impaired eyesight he was indeed unable to do such scholarly work as required investigation of sources and reading of documents. But he had a poetic soul and during his term as professor in the College brought out two volumes and several brochures of poetry. The first of these was "From Cliff and Scaur," in December, 1897. It was not well received. The reason is not far to seek. Most of the pieces in it were written in the darkest period of his life and reproduced its gloom unrelieved by flashes of sunlight. Very few of the poems were without such lines as this: "The withered leaves about her head Shiver like garments of the dead." Most of the imagery was ghostly and appalling. Such poetry can never command many readers. There was no doubt about the true poetic quality of many of the lines; even the severest critics acknowledged so much; but it was not fit for human nature's daily food. His friends, however, though they shared the author's disappointment, had reason to hope. Some of the poems, and in particular the great sonnet on Virginia which closed the volume, were of the highest poetic quality. The best critics spoke of this and the "delicacy of touch" which was manifest on almost every page. The gloom could not altogether hide the figure of the true poet. There was hope he would emerge and stand in better light. And he did. His next volume, "The Watchers of the Hearth," contain many poems of great merit which leave readers glad. It would be hard to find anything more beautiful and delicate than the picture of Virginia Dare as limned in one of its pieces, "The Wraith of Roanoke." His friends hope at an early day to bring out a volume of his poetry, which will include many pieces still unpublished but among his very best productions.

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MORE PERSONAL

Sledd knew the joys and sorrows of family life. In June, 1889, he married Miss Neda Purefoy, daughter of Mr. F. M. Purefoy of Wake Forest. To them children were born; this was their great joy. But the first, Erma, died when only a few days old. This was their first great sorrow. Then came Margaret and Miriam. They were the joy of all who knew them; bright happy children; the hope of their father was in them. He could often be seen with them gathering flowers or standing on some ledge watching the sunset, or walking chosen paths through the woods and to cascades along the streams to one of which Margaret gave a name, La Belle, for she learned French early. But when they were ten or twelve years old the death angel came for them; then there was sorrow indeed. But already other children were gladdening their home, and they survive their parents. Mrs. Sledd died July 31, 1938.

Moreover, Sledd had those qualities that won and held friends. They did not leave him alone in his sorrow. They delighted in visiting him in his home. Hardly a student returning to Wake Forest failed to call on Professor Sledd to tell of his appreciation and enjoy the charm of his conversation. Very few of them knew how they had possibly rescued him from sad thoughts and brought sunlight into his heart. Often his friends would share his walks with him, always to return home with a keener appreciation of the beauty of landscape and flowers and trees, of bud and bell, of birds and their songs and in particular "Old Bob," the mocking bird, and with some knowledge of what the poets had said about them. He liked to walk at night, too, under "the stillness that is in the starry skies," and talk of the beauties of Venus and the other morning and evening stars. To his last days his interest in these things never waned.

Despite the great sorrows that had come into his life sweetness prevailed. His favorite poets kept his faith strong that "good must be the final goal of ill." Once a friend found him sitting with tears running down his cheeks from his closed eyes. But they were not tears of sorrow. He had been thinking of those thousands whose ideals he had sought to form and whom he had fitted to live happier and more useful lives. They had not left him ignorant of their appreciation, and his tears were tears of joy and victory. He had fought the good fight. He was assured that the crown was awaiting him. After months of severe illness and brave suffering, "at the last, tenderly," on January 4, 1940, he was wafted away. Like the Tennyson of his youthful worship he was pure in heart, and like him he was to see God.

JOHN C. CADDELL

(*Continued from page ten*)

a support, smoking a cigarette. He wore a time-worn baseball shirt that he always wore on the field during practice. The conversation was not long in lingering on subjects other than baseball, the bread and life of Coach Caddell. And Tommy was rapidly drawing closer to him, precisely as all his predecessors had done.

When the amiable trainer is off the field he is as particular to be immaculate as is a fastidious husband-seeker. His tie is always in the right place and his trousers draped just right.

On the field Coach John is soft-spoken, almost taciturn. He loves to bat the balls to the infield during daily practice, and even before a game when time and conditions permit. He does not use profane language even when a player pulls a "boner." Nor does he harshly reprimand his boys for their errors after a game; he waits until the next day and calmly tells them how they could have done better. Incidentally, he takes individual interest in the class work of each of his boys. To many of the players he proffers as much consideration and shows as much interest as would a father. All of the boys call him Coach John on and off the field, and many know his wife as Mrs. Ella. Several days ago in the gym a group of baseball players were dressing for practice. The conversation naturally centered on Coach John who had been reported improving at the hospital. Too, transfusions had recently been given by five students, four of whom were pupils of his. Here in this small group was the essence of kindness and appreciation for one who was noticeably absent. I heard one or two say something about "Mrs. Ella and Coach John. . . ." And Tommy quietly breathed, "They are two of the best people I've ever met."

Probably the one thing stressed more by Coach John than anything else was promptness. He always set a definite time for the bus to leave when going to play out of Wake Forest. Once last year after Wake Forest had played Carolina the boys were given so much time to eat supper when they stopped at Burlington en route to Davidson for another game. Several players fell into deep cogitation while eating and then loitered a little along the way back to the bus. According to one, they were about seven minutes late and the bus had already pulled out. The group was forced to thumb on to Davidson and arrived there at 2 o'clock the next morning. Once the bus driver was late and Caddell asked Carl Byrd, a pitcher, if he could drive. Byrd replied in the affirmative and the team, coach, manager—minus the driver—thundered off.

Truly, in spirit, Coach John is still on the field. Every day that one of his former pupils goes to see him at the hospital he questions them about the condition of the field, wanting to know if it is cleaned off yet or not. He asks his players how they are getting along in their studies, and if they are feeling "right" for baseball. Last year he presaged great things for his squad this year, and he is still adhering steadfastly to his predictions.

Verily, his is a remarkable history. He has scaled the heights, and the niche he has carved in the temple of fame and in the hearts of students, professors, and laymen alike, will always reflect a shadow of unexcelled resplendency that radiates from the depths of his inner being.

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"DISCOVERY" OF WAKE FOREST

(*Continued from page nine*)

have forded this stream at the site of Graham, on the old Occaneechi trail.

At the Occaneechi village, reports came to him through friendly natives of an impending invasion of the trouble-making Iroquois from the North. So Lawson struck off in a southeasterly direction toward the protection of the settlements on the coast. His course down the Neuse, if laid out today, would just about split Wake and Johnston counties in neat halves. After passing through what is now the town of Wake Forest, he continued on down past the falls within approximately five miles of the site of Raleigh; thence he traveled through the land of the Tuscaroras past the present sites of Goldsboro and Kinston, crossed the Contentnea, continued down that stream to where Grifton is now located and cut across the Tar or Pamlico near the site of Greenville.

Arriving at the coast settlements after a journey of over seven weeks through a land peopled by Indians of whom he knew almost nothing, and infested by animals which were fearsomely new to an Englishman, he was not only undaunted, but full of enthusiasm for what he had seen, and so he determined to push on again.

Five years after he arrived in the colony from England, John Lawson became one of the incorporators of Bath Town, North Carolina's oldest. He remained in his newly-adopted home for eight years before he returned to England. His return was only temporary. While there, he published a book about his adventures. The display-piece of the edition of 1709 (an original of which is owned by the Wake Forest College library), contained these words: *A New Voyage to Carolina Containing the Exact Description of That Country Together with the Present State Thereof and a Journal of a Thousand Miles Travel'd Thro' seceral Nations of INDIANS. Giving a Particular Account of their Customs, Manners, etc. etc. By John Lawson, Gent. Surveyor of North Carolina. London. Printed in the Year 1709.*

Another edition of the Lawson work was brought out in 1714, and still another in 1718. In 1860 the North Carolina Legislature sponsored an edition, but this was very poorly done. The library here at Wake Forest has the 1860 edition and a fine reprint of the 1714 edition.

In January, 1710, Lawson returned with a party of other gentlemen to help a Monsieur DeGraffenreid, a Swiss adventurer, to found a colony of Palatines in America. Lured again by his great love, Carolina, he went once more into the wilderness—this time on a surveying trip with DeGraffenreid and several natives. He was captured by Indians, who were incensed at the treatment offered them by the new white settlers, and he died under mysterious circumstances, although DeGraffenreid and the others escaped.

Perhaps he would have wished to die in Carolina, although certainly not at the hands of his self-declared friends and brothers, the Indians. There is still some doubt as to whether he actually *did* die victim of an Indian war-council, in view of DeGraffenreid's attacks upon him after his death, and the fact that the Swiss was the only witness to return and tell of it. At any rate, he died as he had lived, this John Lawson, a gallant gentleman who is entitled to a front place in the history of North Carolina and the Nation.

CONGRESSIONAL APPENDICITIS

(*Continued from page eight*)

pears in the appendix is brief and to the point, usually indicating a few seconds of thought on the part of the legislator. The second—and larger—class includes anything that the lawmaker might wish to have inserted. And it is this class of material which necessitates such a large appendix and such an enormous sum for the production of the *Congressional Record*.

In the appendix one may find anything from the oldest nursery rhymes to the latest philosophical theories. Some of the material might hint at a point, but seldom, if ever is it pertinent to the proceedings of Congress. Anyone who has made a radio address that a congressman likes may have it inserted in the *Record*. Many newspaper and magazine articles, editorials, and speeches of notable national or international figures become a part of this literary collection. Usually the articles are very interesting and are well written, but the point is that they are just as the law describes them—". . . extraneous matter not germane to the proceedings . . ."—and I'll be bold enough to raise the oft-repeated howl that the taxpayer should not have to pay for the publication of such matter.

In one issue of the *Record* for the recent special session one representa-

tive quoted verbatim from a government document (Senate Document 346, to be exact). This quotation alone covered six pages of the Appendix, and according to authoritative estimates on the cost of the publication, the taxpayer was hit to the tune of $270 for that item.

This expense could have been decreased by at least $200 if the solon who inserted it had described the document, giving complete directions as to how to find it. The chances are that no one has read the article as it appears in the *Record*. Nor does it seem possible that a great number of people could be interested in the multiplicity of addresses which the congressmen make and have inserted under the title of "Extension of Remarks of the Hon. G. T. Foolem of North Hokum."

Most of us probably remember that we had a congressman as the principal speaker on the opening day of the present session of Wake Forest College, but probably very few remember who he was, or what he said. This, of course, is not casting any reflection upon the man or his speech. Representative John W. Kerr of North Carolina had inserted in the *Congressional Record* the same speech which he made on the opening day of our school, and in his best political style explained that Wake Forest is a great institution of more than 1,100 students. His speech consumed two pages, which meant 90 of somebody's money.

In the same issue we find a batch of letters written by "New Jersey leaders" to Seton Hall College as congratulations at the time of the laying of the cornerstone of "a new physical education gymnasium building." These namby-pamby epistles are included in more than a page and a half of the *Record*. You and I helped pay about $75.00 to have them printed.

The Honorable Samuel Dickstein once delivered a radio address on "The European Crisis." Fearful that he had not received enough publicity on his speech, he asked for and received permission to have inserted in the *Record* the same speech, with another, which was delivered at the same time. The addresses, including every word of introduction by the radio announcer, occupied more than two pages. The cost was about $100.

Karl E. Mundt, a representative from South Dakota, wanted to "make Democracy Safe in America." The only way he knew how to do this was to include with his discussion in the *Congressional Record* an article written by someone else on the subject. This increased the cost of the *Record* by about $50.

With perhaps the best of intentions, the Honorable Louis Ludlow of Indiana felt that the "select" readers of the congressional publication could stand a little religion. He had printed, the better to instruct them, a speech delivered by him to the Christian Men Builders, Inc. of Indianapolis. The expense was approximately $80—almost two pages.

Another representative felt his patriotism to such an extent that he increased our national deficit by about $40 by including in the appendix an address delivered by him "in behalf of Constitution Sunday."

Senator Clyde M. Reed of Kansas stayed in the game by presenting a collection of five editorials from his "own newspaper relating to the subject of neutrality." He felt that the two pages in the *Record* should be worth their cost of $90 to the taxpayer.

Robert F. Wagner of the Senate took up about $70 worth of space by presenting to the *Record* an address by James A. Farley on "Politics as a Profession for Businessmen."

Senator Harry Flood Byrd used about $100 worth of space to present the speech, which was delivered "together with communications . . . from a large number of Senators and other distinguished Americans" on the occasion of the celebration of the birthday of Senator Carter Glass.

Throughout the *Congressional Record*, one can find material on almost any subject. The favorites at the present, however, seem to be "The Third Term" and "The European Situation." One Congressman even became poetic and gave a parody on the old favorite of the World War days, "Over There"; another included "Flanders Fields." And, of course, almost every congressman who said anything at a Jackson Day dinner had to have his speech printed in the *Record*. We also find in the old catalogue such little ditties as the following:

"I'm told, in riding somewhere west,
A stranger found a Hoosier's nest . . ."

". . . two rifles placed above the door;
Three dogs lay stretched upon the floor—
In short, the domicile was rife
With specimens of Hoosier life."

This was a contribution from the Honorable Sherman Minton, Senator from Indiana, in an article covering about $110 worth of space on "The Boyhood of Lincoln." What newspaperman would pay the approximate $2.50 which it cost to print the "Hoosier" lines?

Representative T. V. Smith of Illinois in an address delivered by him over the radio, and inserted in the Congressional periodical at an expense of about $90, included two verses which are about as confusing to the reader as is the title of the speech they were in—"Neutrology and Neutrality." The two "poems," which follow, occupied about $7.50 worth of space. The first ditty is:

"Halfway down the stairs
Is a stair
Where I sit.
There isn't any
Other stair
Quite like
It.
I'm not at the bottom,
I'm not at the top;
So this is the stair
Where
I always
Stop.

Halfway up the stairs
Isn't up
And it isn't down.
It isn't in the nursery
It isn't in the town.
And all sorts of funny thoughts
Run around my head:
It isn't really
Anywhere!
It's somewhere else
Instead!"

Keen, these Congressmen! But listen to the second verse:

We often long for heroes high
And someday yet may see 'em;
But this we'll tell you here and now;
We'd rather see than be 'em!"

During the course of a quite serious argument on the question of American neutrality, Senator Bulow, from South Dakota, chimed in with the following verse—(evidently he follows the popular songs):

Yesterday upon a stair
I saw a man who was not there
He was not there again today;
I wish to God he would go away."

As much as we hate to hurt the good Senator's feelings, we much prefer the verse (if it comes to a question of preferring it), as Col. Stoopnagle and Bud wrote it several years ago.

But these are only a few examples of the cheap verse to be found in that

dignified volume, the *Record*. The cost of printing the examples which we have given is approximately $11. Add to this the cost of printing much of the other congressional rubbish, and the taxpayer has something to worry about.

Finally, what I have been trying to say all along, is that there is a conglomeration of material in the *Congressional Record* which has no bearing at all on lawmaking. And, after all, the purpose of the *Record* is not to instruct in the matter of lawmaking, but merely to provide for posterity a complete record of the proceedings of our august lawmaking body from day to day, while it is in session.

Almost any congressman will obey the dictates of his vanity by printing in this publication anything that might tend to give the people back home or his colleagues in Washington an idea of what a great guy he is. Much of the space is taken up with all kinds of holiday addresses, speeches delivered at commencement exercises, personal letters from admiring voters back home, notes from the Chat-A-While Club of Boggy Hollow; and one can very easily find in the *Congressional Record* the addresses made by Congressmen at the cornerstone laying of public buildings at almost any "'possum Trot."

"So what?" the reader asks. In fact, that's as much as any of us can say. The congressmen control the purse strings; the purse pays for the publications, and the people are unable to say what is not to be included in them. Certainly no legislator is going to slip the noose over his own neck by eliminating any of his chances for free publicity. If there is to be a curtailment in expenditures it is almost certain that the smaller items of governmental expense will not lose, and we might say with even more certainty that the *Congressional Record* will not suffer. At least, this is the attitude we might take as long as the House of Representatives is made up of such men as Eugene B. Crowe of Indiana.

Having received from his home town Rotary Club of Bedford, Indiana, a letter conferring upon him honorary membership in the organization, he was elated that he had to tell his brethren in Congress about it. Having explained the high ideals and purposes of the Rotary organization throughout the world, he read the very complimentary letter to the august body. Feeling that his colleagues perhaps did not understand the significance of the matter yet, he continued with an explanation by saying:

> I consider this one of the finest honors that I have ever had bestowed upon me for the reason that it does not come from some faraway group who only see me at my best but this recognition is from a group of good fellows with whom I have lived.
>
> I have lived with many of them in this group for 25 or more years. I have lived with numerous ones of them befo.e there was a Rotary Club in my town and accordingly have been with and around a number of them for 40 years. I, therefore, appreciate this nice honor more than words can express and my wish goes out to them and to all clubs of Rotary that it may continue its good work and ever be a continuous and lasting vehicle for good throughout the world.

"The SPEAKER: The time of the gentleman from Indiana has expired."

"Mr. Crowe: Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to extend my remarks by including a letter which I received from the Rotary Club of Bedford, Ind., my home town."

"Without objections, it is so ordered."

"There is no objection."

Mr. Crowe's boasting cost the American taxpayer $50.

(Note: The figures used in this essay are based upon information given in the "Record" by the head of the committee on publications. Other illustrations were taken from the "Congressional Record" directly.)

WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT

(Continued from page twelve)

I went in. "Mom," I asked, "how much older are you than Daddy?"

She licked the tip of the thread and slipped it through the small needle hole. "What a silly question. You ought to know by now that he is 44 and I am 49. But go on and don't bother me. I've got this dress to finish by supper. And you must get in your coal and wood, too, don't forget."

"Ah, heck, Mom. Do you always have to sew? You never take any time to talk to me!"

I stalked out of the room mad. When I started up the stairs I saw her shake her head through the cracked door and say something about ". . . his teacher again. Imagine him thinking . . ."

Two days after school closed for Thanksgiving holidays, I got a letter from Miss Power. I read every word over and over until I knew most of it by memory.

That night at the supper table I showed the letter to Daddy, who glanced at the Laurens, South Carolina, postmark and then laughed like I don't know what when he read the part that said "To the Sweetest Boy in My Class." He skimmed most of the rest of the letter, but did notice the part that said I was "a handsome youngster." "What taste! he hee hawed. "Why, I know I'm not handsome, and you take after me. And you with your short black stubble of hair."

I stared at the smiling, whirling faces around me and snatched the letter from Dad's hand. I slammed my chair back and ran from the room attempting to hold back the sobs that were in my throat.

I ran into my room and locked the door shut. For a moment I was very quiet and then I began to think of her. I bet she was wearing that blue dress—the one she always looked so pretty in—and I bet she was sitting under a light, where her golden hair would seem so much brighter, and I bet she was thinking about me. I could see her smile, showing white teeth and a dimple at each corner of her mouth.

The next night I scrawled a note on some ruled paper and sealed it in one of Mom's envelopes, and ran down to the post office to mail it without Dad and Mom knowing it.

The following Tuesday evening Miss Power arrived in Smithboro, and was met by me and the mustached stranger. I had eyed him with mixed hate and envy—hate because he was trying to beat my time with Miss Power, and envy because she smiled at him now and then. When he finished his flow of words I was able to choke out a weak "Hello, Miss Power." And she didn't even kiss me! Afraid the stranger might get mad I reckon. But I didn't let him outdo me; I scrambled into the front seat of the streamlined car and snuggled up beside Miss Power.

"And where could we put you out, my little man?" the stranger asked in a tone that made me choke with anger, for we had only ridden around three blocks.

"Oh, but I meant to buy him a cone of cherry ice cream before he went home," Miss Power said, backing me up.

"What! In this cold weather?"

"Of course. Stop here."

When the stranger finished paying for my cone of ice cream, he stepped on the gas and we jerked off; I swallowed half of the ice cream at one gulp. But I smiled at Miss Power and the man peeped at me from the corner of his eye, but I didn't let on that I knew he was watching me.

The next day when dinner recess began, I noticed the same streamlined car in front of the building. I sneaked around to a place beneath the window of the sixth grade room and sat near a group of older boys who were trying to eat and talk about the Thanksgiving football game at the same time. Then I saw Miss Power go out to the car, and the mustached man stepped out and grinned at her. He took two boxes out of the car and they both began eating. And then they began to wander around to the girls' side of the schoolhouse.

I ran to the back of the building and returned in a few moments with a coupla pals. We went out to the car after making sure nobody was looking at us and threw tacks all over the road in front of the car.

Just before the bell rang for my readin' class, the first after dinner, I went up to the pencil sharpener beside the window. I saw the car move and almost laughed out loud when I saw the car hobble to a stop two blocks down.

The nearest I will ever get to heaven was probably the few days that came after the "blowouts." Every afternoon after school I would walk home with Miss Power, and sometimes we would stop by the soda shop and sit across from each other at one of the small tables; and we would eat just as my big brother used to do with a girl sometimes before he got hooked.

I hated to see Christmas come that year. All the other kids wanted to do was play cowboy and Indian and I had outgrown this long ago. One day some smart aleck laughed at me and said Miss Power wasn't coming back to school after the holidays. Another said something about "She didn't care 'bout me, 'cause. . . ." Then's when my temper was 'roused. I threw rocks at them, but they did the same and I was so outnumbered I had to go in the house.

But we at least had a white Christmas. Santa Claus—you know, I'm not sure there even is a Santa Claus any more, for I stuffed our chimney with old clothes last night and they were still there this morning—well, he brought me a sled and even old boys play with sleds; therefore, I was having the greatest time of my life, 'ceptin' o' course, the time Miss Power kissed me goodbye 'fore Christmas holidays. A big old car stopped in front of the house, but I played like I didn't notice 'cause it was probably some kin people wanting a turkey dinner. I didn't even look up when someone came up to me.

"Jake, how are you? My, what a splendid new sled. I bet Santa Claus brought it to you."

Gosh, it was Miss Power! I straightened up and she kissed me smack on the forehead just like a girl did my brother one night when I was behind the sofa—he's bashful.

"May I see your mother?" Miss Power asked in a hurry when she saw that doggone mustached man getting out of the car.

"Yes 'am, right this way." I took her by the hand and led her into the kitchen where Mom was cooking a big turkey. I spread my feet apart waiting for Miss Power to get the load off her mind. She whispered something in Mom's ear and soon Mom told me to go out and play with my sled. They wanted to have a private talk.

I grunted, "Oh, all right," and walked out, slow.

In a few minutes Miss Power came out by herself and smiled at me and the stranger. I hadn't said a word to him and we were both admiring the scenery. "Here, here. What's the matter? Jake, this is Mr. Fitz, you know, the one who came to the school sometimes."

"Sure, I know. Pleased to meetcha, Mr. Fitz." But I didn't look at him. I mighta been speaking to the trees for all they knew.

Miss Power made a funny motion to the mustached Mr. Fitz and he turned around and went out to the automobile. "Now Jake," she whispered. "I must kiss you goodbye."

"But you'll be back next week, won't you. School opens, don't it?" Heck, I was sorta getting tired kissing all the time, and if she was coming back in a few days, that would be time enough.

"I'm afraid I won't be back, anymore. You see I married Mr. Fitz this morning and I just came back to get my things. They won't let a married lady teach, you know."

"But . . . but you can't leave like this. Didn't you say you liked me? Why, gee whiz. . . ." I mumbled something I don't even remember myself, and wet my dry lips.

"Of course, I like you. To me you will always be one of my little boys and I will always remember you. And I will come back often and we will eat cherry ice cream together."

"What! One of your little boys? Yeah, I guess so. But, well, I don't understand. . . ." I sniffed and turned my birthmark up so that she could kiss me-goodbye.

"There now," she smiled and patted my short stubble of hair. "And I will write to you maybe." She tiptoed through the snow back to the car. Before she got in she called over her shoulder: "And don't forget to get in the coal and wood, and be good to the new teacher."

"Yes 'am," I choked out and pulled my new sled up on the porch.

I wasn't gonna let her see how it hurt. Naw, sir. But I was through with women forever.

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COOKED FOOD
RIGHT BACK OF U. S. POST OFFICE
ON SALISBURY STREET

UNDERPASS
SERVICE STATION
24 Hours of Texaco Service
★
CORDUROY : GOODRICH
Tires and Tubes
Wake Forest, N. C.

DR. SMITH—LIBRARY

(*Continued from page seven*)

ests of each book that you fail to comprehend the diverse magnitude of the library. You pause at a volume of *Anglorum Praelia,* which came out in 1582, and you are prepared to expect anything by this time. Then you come to Meursius' *Constantini Porphyrogennetae,* a highly rich study of the Byzantine Emperor. *The Purgatory of Dante Alighieri* meets the eye, and you stop for the first time and look about you, trying desperately to apprehend the literally thousands of leading characters which are around you.

From the bookseller's point of view, you are in the midst of a gold mine. Here are volumes which have been exchanged, many of them, a number of times: each exchange has brought sharp differences in the price they were bought for and sold. But you will soon discover that Dr. Smith's library isn't to be considered in terms of dollars and cents: it is far more valuable than what men have come to call money.

At length you will discover a reason of your own for such a broad statement. There are the books to your left which came from the library of Alfred Austin, forty of them in all, and each has a history of its own. You find there marks made by the owner, strange figures in the margins, and interesting book plates. Here was a man who succeeded Alfred Tennyson as poet laureate of England, and behind you are volumes which were handled by him many times. From here, and within your immediate grasp, there are twenty-one books from the library of Thomas Carlyle. There are copies of the *Collected Works of Frederick von Schiller,* and in the margins are the notes made by Carlyle himself.

By turning slightly to the left you will put your hand directly upon four volumes from the library of John Ruskin. Ruskin, as the characters (books from his library) tell us, was a first-class doodler, for the margins are in spots crowded with his notes, drawings, and remarks.

While you are becoming interested in the English collections, you will no doubt ask about Tennyson. Here are his books in this case—about twenty-five of them, and most of them are first editions. This collection ranges from *Poems by Two Brothers,* through *Maud* and *Idylls of the King,* on down to the latest of the immortal Victorian's work.

Undoubtedly you have asked Dr. Smith by this time if all his books are there because they are old, first editions, or just because they have some tale attached to their histories. And no sooner have you done this than you are aware of the fact that you are not only in the midst of a rare library, but you are also surrounded by a well-selected collection of volumes. Starting with the earliest of literary works, with the Greek and Latin classics by the masters, you will find books on down to *Tar Heel Editor* by North Carolina's Josephus Daniels. And in between the two periods there is a distinct trace of development and diversity. There are the best of records concerning the periods of French and English development, copies of works dealing with the building of a new world, as represented by Raleigh and other writers; the best of first editions on discovery and colonization; up past the world war periods of prose, poetry, and history. There are the traces of verse throughout the development of American poetry and prose—including a special section given over to the North Carolina and Southern poets. You see that Wake Forest is not excluded, for there are volumes of verse by Benjamin Sledd and John Charles McNeill; from the South there

COME TO—

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POOL

6 TABLES GOING ALL THE TIME

are works drawn from the better poets, including especially Sidney Lanier, whom Dr. Smith will tell you is one of his perennial favorites, North Carolina's John H. Bonar and Henry J. Stockard. Representing the Confederate period in the section of his library given over to the War Between the States, you will find the works of Henry Timrod. From the World War section of verse you see the poems of Joyce Kilmer, Alan Seeger, Rupert Brooke and others.

And then it might be safely said that you have found in Dr. Smith's library most anything which you were looking for. You have seen the first edition works of Tennyson and his successors as poets laureate, including Austin, Bridges, and Masefield. You must not forget the classification and divisions of his library devoted to the Scotch and Irish poets.

You can see that time and eternity must be on hand, almost, before you can make a detailed study of everything to be found in this most unique library. For instance, when you walk over to the left side of the room as you enter, investigate the shelf just by the door you will find a series of twenty-two books which would alone occupy days of your time. These are volumes from the library of Nathaniel de Rothschild, including Ernest Chesneau's *La Chimère* and Jean Carrère's *Premières Poésies*. A number of these books were autographed by their distinguished authors, and all of them were bound especially for the de Rothschild library.

In all accounts pertaining to the diversification of the library should not fail to mention the geographical distribution. You notice a volume of poems coming from the far northland, *Finnish Songs, A Collection of Poems* by Anna Krook. And going to the Southern Extreme you have the *Stepping Westward* volume by Hary Sing Gour, a Hindu poet. But even these do not comprise the rarest extremities, for there are volumes of Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd's account of his polar expeditions, as well as Peary's account of the same region—and both are first editions, the former being autographed by the author. Indeed fascinating to you should be the volumes of Egyptian art and history, accompanied by remarkable and rare illustrations. The mysteries of the Holy Land are retold and unfolded before you in this most unusual library, and beside them are found the lightest and most fantastic of verse—something for every mood.

You must see by this time that such a collection of books does not entail the possession of an endless source of wealth and a little time. Indeed not. There is far more involved. Primarily there is the scholar behind these characters who is aware of their value, and who throughout the years has kept well-informed on what was available and where it might be procured. As for the price, they are invaluable. While a copy of *Willobie His Avisa* sold for over $300 dollars at an auction in England in 1921, it could not be put up at a price as far as Dr. Smith is concerned. The time element embraces a lifetime, for he began early and has continued to take advantage of every opportunity in building not only a rare library but a well-balanced and universally representative collection. The marks left by binders and printers, owners (with their book plates included), and the authors often have much to do with a book's rarity.

Alongside these books of varied and sundry characters, you will see that Dr. Smith has over a thousand letters ranging from noblemen to some of the humblest of statesmen who later became presidents. These are also invaluable, for they provide a personal insight into the lives of men which is left uncaptured by the biographer. In addition, there is one of the best selected art collections, largely of originals, to be found in any home. Relics from the Orient, trinkets from the darkest continents, and other items of human interest fill the nooks and corners of Dr. Smith's beautiful home. All hold a big place in his heart of affection, and each fills a part of every day's life.

You may see that his library and its accompanying features serve in a measure as a physician to Dr. Smith. When he wants a dose of poetry for any mood, he has but to reach in the direction he feels needed at the moment. If it's history or entertainment, they too are at his immediate command.

In other words he has here a treatment for any ailment and a cure for every malady. After all, he has found, the words of the masters—put down in their varied styles and forms—are priceless. Many of them represent gems in thought, cut and shaped by the author until they become the polished jewels which you know them to be. Others have come from the human heart, expressed in times of mixed joy, sadness, and melancholia. All so true we find, and read with Dr. Smith from one of his all-time favorites, William Wordsworth, when he said:

". . . Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

DR. SMITH—SKETCH

(Continued from page six)

Early did this man learn the ways and means of making the most of his opportunities and sparing himself nothing when there was something to be learned at stake. He was born on a country estate in Granville County, August 29, 1865. It was a few years later that his father—who was a surgeon in Robert E. Lee's army—removed to Durham, where he continued his practice as a physician.

It was in 1881 that young Smith, set for the toils and difficulties of a college career, entered Wake Forest. His ability was soon exhibited, and the years preceding his graduation were spent in earnest toil and obvious accomplishment. As a senior he was editor of The Student, and numbered among his colleagues were men who later became such writers as Tom Dixon has proved to be, the leaders that North Carolina has found in men of the calibre of William Kitchin, pioneers like unto W. H. Kornegay—the man who wrote the first constitution for the state of Oklahoma, and educators as prominent as Henry Simmons, now head of the English Department of Brenau College, Gainesville, Georgia. These men were his fellow-students, and together they grew into the mature artists who have caused the name Wake Forest to be mentioned the world over.

At the end of his college career, it was Dr. Smith's intention to study law. But instead he became a teacher in the Raleigh Male Academy and his taking this position intervened between his being a teacher and a lawyer.

To stop here and mention the honors which were conferred upon him all the way along his rise in the world of teaching and higher education would be to go into the details which only volumes could adequately take care of. But it is not beside the point to mention in this connection that he was a pioneer among men going North to engage in higher education. Dr. Smith was probably the first native North Carolinian to take the degree of Ph.D. at a real American university. And certainly he was the first to take such a degree at the

Johns Hopkins University. He broke the trail, and paved the way for many another son of this state to follow up his graduate work at the Baltimore university. It was while he was still a student at Hopkins that he wrote for North Carolina newspapers, stimulating and awakening the interest of North Carolina students in higher education and in Johns Hopkins.

He entered the Johns Hopkins in January, 1886, and with the exception of a part of 1888, which he spent at the University of Halle, Germany, he remained at the University for the next five years. By recognition of his ability and scholarship, he filled the positions of University Scholar (1886-87), fellow in history and political science (1887-88), and received the Ph.D. degree in 1889. He was instructor in history and lecturer in sociology in 1888-91. It was while he was studying in Germany that he came in contact with many European scholars and teachers, among whom was his honored professor Johann Conrad.

With reluctance he left the Hopkins in 1891, to teach history and political science in William Jewell College, of Liberty, Missouri. Here he was an irrepressible scholar in the newly-developing mid-West. For fifteen years he labored at this institution, and after he had gone it was often said of him that "his example and influence were most helpful in advancing educational interests and in raising educational standards." Through the mediums of spoken word in the classroom and lectures and through the printed word in various Missouri newspapers, he left the indelible imprint of "popularizing needful economic and historical information." According to Stephen Weeks, no other Missouri Professor gave so many lectures and addresses.

Turning to his native Southland again in 1905, Dr. Smith accepted the position as president of Mercer University, Macon, Georgia, a position to which he had been unanimously chosen. The day of his inauguration was one of history for the college, as three of his intimate educator-associates, including Dr. Ira Remsen, president of Johns Hopkins, Professor Richard T. Ely of the University of Wisconsin, and Professor Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago, were on hand to take part on the same program. It was on that day that Dr. Smith set forth his ideal and aim for Mercer. Concisely, it was: "Should my ideal be desired, it could be expressed in a word; my realizable aim in a sentence. My ideal—perfection. My aim—the most helpful academic training under the most inspiring Christian influences."

And so has been the life of Charles Lee Smith—until 1915, when, by virtue of his unquestionable ability, he became president of Edwards & Broughton Company, a position which he still holds. Prior to his becoming the chief executive of the company which has come to be recognized as reliable as any printing company in the South and as well equipped, he acted as secretary and treasurer.

But his life and activity hasn't been closed up behind the portals of a print shop since he became a man of business. As a matter of fact, he has been characteristic of his business: a creator of new patterns, ideas, and the preservation of invaluable and lasting impressions, ideas, precepts, and fascinating stories—all contained in the printed word.

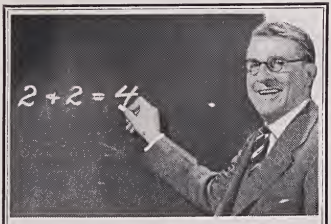
He has spent much time in travel far and near. Germany has been one of his favorite spots of visitation, and even now, while in reality it has been hushed by the booming of man-made guns and the scientist's shells, he can still hear the chimes ring out across the great university campuses; he can visualize the native beauty of the Luxemburg artisans; there is the clear note of the Dutch boys and girls, and the endless corridors of famous art galleries as seen in Paris, Rome, Berlin, and London. Overruling it all there comes the happiness of Vienna's waltzes and the beating, peculiar thrills of a Wagnerian motif. There is a land of beauty and culture to Dr. Smith, for he has the appreciation of an artist, the understanding of an artisan, and the compassion of a kindly ruler to a peasant watercarrier.

There has been and still will be his pictures of Italian art and Egyptian pageantry. He will continue to draw from his fertile mind the native scenes of the Orient with all its tradition. For anywhere under the shining sun there is life of some sort, and where there is life, there is an interest of Dr. Smith's.

As a world traveler, he has come in contact with leading men of a world of diplomacy, economics, art, literature—and all other fields imaginable. His far-reaching and distinguished friendships have carried him into the royal courts of England. A field of diversity is found in his innumerable lists of notable acquaintances: he once attended a banquet in France at which Commander-in-Chief of all Allied Forces Marshal Foch was a guest; he was an esteemed friend and colleague of John Finley, editor emeritus of the *New York Times*, a man whose steady march of accomplishments was halted on March 8 of this year, when he was taken by death.

Robert L. "Believe It Or Not" Ripley once made the statement that there are enough Smiths in the United States to make a city the size of Los Angeles, Calif. and that there are 50,000 John Smiths alone!

Perhaps Ripley was correct, but we wager that there is only one Charles Lee Smith, a unique character and formidable educator of whom Wake Forest, North Carolina, the South, and America may well be proud.



SIMPLE TO FIGURE OUT

. . . and it is just as easy to figure that a good drug store is your first line of defense against sudden illness. Patronize the drug store that places your health first.

Fountain Service : Easter Candy

Hardwicke's Pharmacy

Scene on the Campus

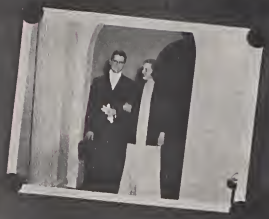












IN the snapshot at the upper left, the undergraduate on the lower step is wearing a dark brown shetland suit. He's carrying a camel's hair top coat. His competition is wearing a heavy tweed sport coat with contrasting dark grey trousers. On his arm is a natural colored alligator coat.

The young man who seems oblivious of the spring football practice is wearing a cashmere long sleeved v-neck sweater with flannel sport trousers.

The three figures stepping along so jauntily in the center all wear sport outfits of contrasting jackets and trousers.

All dressed up with someplace to go, the formal young man is wearing a Chesterfield overcoat, a white silk muffler, white buckskin gloves, and, of course, an opera hat.

Of the two shirts, one is thin striped with a round point collar. The other is solid blue with a buttoned down roll collar.

GREAT MYSTERY NOVEL

An ominous silence reverberated through the room as I entered the Chief's office. "You sent for me, Chief?" I asked apologetically.

He nodded, looking up from the papers on his desk. "X-959," he began abruptly.

"Pardon me, Chief . . ." I interrupted, "I'm X-960. X-959 was liquidated by the 'Bugs' Begoni outfit last week."

He stared at me sharply for a moment, then slowly shook his head. "Quite right. Remind me to send some flowers to Mrs. X-959."

That was the Chief. Always considerate.

There was a long silence.

"X-960," he said grimly, "I have an important assignment for you."

I felt the blood drain from my face. His tone was ominous. "I received this from Macmillan's," he said. He leaned forward. "X-960," he went on, his voice dripping horror, "Macmillan's have discovered the whereabouts of a man who refuses to read 'Gone With the Wind'."

A sinister premonition swept over me as I grasped the horrible implications his words carried.

"The man's a fiend," the Chief continued, "or some sort of foreign agent."

"Or a CommuNazi," I gasped.

"Precisely," the Chief said. . . "That's why I've assigned you to this case. We've traced him to Philadelphia."

I jumped to my feet, eager to be on the monster's trail. The Chief waved me down.

"Wait," he said abruptly. He brought out a large envelope. "Your tickets and instructions. You'll proceed to Chicago by plane."

"But Chief," I protested, "our man's in Philadelphia."

He smiled indulgently. "Right," he said. His voice hardened. "We've got to take him unawares. From Chicago you train to Philly. That way, you'll take him unawares."

I was too choked with emotion at this masterful deduction to say anything. He understood, though.

"Good luck," he said, gripping my hand. "By the way, what kind of flowers does your wid . . . I mean wife, fancy?" he asked gently.

"Hollyhocks," I mumbled gratefully.

* * * * *

At Chicago, I transferred to a Philly bound train and settled back in my compartment. As the wheels clicked monotonously, bringing me nearer to my quarry, my sinister premonition grew.

Suddenly, everything went black. For an hour I lay back in the darkness, gun in hand, waiting for the unknown to strike. Then, as quickly as it had descended, the darkness lifted. I summoned the conductor.

"Yeah?" he said.

"That tunnel we went through," I said grimly. "It was very long."

The man's face registered sinister contempt.

"That was no tunnel, mister," his tone was deliberate and tinged with sinister sarcasm. "That was Pittsburgh."

* * * * *

The sun had risen six hours in the East, when I came upon that narrow, silvery band which curls first one way and then the other—the Delaware River.



Atop a rolling summit, I searched eagerly for sight of a wharf. I had reasoned my quarry was a rat. Therefore, it was logical to assume that he would be on a wharf.

Then I saw him. He was standing on the wharf, watching sinister looking steel bars being loaded into a tramp steamer.

He had sinister piercing eyes.

"Hello!" I said grimly, sparring for time to work out a plan of strategy.

"Hello!" he said, an undertone of sinister menace in his voice.

I tried to draw him out, my eyes fixed on his face for any change of expression.

"Nice weather we're having," I said.

He shifted the tobacco in his mouth with a sinister movement. Cold, clammy fear swept over me.

"Uh huh," he hissed.

I was growing desperate. Time was fleeting. I was getting nowheres.

I strove for words with which to break him down.

Then fate came to my assistance.

A cable, supporting five tons of steel bars, snapped with a sinister hissing sound. The bars smashed down upon my quarry.

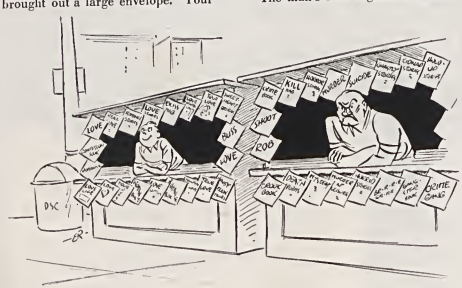
In a flash I was on my knees beside him. "Great guns! man," I gasped, "you're going fast. Make peace with your soul. Why haven't you read 'Gone With the Wind'?"

He was a cool one. He shoved a half ton of steel off his chest and drew out a cigar. He bit off the end and lit it.

"I guess I'm finished," he said. "Might as well come clean."

"Yes . . . yes . . ." I urged him on.

"Well," he whispered, "I wouldn't read it because I was waiting to see it in the movies *at popular prices!*"





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The STUDENT



WAKE FOREST COLLEGE LIBRARY

Vol. LVI MAY No.

OUT IN SANTA BARBARA, West Coast girls play a lot of polo. Peggy McManus, shown about to mount one of her ponies, is a daring horsewoman... often breaks and trains her own horses. She has carried off many cups and ribbons at various horse shows and rodeos.



PEGGY SAYS SPEED'S SWELL IN A HORSE



PEGGY McMANUS *(above)* has won numerous cups for "all-'round girl"... studied ranch management at the University of California. She's a swell dancer, swims, sails... is a crack rifle shot... handles a shotgun like an expert. She picks Camels as the "all-'round" cigarette. "They're milder, cooler, and more fragrant," Peggy says. "By burning more slowly, Camels give me extra smokes. Penny for penny, Camels are certainly the best cigarette buy."

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF ... MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested — slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to



5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

...but the cigarette for her is slower-burning Camels because that means

Extra Mildness

Extra Coolness

Extra Flavor

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST—people feel the same way about Camel cigarettes as Peggy does. Camels went to the Antarctic with Admiral Byrd and the U. S. Antarctic expedition. Camel is Joe DiMaggio's cigarette. People like a cigarette that burns slowly. And they find the real, worth while *extras* in Camels — an extra amount of mildness, coolness, and flavor. For Camels are slower-burning. Some brands burn fast. Some burn more slowly. But it is a settled fact that Camels burn slower than any other brand tested *(see left)*. Thus Camels give extra smoking... a *plus* equal, on the average, to five extra smokes per pack.

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camels — *the cigarette of Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*

THE STUDENT

VOLUME LVI for MAY NUMBER 6

In This Case

ON THE COVER: Through the use of several photographers and several different settings we have worked out a cover theme to represent the most omnipresent man on the Wake Forest Campus, Dr. G. W. Paschal. His activity in the past years have earried him in official capacity to practically every part of the college.

For forty-four years he has been a part of Wake Forest. It is with the greatest respect and truest admiration that we dedieate our last issue of the scholastic year to Dr. Paschal. Inside the magazine we have endeavored to present sketches of his life and work, as reviewed from two different contributors—one a man who has known him intimately for two seore years, and the other a student who has come to appreciate him for his diversified accomplishments.

While we regret to see him retire from active classroom service, we might add that his work in sueceeding years will be of a lasting nature. And he already has plenty of it planned.

"I READ ABOUT YOUR PRESIDENT—Kitchin—the other day," Dr. Charles Lee Smith, president of Edwards & Broughton Co., told us one day last week. He had investigated, and read, from Dr. Kitchin's latest book, *Medical Men in Other Fields*. He called our attention to (in reiteration) the fact that the author had referred to so many outstanding men of diverse civilizations, men who were musicians—and doctors; those who were artists—and doctors; and the individuals who sueceeded in a dozen other fields of endeavor aside from their contributions to the world of medical science.

In adding to (if we might be allowed sueh a privilege) the author's latest book, we should like to inelude another name to the list of contributions from physieians to other walks of life. Thurman D. Kitchin, a man of the Wake Forest men, preserver of life—physieal, mental and moral, and a president whose first deeade of service to a 106 year-old Baptist institution bids fair to be outstripped only by the ten years ahead.

ONE OF THE MOST interesting things we've seen in some time was an article published in a late issue of *The Alchemist*, publication of Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga. The story was a collection of comments from a score of different persons on Professor James Henry Simmons, who was a student at Wake Forest during the same year that his sister, Miss Exabelle Simmons, Wake Forest's "First Co-ed." was here. The article in general referred to Professor Simmons as "Brenau's Own Mr. Chips." In the body of the comments, we found great interest in seeing the professor referred to as "a gentleman of the old school," "a favorite of all Brenau girls," and the inclusion of many of his words of philosophy, anecdotes, and wise sayings. Dr. G. R. Brigham, director of Journalism at Brenau, sent us a copy of the story, and we regret deeply that our plan for the May Issue was too near completed when the copy arrived. Otherwise, we should have been doing ourselves an honor to generously give all necessary space to it in its entire form.

STUDENTS WHO fail to read (or at least look at the pictures) publications emanating from Germany, Britain, and France are missing good opportunities to make close studies of "what not to do" in propaganda campaigns. *Die Woche* and *L'Illustration*, German and French publications, respectively, along with everyday stories from London's able propoganda bureaux, are strikingly like an eight-year-old "Junior" who handles a pop-gun with uneanny dexterity. He shoots the same eork time and again, and it always has a string attached, for fear someone will take the cork if it scores a direct hit.

EXACTLY TWENTY-FIVE years ago several days ago, the newspapers were filled with reports from Rome, where a debate was raging. Italy couldn't make up her mind: she was ready to enter war, but she couldn't decide which side she should join (or which side would emerge winner). And now these same countries that figured in the First World War in 1915 are wondering which way the Italians will go. Can it be that she doesn't know which is going to win? One French editorialist seemed to hit the nail rather heavily on the proverbial head when he said: "Italy's position doesn't bother France, or at least it shouldn't. If she enters the war against France we'll have to send a division of men down to stop her. If she enters on the side of France, we'll have to send a division of men down to protect her interests."

SPRINGTIME HASN'T meant too much to the traditional Paris this year. Of course there have been hat models, dress patterns, and suggestions as to the styles for men and women. We understand, however, that their favorite color for America this spring is khaki.

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Dr. Gorrell *Dr. Paschal*

THE GREEK HAD

Dr. G. W. Paschal, teacher for 44 years, has been an authority not only in Greek, but many Wake Forest activities.

By DR. GORRELL

HEINRICH HEINE, the most popular and brilliant lyric-poet of Germany, tells us in his *Buch Le Grand* that he walked all the way from Goettingen to Weimar to pay his respects to his fellow-poet, Goethe, and when, at last, he stood in the presence of that great man, he was so overawed that he felt he must address him in Greek. But finding that Goethe understood German, he spoke a few words of greeting in his native tongue.

During my intimate acquaintance with Dr. George W. Paschal for over forty-four years, I have been so deeply impressed by his fine Hellenic scholarship, that, when I was asked to write a sketch of his career at Wake Forest, I felt that, as a matter of fitness, I should at least present my initial introduction of him in the beautiful language which he has taught all his life. But, fearing that I should expose my scant knowledge and knowing his mastery of English, I decided to use my native lingo, inadequate as it may be, to tell the story.

From my youth I have felt an irrepressible admiration for the Greek language and literature and great teachers of Greek. Neither in high school nor in college did I succeed in obtaining a mastery of Greek composition, but in my college course I did acquire a love for Greek literature: the thrilling narrations of Xenophon, the clarity and purity of Plato's style, the noble and sonorous poetry of Homer, the splendid eloquence of Demosthenes, the vivid narratives of Thucydides and the glorious dramatic poetry of Euripides and Sophocles, and, later on at Johns Hopkins University, I attended all the lectures on Greek Literature by Professor Goodwin of Harvard and Professor Jebb of Cambridge; and my proudest attainment was to gain the personal acquaintance of the prince of Greek scholars in America, Professor Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve.

Therefore at the beginning of my third year at Wake Forest, I looked forward with eager anticipations to a personal friendship as a colleague with a finished Grecian scholar, whose reputation for talented attainment I had already learned from his predecessor, R. W. Haywood.

It was in the fall of 1896, on my return from Europe, that I first met Dr. Paschal, fresh from a three years' intimate association with Chicago's eminent classical scholar, Professor Paul Shorey. I found him a young man of twenty-five, brilliant, alert, sure of himself, deeply interested in all departments of college activity as well as in Greek and Latin which he taught then — always conscientiously and efficiently and thoroughly. We became friends at once, and have so remained for over two score years. Although I made no claims of classical scholarship myself, yet I had for many years associated with great teachers in Virginia and in various universities; and at once I saw all the earmarks of the master.

Though I was never present in Dr. Paschal's lecture-room, yet I readily recognized the scholarly apprehension and appreciation that were exhibited by the young men who were under his instruction. By frequent communications with the teacher himself, I was amazed by the clarity of his mind and his comprehensive knowledge in every department of classical philology and literature.

He knew all the Greek writers so intimately that, as Goethe said, he was "tiou and thou" with every one.

"Goodnight," said he to me on one occasion after an evening's chat, "I have a few hours before bedtime and I am going to spend the rest of the night over Plato,"— as if he were about to end the day with an interesting novel.

It was no wonder that, after receiving the Ph.D. from Chicago, he was promoted to Associate Professor of Greek and Latin in 1900 and to Professor of Greek and Latin in 1911. After Dr. W. B. Royall's death in 1927, he was appointed to the Professorate of Greek, where he has served ever since, to perpetuate and enlarge the great traditions already achieved by his scholarly and beloved predecessor.

It was no wonder that David Covington (alas, too soon to die), fresh from Paschal's teaching, made the most brilliant record among Paul Shorey's students at Chicago; that Harry Trantham, another of his students, won easily over all the Rhodes Scholarship at Oxford and since has attained an enviable reputation as a teacher of the Classics at Waco University; that many of the best teachers of Latin and Greek in North Carolina have been among his students; and that men trained by him have always taken their places among the foremost New Testament students in the Baptist Theological Seminaries of this large nation.

Dr. Paschal's practical mind and business abilities have also contributed largely in other ways to the benefit of Wake Forest College. He for a few years was put in charge of the collections of different accounts due to the Bostwick Loan Fund, and in the first two years he collected $10,000 that the college treasurer had given up as "uncollectable."

Some thirty years ago he was put in charge of athletics, when everything was in disorder and debt. In a short time he had brought order out of chaos and ended the deficit. Fully acquainted with University Library work, he assumed the task of making the library a contributor to the good of the student body. He also intro-

(Continued on page fourteen)

A WORD FOR IT

What he has meant to the college and to his friends is told in this appreciation by his colleague for more than four decades.

By EUGENE BRISSIE

DR. GEORGE W. PASCHAL is living proof of two statements: The busiest man is the one who can always find time to do something else that needs to be done. The man who can do things well is the one who is always being called on to do more and more things, and does them. For instance, look at two snapshots:

Twenty-five years ago when you saw Dr. Paschal you saw a teacher of Greek and Latin, the registrar, the athletic director, one who knew all about the library, one who could advise you regarding every subject or phase of the school curriculum, one of the best read men in Wake Forest or North Carolina, and a father who gave a great deal of time to his family.

Today his interests have changed somewhat. When you look at him now you see the professor of Greek, a member of the Town Commission, a writer completing several books and contributing to several publications, a man who still knows the enlarged library by heart and attends all athletic contests, one who reads as much as any person on the campus, and who devotes much time to his family.

Those two snapshots suggest the mystery about the man: how he finds or has found time to accomplish all the things which are listed among his accomplishments.

But twenty-five years do not cover the period of time in which Dr. Paschal has filled a dozen or more positions on the campus and in the college. The period actually extends back to 1896 when he first became affiliated with the school in the capacity of a faculty member. And now for forty-four years he has been the most omnipresent man on the campus. Even tomorrow, if you were to set out in search of him, you would be likely to find him in the library, his office in the administration building, his private library at home, on the athletic field, attending a meeting of the town council, or in any number of other places.

While he as a teacher has given his time primarily to Greek, Latin, with some English, and other courses in general, his classroom amounts to no more than a small fraction of his diverse activity. He is a historian unsurpassed in this section, a man of vast literary knowledge, and can quote more poetry from Plato to Kipling than the average student ever knew existed.

This man, Dr. Paschal, is unusual in more than one way. He was twelve years old before he had ever seen a railway locomotive or heard a steam engine whistle; yet he was born and reared within fifteen miles of a railroad. By the time he was ten years old he had never been to school more than ten months in his life. Yet at the age of fifteen, he was ready for college, equipped with a knowledge of French, Latin, and German, was well-versed in mathematics, unsurpassed in United States History, and had never made less than 100 in English.

The man whom we know as Dr. Paschal, teacher of Greek and a walking encyclopedia as a general characteristic, was born a patriot. On July 7, 1869, in Chatham County on a large plantation, George Washington Paschal first saw the light of day. A twin brother, Robert Lee Paschal, was born at the same time. As Dr. Paschal put it, "My father was a patriotic man."

From the earliest of his recollections he was acquainted with history and law, his father being High Sheriff of the county, and several of his relatives active Southern fighters in the War Between the States. Young George was fascinated by the stories told him by a brother-in-law, who had led the Southern charge at Gettysburg. His vivid imagination gave him an active interest in anything which had to do with books and stories, language, and nature.

One of his most invaluable habits, he pointed out to me on one occasion, was a careful study of nature—wild life, birds, animal habits, fish, and trees, flowers, and shrubs. Here he recognized the handiwork of a Power greater than mankind's combined resources. He was still quite a youngster when he had what he termed "about the largest collection of bird eggs in Chatham County."

In accounting for the development of a keen mind and intense interest in nature and mankind in general, Dr. Paschal pointed to his associations with the Negroes on his father's plantation as one of the valuable interests of his younger life. He listened to their wild tales, and worked side by side with them on the farm. And he was a good farm laborer.

It was early in his life that he began to cultivate his desire to read extensively. His father had a good library, and young Paschal also read what books he could borrow from his neighbors. No doubt, much of his desire to learn

(*Continued on page nineteen*)



Dr. G. W. Paschal

YOUR OBEDIENT SERVANT

—Meaning the Literally Hundreds of Distinguished Men Who Have Become Honorary Members of Wake Forest Literary Societies

DURING the early evening of March 4, 1940, a simple but impressive ceremony took place in the Euzelian Literary Society Hall. Present were a poet, two college professors, an accomplished pianist, numerous members of a literary society, and several visitors. The Euzelian president stepped down from the rostrum and in a plain, almost unceremonious manner, presented to the illustrious poet a certificate of honorary membership. The man was Dr. John G. Neihardt.

It was only natural at that moment that one should think of and try to picture other prominent men who had stood before similar audiences in the same hall. And it is also likely that one should wonder just how many other people had accepted the honor of becoming honorary members of one of the society.

Dr. Paschal brought the thought to mind when, in a short address presenting the society to Dr. Neihardt, he told the poet about some of the other famous men who are honorary members of the two Wake Forest societies. He read parts of letters from some of these men.

Some time later we brought to light some of these letters and what a sight they presented, as we looked through them in the library—where they are yet preserved. There was stationery of all colors, strange and beautiful handwritings which ran irregularly across the faded pages.

Here was the story of a host of honorary members of literary societies—men who had come in prominence in all walks of American life, and whose acceptances and comments to officers of the Philomathesian and Euzelian groups were still living in yellowing records.

Early in the life of Wake Forest did the literary societies come to play an important role in student activity. According to Dr. G. W. Paschal's *History of Wake Forest College,* "Soon after the opening of the second session of the Institute in February, 1835, came the organization of the two Literary Societies." Dr. Paschal gives an account of their first meeting toward a formation, when Professor Armstrong, who was just beginning his work in the Institute, addressed a group of students on "The Value of Polemic Societies." It was at the close of his address that two students, J. C. Dockery of Richmond County and Hiram K. Person of Chatham County, were authorized to divide the students into two groups equal in talents and numbers and to report to a meeting one week later.



Dr. John G. Neihardt

At later meetings the respective groups adopted Euzelian and Philomathesian for society names. And, according to our same authority, the records of the societies show that in the beginning the meetings were fortnightly.

Dr. Paschal has recorded in his history the nature of their competitive spirits. He tells of the rivalry which existed between the two groups, and how keen it soon came to be. Members of the opposite groups accused each other of procuring new members through unfair practices. It was in August, 1836, that two of the students, William Tell Brooks, Euzelian, and James W. Hoskins, Philomathesian, the two deacons of the church, had a hot quarrel when the former upbraided the latter because of his methods of soliciting new members.

That same flame of rivalry flared and lived through the years. One of their main concerns came to be a race to see which group could secure the most honorary members. It is from the letters received from some of the invited that we trace a story full of life and fire, characteristic of society rivalry.

Although hundreds of letters were mailed in the race for supremacy, all of them did not bring honorary members. Some were unanswered, and some were sent to decline kind invitations. The letter of Jefferson Davis can be cited as an example of the latter. In his reply, the President of the Confederacy said that the expression of the letter received increased "the regret I should have otherwise felt in being compelled to decline your kind and complimentary invitation."

The Phis and the Eus really had a "hot" contest on during the period roughly covering the years 1835-1842. It almost became a fad to ask someone to join. Letters were sent and letters poured in; postage bills increased, and more money was allotted for letter-mailing. There was one source of getting money for mailing purposes, however: it probably came from the fines imposed upon the society members for sleeping during meetings, spitting on the floor, or throwing apple peels out of windows. Men answered so rapidly that they were voted upon in groups of twenty or thirty. Their letters, according to Dr. Paschal's *History of Wake Forest College,* "were always read before the societies and were heard with much eagerness, and doubtless brought a new self-respect and higher aspirations to the young men who were addressed in such flattering terms by the highest and best in the land."

(Continued on page twenty-one)

I GO TO CHURCH

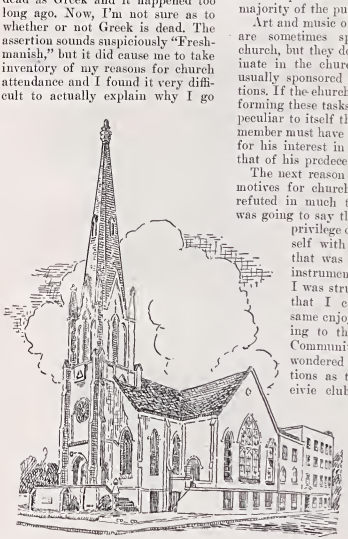
It is Because People Remove Their Hats in Church? Or Is it for My Own Interpretation of Religion?

By G. G. MORGAN

I GO to church. Sermons seldom stimulate me to action, I am not often deeply moved by church services, and I am not a ministerial student; but I go to church. I don't add a great deal to good congregational singing and I know very little about music; but, on Sunday morning, I usually find myself clad in my meager "best," occupying a pew, and sleepily peering at the preacher over a hymn book.

When confronted with the task of explaining why he went to church, one man replied that he liked to go to a place where men took off their hats. I don't year a hat often enough to appreciate the opportunity of removing it, so I must have some other reason for going to church.

I heard of a college Freshman recently who said that religion is as dead as Greek and it happened too long ago. Now, I'm not sure as to whether or not Greek is dead. The assertion sounds suspiciously "Freshmanish," but it did cause me to take inventory of my reasons for church attendance and I found it very difficult to actually explain why I go to church. Consequently, I am trying to embody in this essay a sort of defense of my church attendance.



The first reason I originally intended to offer was suggested by some eloquent words I read in a book about the church being "A fountain of healing and education, and a cradle of great art and music." But, I remembered that modern medical science is the fountain of healing today and even though the church exerts an indirect influence through medical science, it can no longer be recognized as the source of healing. Similarly, the church can no longer be termed the fountain of education; because non-sectarian schools, books, magazines, newspapers, radios, and motion pictures educate the great majority of the public today.

Art and music of the highest type are sometimes sponsored by the church, but they do not always originate in the church, and they are usually sponsored by other institutions. If the church is no longer performing these tasks which were once peculiar to itself the modern church member must have a different motive for his interest in the church from that of his predecessors.

The next reason in my outline of motives for church attendance was refuted in much the same way. I was going to say that I enjoyed the privilege of associating myself with an organization that was known to be an instrument of charity. But I was struck with the fact that I could derive the same enjoyment by belonging to the Red Cross or Community Chest, and I wondered if such organizations as these along with civic clubs, fraternal organizations, and governmental projects hadn't just about superseded the church as a center of charity anyway. So, argument number two is apparently unjustified. Why, then, do I go to church?

It seems that my original question of why I go to church has now resolved itself into the specific question: What peculiar quality does the church possess that no other organization offers? When I have answered this question I have surely discovered my reason for church attendance. The answer, of course, is apparent to every Christian. The church offers Christianity itself through Jesus Christ, but even this is not a satisfactory answer to my original question. The modern pulpits are for the most part offering Christianity to the people who already profess to have it. If the unsaved world is to be Christianized the church will have to go to the world, because it is obvious that the world will not go to the church. Here, the church is not succeeding to any appreciable degree with the one task that is peculiar to itself.

I had no more than struck the correct typewriter key to put the period to that last statement when an accusing finger played havoc with my preconceived ideas about this subject. It is very likely that the church is failing to perform its task because its members are spending their time writing dissertations such as these. The whole trouble must be with me and my fellows who go to make up the church. To say that the church is at fault without admitting that we ourselves are at fault is the same thing as saying that the Demon Deacons lost the ball-game; but the deacons weren't at fault, the team was at fault. My associates and I fail to recognize that we are the church and if the church is at fault, then we are at fault.

By complacently exposing myself to the mechanism of the church service, by merely staying awake and dropping the conventional tenth in the collection plate, I am guilty of a salient passive attitude that characterizes nearly all of the church members I know. Is a satisfactory relationship with God bought like a sack of corn?

The members of the church are not only guilty of a passive attitude, but their creeds are often inconsistent with their deeds. This was evidenced

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THE STUDENT

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MARCH 1940

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Variety in Verse

CLOUDLAND

Where the summit of the mountain
Meets the blueness of the sky,
And the little chipmunks chatter
As the clouds go floating by;

Where the virgin breeze flows rustling
Through the leafy chestnut's bough,
And the busy bees go hustling
O'er the Rhododendron's brow;

Where the drowsy fox lies sleeping
By the icy, crystal stream
Where the Rainbow trout go leaping,
Glist'ning in the sun-ray's sheen;

Where the laughing of the cascade
Ripples on through endless day
While the love song of the Bob White
Echoes back from far away;

There the azure skies are bluest;
There your cares all float away
On the fragrant mountain breezes;
There the simple heart is gay.

There you'll find my cabin nestling
By two daisy-studded hills,
Where I'll hear the grey dove's wooing
Floating back from distant rills.

There I'll rest beneath the balsam
Spreading o'er my cabin roof,
Where I'll know nought but contentment,
Where from care I'll be aloof.

Ah, sweet thought! A home in cloudland
Where the gold sun ever shines,
Where there's always sweet contentment,
Up in Western Caroline!

CHARLES W. NANNEY.

RENDEZVOUS

I had a rendezvous
With Loveliness;
Beauty was Her birthright
Fair were Her features.
Her dark hypnotic eyes
Were hauntingly beautiful.
Hands as soft as rose petals,
And youthfully feminine.
Her smile — as refreshing and
As pleasant to remember
As the wafted fragrance
Of an errant breeze
On an April evening.
'Twas such a one I met
In my rendezvous
With Loveliness.

JAMES KIRK.

AS WE SEE OURSELVES





"It's the local newspaper, sir. They'd like to speak to you about printing their want ad section on the back of our dipolmas."

TIS EVER THUS

Fair Portia was a comely maid
To whom all galants tributes paid,
Her face was fair, her eyes were blue,
Her locks were of a golden hue,
She was not prime or staid.

Her suitors came from near and far,
They came on tram and motor car,
Some even came by good old sail,
One came from a distant jail
Nor was he warden there.

And many lads of widespread fame
In football, track, or other game
Came there to woo. But having failed
At once returned from whence they hailed
Their suit had been in vain.

One day a youth of noble mien
Arrived in a Rolls Royce machine
His suit was new, his wallet fat
He wore a number fourteen hat.
He loved the fair colleen.

He spoke of ancestors old,
Of Barons, Knights, and Kings he told,
His breeding strict, his manners good,
And what was more, she understood,
He had a lot of gold.

And then there came another lad,
He looked too thin, his face was sad,
His suit was old, his hair was red,
And it flopped all around his head.
He was a poet bad.

He spoke. The accents of his tongue
In silver echoes softly rung
Throughout the room. Upon his knee,
O'ercome by his emotions, he
These soft lines sweetly sung:

"Oh, Fairest Flower of Heaven, thou
Art even more wondrous than the bough
Of apple blossoms in the spring,
To thee my heart and soul I bring!
Say that thou lov'st me, now!"

The guests were to the wedding bid,
Fair Portia modest blushes hid,
"Who was the groom?" Need you be told?
Did she marry the boy who had the gold?
Did she? I'll say she did!!



"Have you got change for a nickel? There's a tightwad in the crowd!"

PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN EATER

By WELLS NORRIS

—Had a Wife and Couldn't Keep Her; Or What He Thought Was the Difference Between College and a Correspondence Course. . . .

PETER mulled over his plate of grits and sweet potatoes while his sister washed the stack of dishes that littered the other end of the table. His long curly hair hung down over his pimply forehead and interfered with his eating. His arms spread fanwise across one side of the green zinc-topped table and his big feet protruded from the other end. His eyes wandered up to the small electric clock on the wall and he absently realized that he had only fifteen minutes to get back to the postoffice.

"How 'bout that coffee, Sis? It oughta be hot by now." His month was dry; he wanted to feel the stinging coffee trickle down his throat and wash out the viscid taste of stamp glue that always seemed to be in his mouth.

"You'll have to be patient. You can't expect to come in half an hour after Dalton and the others have eaten and get a hot dinner the minute you enter," his sister told him with a trace of weariness in her voice.

"Well, I can't help it if the train is late, and you know I can't leave till all the mail is up." Peter pushed the half-emptied plate from him and rested his head on his folded hands. His fingers smelled of dried, gummy paste, and his fingernails were filled with dirty rings of black.

Peter watched his sister as she poured the steaming coffee, into a thick, deep cup. She placed it on a cracked saucer and reached into the bread box for a slice of the store-bought cake. "Here," she murmured, "eat this piece of cake and drink this coffee and you'll feel better." Her sandals slip-slopped over the floor as she headed for the pantry. Her voice rang out above the clatter of pots and pans that were being put in place: "Peter, did you know that the college crowd will be home today for the holidays?"

"Sure, I oughta know. That's all I can hear at the postoffice." There was a short pause. Then Peter continued: "You know, Sis, I can't understand it; they go off for a coupla weeks an' go to dances, shows, and maybe do a little studying, and then come back and everybody tells them how smart they are and what a good future they have. An' then while they're here they run 'round all the time and never do any work." He got slowly from his chair and walked over to the round mirror over the drainboard. He examined with critical dissatisfaction his blotchy complexion and squeezed an inflamed pimple with the long, irregular nails of his two forefingers.

"I've often wondered what I'd be doin' now if Mother and Dad was living. You might not be married and I might be off at the University with Hayden. That's the way we planned it when we were in high school."

Peter stared at the clear sky through the open window. His eyes then turned to his sister, but he did not see her. He seemed to be boring a hole through her and seeing something that brought feelings of nostalgia—nostalgia for his old home when he and Hayden were seniors in high school. Hayden had been editor of the paper and he had been business manager. Those were the days! They had always double-dated on Friday nights, and had even gone to the Junior-Senior banquet together, Hayden had a standing date with Nancy every Friday and Sunday nights, and he, Peter, usually went with him and dated Caroline.

But now, everything seemed different. Everybody had changed—even Hayden seemed to drift apart from him at times. He still came to see Peter every time he got a chance to come home. But Nancy and Caroline and most of the others with whom he graduated seemed to feel superior to him. Several times Caroline had refused him a date during the holidays or during the summer. She always told him he should ask her sooner, for all the college boys wrote weeks before holidays planning to have a good time when they got home. Sure, Peter never asked Caroline for a date until she got home, but still they had been sweethearts in high school, and she ought to have held more dates open for him as she said she did some.

His sister broke the silence. "Don't worry, Peter. You're probably learning more from your correspondence course than they're learning at college. Someday you'll be a smart accountant and your old classmates will be paying you big prices for keeping their books."

"Yeah, maybe. But wonder what makes them think they're bettern I am. Why, there's no difference in any of us. Didn't we run around together in high school and have a big time? Just because they've more money and can go to school doesn't mean they're better."

"Peter, you know well and good that your imagination is just getting the best of you. Why, I've never noticed any difference in any of them. Too, they've a lot to do. You can't expect to have them running around here all the time. They didn't do it in high school."

"Gosh, Sis," Peter exclaimed, jumping from the chair, "I'm late again. Guess Ben'll bawl me out." He snatched up his old serge coat and slipped into it hurriedly. "Button's off my coat, Sis. Sew it up tonight? I gotta wear it tonight if I go anywheres with Hayden. Guess he'll ask me outa courtesy, but doubt if I can get a date." He raced out of the room and the sound of the door as he slammed it shut echoed throughout the house.

Ben Stickler stood with spread legs and arms akimbo when Peter rushed breathlessly into the back of the postoffice. His horn-rimmed glasses perched precariously on the tip of his nose and his glass eye seemed to take in Peter with one steady stare while the good eye moved up and down as if studying him for the first time.

"Couldn't help it, Mr. Stickler. Dinner wasn't ready when I got there and I hadda wait."

"Yuh oughta be willin' to do without once in a while, Mason. S' all yuh do, run back and forth to drug store to get somethin' to eat. Gonna bust some day." He whipped around and put some letters on the table. "Here, sort these, and then bundle them up and carry them down to the depot in time for the next train."

When four o'clock came Peter had finished putting up all the mail and was gazing out of the grilled window,

(*Continued on page fourteen*)

UNCLE SA

For 117 years he has used e
offices; now he's bu

IT'S odd how the most commonplace things, the things that we accept matter-of-factly, are sometimes the most interesting if we take the time to learn about them. Every day during your college life you have wandered down town past the theatre and the soda shop, into the grimy red-brick building on the corner, to peer into your letter-box. You'd never think to look at it that the battered old Wake Forest post-office had 117 years of struggling, spasmodic, skip-around history about it. But it has. Some of it sad; some of it rather humorous. Not the history of the hundreds of thousands of letters that have come to the generations of students here. No, that's a story which will never, unfortunately, be told. A pity, too, because I suspect that it would make that Great American Novel they're always talking about. But I'm referring to the post office itself.

On January 2, 1823, Wake Forest's first post office was established in the home of Dr. Calvin Jones, which then was the only house in Wake Forest, except for barns and slave cabins. It stood where Wait Hall now dominates the campus. That was, of course, before Wake Forest College came into being. Dr. Jones was a planter, and the land around the post office was his farm. In order to get his personal mail more quickly, he had his home listed as the Wake Forest post office.

Dr. Jones was postmaster until the office was discontinued for the first time in 1830, and again after its reëstablishment in February of the same year. In 1823, the first mail arrived by stage (and what a year that was for mail, with people discussing States' Rights and the promulgation of the Monroe Detrine). Since that year the office has been discontinued three times and reëstablished three times; its name has been changed











The first postoffice, established 1823. This house of Calvin Jones stood where Wait Hall is now. After it was moved to its present spot, it was occupied by President Wingate.

The postoffice when John M. Fleming was postmaster from 1837 to 1844.

More good times were had going to this postoffice than any other Wake Forest has known. On the railroad track at Forestville.

For many years the postoffice was in this building on Faculty Avenue.

The first postoffice in the present "downtown" occupied the building now shared by the cafe and barbershop.

The present postoffice, and perhaps the last rented one.



M, RENTER

e or ten rented houses for post
ling one of his own.

twice and restored once; and as the administrations have shifted—Whigs, Federalists, Democrats, and Republicans—so have the postmasters shifted. Twenty, in all, have held the job, counting reappointments.

Below is a chart (for which we are indebted to Dr. G. W. Paschal), showing, in brief, the various vicissitudes which the Wake Forest post office has survived and the names of the men and women who have served in the capacity of postmaster through these 117 years:

Calvin Jones	January 2, 1823
Office discontinued	January 15, 1830
Calvin Jones	February 8, 1830
William Donaldson	September 26, 1832
Henry A. Donaldson	January 1, 1835
James D. Newsom	April 25, 1836
John M. Fleming	June 26, 1837
Office discontinued	July 18, 1844
William Hooper	September 22, 1847
Office discontinued	November 30, 1848
Robert H. Timberlake	April 28, 1873
Name of office changed to Wake Forest College	June 9, 1873
Mary A. Timberlake	December 13, 1883
R. L. Brewer	December 28, 1885
Wiley D. Jones	April 8, 1889
Robert H. Timberlake	July 18, 1890
William C. Lankford	April 4, 1893
Mary A. Timberlake	August 28, 1897
Edward W. Timberlake	April 2, 1907
O. K. Holding	July 2, 1913
Calvin Y. Holden	(acting) June 30, 1922
Calvin Y. Holden	July 31, 1922
Lawrence Harris	February 24, 1932
J. R. Wiggins	Incumbent

Dr. Hooper had one of the earlier post offices right in his home, and according to Dr. Paschal's "History of Wake Forest College," so did every other postmaster up until the time of the Civil War. The post office has been moved many times. From the old Jones house (which was moved off the campus, and now stands across the street from the infirmary), it was moved about until it reached the North Brick House, now the site of Simmons dorm. For a few years its seat was at Crenshaw Hall, two (then three) miles from Wake Forest on the Durham Road. For a time it was in a frame building on the spot where Mrs. Newsome now has her dining hall. It occupied the brick building back of Simmons Hall. Then it moved to the space where the barber shop and the Wake Forest Cafe are now situated, and then moved to its present site on the corner. But it has never had a permanent home. All space has been rented.

The Crenshaw Hall location was very unpopular with the students, as it was then three miles from Wake Forest by the old road, and they found it more convenient to walk to Forestville to get their mail. At the same time they opposed the idea of a permanent home for the office in Wake Forest, advancing the quite reasonable triple reason that they needed the exercise, enjoyed the social contacts involved in going after the mail, and got a kick out of seeing the train, which stopped at Forestville, not at Wake Forest. So, after the completion of the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad in 1840, there was no holding the college community. They got their mail in Forestville, where they could see the train, rather than at the Wake Forest office which was three miles from a railroad and received its mail by stage coach from Raleigh and Oxford twice a week.

As a matter of fact, the students were so entranced by the train that the Trustees petitioned the railroad to establish a station here. They were refused the first time—in 1852—but kept plugging away at it until, in 1872, the Raleigh & Gaston moved the station from Forestville to Wake Forest. The good people of Forestville were incensed. For a time the relations between the two villages were strained, and it finally resulted in the dividing asunder of the Forestville Baptist Church. With the establishment of rail service, mail delivery picked up. It got so that you could get a letter to almost any part of the state in less than a week. But the old leisurely fun of walking the dusty mile and three-tenths (by modern speedometer) to the Forestville office was gone, though the novelty of the train didn't seem to wear off until the present generation of blase collegians, who wouldn't walk across the street to see the *China Clipper* do outside loops. James Henry Foote, '52, wrote an article in the 1908 *Student* in which he described the naive delight the students took in the train. He said ". . . It was the only railroad at that time in the State (about 1850), passing right by the college to a little place called Gaston on the Roanoke River. The track was laid down on stringers, with flat-iron like wagon tires. The names of the engines that pulled the train frightened us—'Spit Fire,' 'Tornado,' 'Whirlwind'." And again —". . . but instead of thundering along like a tornado, especially going up grade, the passengers would get out and push the ears. . . ."

Well, the dusty old post office has been trampled by a lot of feet in its time, and now the government announces that Wake Forest is to have a real post office in a building of its own . . . a nice, new, Georgian building with shrubs on the lawn. I just wonder if the institution of 117 years' standing will be content there.



Architect's drawing of the new postoffice. When it is completed, Uncle Sam will no longer be a renter in Wake Forest.

THE GREEK HAD A WORD FOR IT

(*Continued from page four*)

duced the admirable system and modus operandi which is still prevailing in that very important department of our institution. He was among the first to establish the entrance requirement to the college, and, as "Examiner," he started the work which has been so efficiently conducted by the present registrar, G. S. Patterson.

His encyclopedic knowledge, mastery of style and loyalty to the denomination and college were the cause of his being made the duly-appointed historian of the Baptist Denomination and of Wake Forest College. After years of assiduous labor he published Volume I of the History of the Baptists of North Carolina, an invaluable collection of the sources of early Baptist records in the state. He also has pubished the first volume of the history of the College.

I have read with absorbing interest every word of the latter publication, and I am eagerly awaiting every word of the second volume, which, relieved of academic duties, our author, I hope, will release at an early date. These publications, together with numerous articles in various magazines, were rewarded by his election in 1931 to the presidency of the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association, an honor coveted by all literati of our state.

Dr. Paschal has been connected with the local Baptist church for about fifty years and has served a number of years as Deacon. He has made numerous addresses of interesting character in the state out of the resources of his vast store of information on denominational history, so that many local churches and the State Convention in 1938 worthily honored him by appointing him to the important office of vice president.

After the death of Dr. Livingston Johnson, he became associate editor of the *Biblical Recorder*. The editor-in-chief's position of that important periodical was assumed by him at the death of J. S. Farmer and was conducted with great efficiency until the selection of Dr. Slemp a few months ago. Dr. Paschal still serves as a contributing editor. I need only to repeat in this connection what was said to me by a prominent Baptist of another state: "Your man Paschal has by his learning, his trenchant style, and the up-to-date as well as spiritual content of his editorials and other contributions, made the *Biblical Recorder* the foremost denominational paper of the South."

A man of his temperament is, of course, interested in the welfare of his community. For the last few years he has served as a member of the Board of Town Commissioners. A colleague of his said to me yesterday: "No member of our Board has worked more efficiently for the economic and financial welfare of Wake Forest than has Dr. Paschal. He can have my vote as long as he wishes to run."

I must not attempt to describe his beautiful family life. I think I can state in all truthfulness that there has never lived a more devoted and dutiful husband and father; and his ten children, now young men and young women of useful and promising lives, may worthily rise up and call their parents blessed.

I must also be equally reticent about the sacred bonds of long friendship. I shall simply close by quoting a short heart-to-heart letter written by me to him last year: "I have not always seen things eye-to-eye with you and we have honestly disagreed at various times, but I assure you that I have never doubted your sincerity and integrity and (what I value most) your loyalty to the College and your friendship for me."

PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN EATER

(*Continued from page eleven*)

watching Ben's stooped back as he limped out into the street headed for home. Now Peter could be alone. Ben always left him in charge from four till six, and he could do practically as he pleased. All the trains had come in and the deposits had been made; all he had to do was wait on the customers.

Traffic was slow that afternoon. There wasn't a single car parked in front of the postoffice. Peter remembered that Hayden and the rest of the college crowd were coming home and mused quietly, "Sorta hate to see them get here." He strode back to the small desk and sat down in the old swivel chair. He opened the large black book and began to read carefully the explanations that preceded the problems that he was just beginning to study. After scribbling figures on several pages he stopped and mashed a pimple on his cheek. Agitated, he gripped the pencil in his teeth and bit it vigorously. Then someone slammed the front door. "Dammit," he uttered in a whisper, "can't get a thing done."

He lumbered up to the window and opened his mouth to say the customary "Yes, the mail is all up" when he saw Hayden lounging by the wall dressed in a rakish sport coat and saddle shoes. "Hi, Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater!" Hayden came over to shake hands.

"Whatta you say, Hay? When'd you get in?"

"Few minutes ago. Caught a ride with two girls from North who're going to Florida for a vacation." Hayden drew a long stream-lined pipe from his side coat pocket and began filling the flat bowl with tobacco from his cellophane pouch. When he reached into his trousers' pocket, Peter noticed that the pale-green slacks were thread-bare at the ridges. He glanced at the worn places with surprise and unconsciously brought his eyes up to meet those of Hayden. Hayden grinned and ran his fingers through his black, greasy hair. "Hard times eh, Peter? Been having a tough time keeping up my appearance." His white teeth glinted brightly.

Peter shifted his heavy feet and propped his elbows on the shelf, resting his chin in his cupped hands. His whole head bobbed when he spoke and curly locks of hair waved before his eyes. He observed after a few moments of silence: "Still waitin' tables this year, Hay?"

Hayden nodded. "Yeah. Hope my brother can help some next year, but I don't know. Sort of tough now, but I get along." He wrangled the smoking pipe from one side of his mouth to the other and spat half-way across the room from the free side, "By the bye, Peter, have you seen any of the femmes yet?"

"Naw, and I'm not aching to see 'em, either. I get so sick of their superior attitudes. Think they're bettern me just 'cause they go to school. You know, Hay, I've wondered why you don't act like them." Peter turned his eyes to the floor and riveted them on a crack in the dirty boards. He hadn't meant to mention this, but it had slipped before he had realized it.

Hayden's mouth dropped open in amazement; his pipe dangled from between his teeth. A greasy string of hair fell out of place, and he spoke sharply: "Whatta think I am? That's a helluva question. Damn, Peter, you ask some crazy things sometimes. If I didn't know you, I'd call you nuts when you ask such as that."

Peter fingered a pimple awkwardly and jerked his head to one side to clear his vision of the curly hair that dangled before his eyes. Then he agreed hesitantly,

(*Continued on page seventeen*)



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SCENE ON THE CAMPUS

THE fellow who is getting a big hand is wearing a Palm Beach Evening Formal. It's cool, smart, and features broader shoulders and narrower shawl lapels. The black trousers are satin striped at the side.

With exams around the corner, we think the pipe smoker has waited too long to start cracking those books. Unless his striped Shetland sport jacket dazzles his prof, he's going to have examination blues. He's wearing gray flannel trousers and white buckskin shoes with red crepe soles.

His friend isn't any Phi Bete, but he's well on his way to getting Honors in Style with his three button, single breasted dune colored covert suit which is just the thing to wear on a date these warm evenings.



• The braces with Streamlox Ends are becoming more and more popular because they clip instead of button to the trousers.



PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN EATER

(Continued from page fourteen)

"Don't know but you're right. Still they make me sick on my stomach sometimes."

"Aw, get it out of your system, Peter. Let's throw a big one tonight. Just like when we were in high school. Remember when we double-dated commencement night and parked behind the schoolhouse? Nancy was one beaut that night. And Caroline wasn't so bad, either. Whatta say we get dates with them tonight? I'll get the dates and car if you'll furnish the gas and drinks. Okay?"

"I dunno, Hay. I oughta work on some problems tonight or I'll get behind."

Hayden seemed to be eyeing Peter's pimples and ejaculated: "Don't tell me you're still taking that correspondence course! Gee whiz, one night won't hurt you. What if I thought about getting behind every time I wanted to go somewheres. I'd never go off."

The front door slammed. Peter and Hayden jumped in surprise. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Harrison. How are you?" Peter flushed as he spoke and glanced at Hayden, who had backed up against the wall.

"Fine, thank you, Peter. I want to get a stamp to send. . . . Why, hello, Hayden. When did you come home? How is Mrs. Bartholomew?" She noticed Hayden before he even recognized her.

"Pretty good, Mrs. Harrison, thank you. I came in not long ago." Hayden moved up closer to the window and removed his pipe, knocking the ashes from it.

When Mrs. Harrison closed the front door softly, Peter and Hayden began talking in whispers. In a few moments the door opened again and several customers filed in. Peter knew the late afternoon crowd was coming in just before closing time and told Hayden: "Better go on now, Hay. Gotta wait on them." He made a promiscuous motion toward the incoming group.

Hayden turned to go. 'Going with me tonight? I'll get you a date with Caroline"

"Yeah, guess so. Come by Sis's 'bout eight." He turned to the other window and began skimming through the stack of letters for the few customers who did not have boxes.

When the hands of the giant clock on the wall had formed a vertical black line, Peter had finished sweeping the office and had seen the last customer stomp out of the door in disgust because he had received no mail. Peter slipped into his serge coat, switched on the small light in the postoffice, and locked the door that led into the front part of the building. He drew his long comb from his hip pocket and attempted to straighten his tangled hair. He ran the back of a hairy hand across his mouth and choked at the malodorous scent of the glue that stained the tips of his fingers and filed his fingernails. His tired feet moved methodically across the railroad tracks and the muscles of his legs strained with every step.

He began to soliloquize: "Gotta get more sleep at night. Can't last at this rate." He cut a diagonal line for the corner drug store to get his daily milkshake. When he reached the sidewalk, he was meditatively turning over in his mind the events that were likely to occur that night. Suppose Caroline wouldn't give him a date. That would certainly embarrass him. Peter almost ran into the combination fortune-teller and weighing machine in front of the drug store. He dug into his pocket and revealed a lone penny, one made in 1889. He flipped it into the air, caught it with his left hand, and dropped it into his other pocket. Peter stepped on the scales, fished another coin from his pocket, slipped it into the slot. The red pointer sprang back and forth and finally settled on the black mark with 155 above it. "Lost three pounds," he mused. A card that was supposed to reveal his fortune fell into the little cup. Peter didn't notice it.

Peter trudged into the drug store without any signs of alacrity. He stopped for a moment, rubbed his eyes in an effort to accustom them to the semi-darkness of the store. The place was literally overflowing with clamorous college students. The noise augmented, subsided to a quiet lull, then sprang raucously out again. Someone saw Peter. "Whatcha say, Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater? Come on in and join the crowd." Peter edged timidly over to the chair pushed in his direction. Caroline and Nancy sat at the table just across from him. He looked around for Hayden, but didn't see him anywhere. Caroline's eyes twinkled and she spoke softly with a "Hello, Peter," and held out her hand. Nan smiled and nodded at him. He shifted nervously in his seat and turned to the boys at the table.

Before long Peter had forgot his sense of inferiority and was up to his neck in the midst of the conversation. The palaver touched every conceivable topic. Soon it reverted to the local dance that was held last month. Peter forgot himself entirely and his voice was just one of the many that struggled for attention. It seemed like three years ago when this very crowd was in the tenth and eleventh grades in high school. Late Friday afternoons after the football or baseball games, the crowd would come to the drug store and buy drinks and talk of the good times they had had, of the handsome second-baseman, of the "boner" one of the local players had pulled.

Someone called out: "Hey, Peter! Have you bought

TOM'S

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TOM'S

that strip-down you were talking about last summer?"

Peter turned to pick his questioner from the conglomeration of chattering boys and girls. "No, not yet, Red. Been taking a correspondence course. Never seem to have time or money to put in it. But I might get it this summer."

Nancy smiled. "What, are you still taking that correspondence course in accounting? You should be through with it by now, shouldn't you?" She might have been mocking him.

Peter thought he saw sarcasm behind the silky talk and spat out: "Sure, why not?" He felt an inclination to draw back and smash that smiling face of rouge and lipstick. His fingernails dug into the tender palms of his hands , but he was unaware of the pain. Everybody was staring at him. His pimples—everybody seemed to have his eyes focused upon the mountain-like bumps that had been the source of his sensitiveness since childhood." He reached for a glass of water, and turned it up to his mouth in an effort to hide his face from the glare of faces around him.

Red, attempting to overlook the incident, shoved a chair screechingly toward Peter and sat down in it. "You know, Pete, if you weren't such an all-fired procrastinator you'd get along better." He twisted around to Nancy and asked: "Don't you think so, Nancy?"

For a moment Nancy flushed slightly and her face became blank. Then she smiled in tacit acquiescence.

Peter fumbled at the one button on his coat. He could feel small beads of perspiration seep from each of the florid pimples on his face, and rivulets of cool sweat formed on his upper lip and slipped through the corners of his mouth. The combined gummy taste of glue and the salty tang of perspiration mixed to form a fulsome medicine of distaste. His voice was as bitter as the taste in his mouth. "I don't go to college, you know. I don't have to be through by a certain time. I only take a two-bit correspondence course." His disgrace was complete. He wiped his mouth on his shiny serge sleeve and glared into the staring faces. The pimples seemed fairly to leap from his burning-hot face and seemed to cast red shadows on his cheeks. With a shrug of his shoulders and an inaudible curse on his lips, Peter jumped from his chair and stalked from the store.

That night there was a stilted formality in the conversation between Peter and Caroline. As Hayden guided the three-year-old Ford through the narrow street Peter sat hunched in the back seat seemingly unmindful of the girl seated on the other end of the seat. He could not figure it out: He had a date with Caroline, a college junior, and he was a small-town postoffice clerk. And that very afternoon he had practically rubbed his reputation over the tiled floor of the drug store before Caroline and all the other students. But Hayden was capable of performing miracles. And he, Peter, was with his high school sweetheart just like the nights when they were both seniors. Caroline hadn't seemed to notice his blotchy complexion as the rest had. But now she had changed.

Hardly before they knew it Peter and Caroline found that Hayden had maneuvered the automobile into the garage-like space between the gymnasium and auditorium and stopped and switched off the lights. Peter blinked almost in shame. Of course, they had done the same thing in high school; but things were different now. For he didn't go to college. He was looked upon as a social outcast, an outsider. Hayden soon had his right arm around Nancy and they were talking in whispers. Peter turned to Caroline and began the same approach he had used in high school. He spoke of things that had happened the past few weeks—subjects different from those discussed in high school, however.

He was soon close beside Caroline and he attempted to lower his voice to hushed tones. Caroline's long auburn hair smelled of damp roses in the springtime and her breasts heaved softly as she breathed. Peter said something about his correspondence course, but Caroline stared out of the side window without a sound. Then Peter lapsed into silence. Once or twice he endeavored to revive the conversation but all efforts were apparently in vain. As a last resort he brought up the good times they had had in high school. Caroline replied softly: "We were just kids then, weren't we, Peter?"

Peter thought "That doesn't sound like you, Caroline," but murmured, "Why, Caroline, we were only three years younger than we are now." He could see Hayden kiss Nancy up in the front seat.

"But, Peter, we are older now. We aren't kids anymore. Now we have some ideas of our responsibilities. Peter, why don't you . . . why can't you?" She fumbled for words and hesitated. Then she touched his arm shyly. "Peter, why don't you grow up, and . . .?"

The whites of Peter's eyes reflected sparkling light from the rays of the crescent moon, and appeared to pierce the pupils of Caroline's light-brown eyes. He rasped, "You mean you're in college, and I'm not! And to top that I take a cheap correspondence course to make people think I'm interested in amounting to something some day. Sure, I'm an orphan, living offa my sister and her husband, and she with two kids. Yeah, you say I should work my way through college like Hay? Bosh, it ain't possible. You gotta have help."

Caroline looked her surprise.

Hayden and Nancy sat up in their seats and rubber-

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necked around to face the two in the back seat. "Hey, hey, whateha call this? Sounds more like a bull fight. What's matter, Peter, old boy?"

"Hell, I don't know. I just don't mix; I don't belong here; I'm outa place. Didn't I tell you? I'm no sweet-smelling college student. I gotta work tomorrow. Take me home, I gotta work. . . ." His voice trailed into the distance, but his lips continued to move with jerky twitches.

"Aw, you've just been working too hard. Better sleep it off." Hayden cranked up the car reluctantly.

The Ford stopped with a jerk, like a rabbit uncertain as which direction it should take. "You oughta take Caroline home first, Hay." Peter's wounded pride at least did not restrain his usual courtesy from becoming manifest.

"Thank you, but I think I shall stay with Hayden and Nancy for a while. I'm really not at all sleepy."

Peter stepped gingerly from the automobile and remarked before closing the door: "Of course, I forgot. *You're* a college student. I hope you will accept my humble apology."

Hayden called gaily, "Forget it, Pete. See you tomorrow."

Nancy's smeared lips stuck out as if in a pout. "Please, Peter. Be a sport and forget about it. What you need is some sleep."

"Don't worry your damned head about me," he snapped and slammed the door.

Peter wondered why he hadn't heard the automobile crank up and move off. He sat at his little desk and his eyes stared unseeing at the scattered papers before him. He reached out and pulled aside the curtain. There they were; Caroline was getting out of the back seat and opening the front door. The light from the street lamp shone on the occupants when Caroline swung open the door. In a few moments the car eased off, and Peter settled back into his hard chair. His reflection was mirrored in the window before him. He could even make out his pimples; his bushy hair reminded him of some Russian musician who let his hair grow "for inspiration."

He was completely disgusted with himself. His demeanor that had stood him in good stead with all his former classmates turned out to be only a bold, transparent spuriousness to cover up his inferiority complex. He felt that he could never face his friends again; even Hayden didn't seem to understand any longer. All he he lacked was an education — an education, hell! He could never get anywhere with his pimply face, his big feet, and his loose talk. Peter picked up the papers he had been working on and began to wad them up mechanically, one by one.

"Hell, I'll never amount to anything. What can a guy do without a college education? This damned old correspondence course is no good." He tossed several crumpled balls of paper into the waste basket. "Caroline—the conceited flirt—oughta know. Of course, she should; *she* goes to college."

Peter scooped the remaining few sheets and threw them with the textbook into the basket and gritted through his teeth: "Fat chance I've got in this world—no education!"

The words of the jingle pounded through his head:

"Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife, and couldn't keep her."

THE GREEK HAD A WORD FOR IT

(*Continued from page five*)

and his curiosity for investigating books came from his father and mother.

His mother was of pure German descent, and so near to perfection was she physically that she lacked one birthday of being 100 years old at her death. On his father's side, there was a mixture of English and French. In addition to bearing a good influence on his children and proving to be a successful plantation owner, his father devoted a portion of his life to law service. As mentioned, he was sheriff of his county for a number of years, and also he served as senator and member of the House of Representatives at other times.

Besides attending his studies, working as a laborer on the farm, and maintaining several hobbies (such as keeping a list of every type of tree growing on his father's plantation), Paschal—in his idle moments—resorted to reading and more reading. He told me of a time that he was looking for something to read and picked up one of his sister's astronomy books. From that day he has kept an interest in astronomy.

And so when the youth of fifteen was ready to enter college, he found that it would be necessary to work for a time before he could financially meet the requirements of the entrance. He went away to Greensboro where he worked the next three years. Here he again spent his leisure hours in reading from favorite authors, despite the fact that he often worked as many as sixteen hours a day. He had formed an inseparable companionship with books.

When George W. Paschal entered Wake Forest in the Autumn of 1889, he was interested in practically every

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phase of work and play which the college opened to students. Academically, he was virtual master of English grammar, and in literature he had made the acquaintance of all the old masters. He knew Goldsmith and Byron practically by heart.

It was here that he became intensely interested in Greek, to go with his Latin, French, English and German. During the school year of 1891-92 he was editor of *The Wake Forest Student*, and here his ability to write began to make its first appearances. Of course, he had written during his other years, and when he was about to complete his college career, Josephus Daniels offered him a job with the *State Chronicle*. Young Paschal declined the offer, and changed the course of his direction from journalism to a higher study of Greek and language.

After getting his diploma in three years, he went to the University of Chicago. He was an assistant in the huge University library, and upon completion of the residential requirements for his degree, he was offered a job with the library there. Once again, however, he declined to alter the course of his life's work, turning southward again to Wake Forest and an assistant professorship in Greek and Latin.

The life of George W. Paschal from the time he returned to the campus of the Baptist institution until this year, when, with the tolling of the last class bell of the session, he will join the ranks of the retired, has been one to which several volumes could be devoted. His interest in the college in general has always be demonstrated by hard, diligent work.

Beginning in 1914, he became the "Athletic Department" of the school. At that time Wake Forest had quite a reputation in baseball, and tennis (going back, here, to the time of Dr. Hubert Poteat and Mr. E. B. Earnshaw, who won the doubles championship in the South one year). But their talents in football were undeveloped. During his seven years in the office of Athletic Director, Dr. Paschal assumed financial and coaching responsibility for the athletic teams. He negotiated with the University of North Carolina, Duke, N. C. State and other schools, keeping Wake Forest on a comparable basis in all departments of sports. While laboring in this capacity, he made firm friends of the managers of other schools' teams. And he often refers to the late W. C. Riddick of N. C. State College as being one of his "closest friends."

All along the way he continued his writing, too. Beginning in 1896 he wrote reports for the N. C. *Baptists* and articles for the *Biblical Recorder*. In 1908 he was asked to write for the *State Democrat* a column of comments on news of the day. When the *State Journal* was established in 1912, he filled portions of the front pages of the paper under the heading of "World of Moving Events." And, as Dr. Gorrell has said, he went on in his *Biblical Recorder* work. At the death of Dr. Johnson, he wrote editorials for the periodical publication, and after Editor Farmer died, he was editor until Dr. Sleup came in last year.

And so his life has been one filled with writing—and it still continues. About 1924 he began to write sketches of the College, which were printed in the college bulletin. Through his association with state Baptists, and because of his inexhaustible source of information concerning the denomination, he was asked to write *The History of North Carolina Baptists*. The first volume was published in 1930, and he is now working on an additional volume. Critics characterized the first volume as being "the best state Baptist history in the United States."

In 1934 at the centennial celebration of Wake Forest, his first volume of the *History of Wake Forest College* was made available. His second volume is scheduled to come off the press this summer. He also continues his work with the *Biblical Recorder*, contributing weekly comments under the general title of "Our World."

Having worked in the University of Chicago library, the Greek scholar came back to Wake Forest with valuable experience as a librarian and with a knowledge of library classifications. Equipped with two student assistants at a time, he began the almost insurmountable task of making a card catalog for the Wake Forest library. When his job was completed, a library expert valued his work at approximately $5,000.

The words "spare time" must have been mythological to Dr. Paschal, for he always had a few hours for "something else." And so he became the first official registrar for the college, a job which he held for nearly twenty years. In addition there are tasks too numerous to name which fell into his hands. And he did them well.

Day after day he has made his way to classroom duties. In the forty-four years of his teaching experience, he has been absent fewer than thirty days all together, and fewer than ten days on account of illness. While it seems that a man of his expansive duties and pleasures would not have time for anything else, Dr. Paschal values his friends among his most prized possession in life. He has always had time to cultivate a valuable friendship. He sat in the classroom of Dr. Sledd, and he refers to him and his other teachers with great reverence and respect. Dr. Royall was one of the ablest of all Wake Forest men, he told me, and Dr. W. L. Poteat was always his friend, colleague, and young teacher. Dr. Charles L. Taylor was perhaps the ablest man he ever knew, he said; and with a thoughtful eye he recalled that Dr. Charles E. Brewer—now at Meredith—is the only one of the old faculty members living.

While he has been the master and leader of the largest classes of Classical Greek to be found anywhere in this nation, and while he has been a man of varied and sundry duties throughout his nearly half-century on the campus, Dr. Paschal has been a true citizen of Wake Forest as well, not only in a supporting manner, but also as a leader among his townsmen. Dr. J. H. Gorrell, as a fellow-townsman, makes reference to this fact in his article.

His work will continue to go on in the years ahead. Since he will be relieved of his classroom duties, he can find time to "settle down" to work which he has done in his spare hours for forty-four years. Now and then, perhaps he will sit down and write a few lines of poetry, as he has done occasionally in the past. Or maybe he will hurry to a fireside on a wintry evening to keep appointments with Plato or Xenophon. You might find him in his office in the administration building almost any hour, since he prefers to be near the library. But if there's a sports event in progress anywhere on the campus, you won't find him in any office or beside a fireside.

I GO TO CHURCH

(*Continued from page seven*)

in the last World War, and we have seen an example of the same thing evidenced in the present crisis, when they, who claim to be the followers of The Prince of Peace, openly and publicly advocate war.

Why, then, do I go to church? If the members of any other organization to which I belonged were guilty of causing that organization to be subjected to the criticism that I have advanced here, I would withdraw my membership and have nothing to do with it. But I am happy and proud to associate myself with the church.

The more I think about this subject the more unanswered questions I pile up. Was the freshman right? Is Christianity dead? Did it happen too long ago? And, why do I go to church? For my own satisfaction, and in order to convince you that I am not an utter pessimist I'll attempt to answer these questions thus:

I'll grant the Freshman that Christianity is no new thing, but it surely didn't just happen and then cease to exist. It has lived victoriously through every diversified civilization from the time of its origin to the present day.

Many years ago, Sir Isaac Newton made himself forever famous by sponsoring the theory of gravitation. The birth of this law happened a long time ago. In this the year 1940, with our complicated civilization, with our many unsolved problems, and with our numerous new inventions, we do not doubt the law of gravitation merely because it was advanced by a man who lived in an age different from ours. The law of gravitation is a fundamental truth. It was advanced as a fundamental truth centuries ago and it continues to exist regardless of rapidly changing civilization.

Whether the college Freshman realizes it or not, God is a fundamental truth. Man was made to know there was a God thousands of years ago. God and man established a relationship that we call Christianity. All of this originated a long time ago—before the day of advanced medical science, before the day of moving pictures, and before the day of Community Chests and Red Cross organizations; in an age with an entirely different background from the age in which we live, but fundamental and universal truths are not superseded by man-made institutions.

My answer to the Freshman embodies my answer to the original question. I go to church because man-made institutions can never, within themselves, attempt to do what the church does for me. I go to church because it is inspiring to attend an organization that has stood the test of time. I go to church convinced that religion is not as dead as Greek, but that it is older than Greek and is still alive.

I go to church because it is profoundly inspiring to be in the company of a group of people who are supposedly worshipping the "Strong Son of God" that Tennyson mentions—the "Strong Son of God" in whom they believe where they cannot prove. I go to church prompted by something of the same thing that causes scientists to explore the unknown, microscopists to peer at the unseen infinitesimal world, and astronomists to study the largest heavenly bodies in the universe. All of whom are studying the manifestation of God—the manifestation of God in the greatest and the smallest—the known and the unknown, and all of whom may spend a lifetime of research trying to classify and explain what they are studying. God must be the sum total of the greatest and the smallest, the known and the unknown; and as long as man thirsts for the knowledge of the unknown he will probably have difficulty in explaining why he goes to church.

I submit that I wouldn't even go at all if I could accurately explain why I do it, because it is the unknown and indescribable that attracts me there. To sum the whole thing: I go to church because the church possesses an atmosphere that causes me to give my own peculiar, individual, and partial interpretation of the Unknown. After all, maybe that fellow had the essence of the whole idea when he said he liked to go to a place where men took off their hats.

YOUR OBEDIENT SERVANT

(*Continued from page six*)

An amusing incident is told in the letter of a Greensboro resident who had already accepted an invitation from the other. He was obviously forced to decline the later one, saying that he did not believe it the custom to belong to both groups.

Honorary members were so desired that, as the records show, a committee of correspondence was organized on Sept. 17, 1836 in the Phi Society, whose duty it was to take care of the influx of mail, as well as attend the sending-out duties. This committee did not fail to do its work. It began promptly and on Dec. 11,

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1841, the following paragraph appeared in the minutes of one of the societies:

"It might be well to add that our Honorary Members number one hundred and thirty-five; the number of the other society, one hundred and seventeen."

This passage gives some idea of the keen, competitive spirit which prevailed, the virtual gloating when one surpassed the other. However, the keen competition does not hold our attention so vividly as does the contents of some of the letters received.

There is a letter from Henry Clay. In this letter, dated May 30, 1835, the statesman, who had been asked to join the Phis, took "particular pleasure in acceding" to the friendly sentiments tendered him by the society and offered his "fervent hopes for their welfare and fame, collectively and individually." There also appears another of his letters, in which he was regretfully turning down an invitation by the society to make an address at one of the commencement exercises.

Another of this treasured collection of acceptances is the letter of Washington Irving. The writer, in a brief correspondence from Sunnyside Cottage on Dec. 31, 1841, said:

"I beg you to assure the society that I accept with the most grateful feelings this very flattering testimonial of esteem, and return my sincere thanks, and my best wishes for the success of an institution so devoted and intellectual in its pursuits."

But the Eus have honorary members, too. There is, folded back in the pages of the big book of correspondence, a letter from James K. Polk, eleventh president of the United States, who is a Euzelian honorary member. The president appreciated the "unexpected and distinguished incidence" of the society's regard. "The association of young gentlemen and the organization of societies such as I understand yours to be, at our literary institutions—cannot fail if well conducted to be of incalculable advantage to their members," Polk said.

The college was first called Wake Forest Institute, and the town was located at Forestville. Daniel Webster refers to the school as the "Institute" in his letter accepting society membership. He said that he owed "an acknowledgment of thanks for this mark of respect from strangers," and also extended his "cordial good wishes for the health, happiness, and advancement of the society members."

The letters were of varied style and substance. William Cullen Bryant who used one line to inform the society that he received its invitation and then another line to thank the members and to accept the bid.

In contrast, there was almost a Biblical epistle from Sam Houston, written from Washington, Texas, in 1843:

"The time will come," the Texan began, "when the best interest of society and country will claim something at their hands. May they never be found wanting! Let them learn early the duties and obligations of an American citizen (and how superlatively glorious is that name!). North Carolina herself does not lack a model for her sons. The memory of Macon, the pure and incorruptible, will lead them on to the acquisition and practice of every virtue that can adorn the man, the patriot, and the statesman.

"Upon this continent, too, the fields of literature, science, and the arts a great extent are unbroken. Their resources are rich and various. Talent and learning may develop them with advantage."

Among others there came a letter from President John Tyler. Dated May 15, 1837, from Gloucester County Va., the letter began: ". . . Your letter of April 15 . . . was duly received last night." It had taken a month to go from North Carolina to Virginia, and Tyler was promptly replying, accepting honorary membership into the Phi Society.

President James Buchanan also accepted membership. And there were still others. It is easy to discern that these men hardly followed any established pattern of letter writing or ever cared whether their form was strictly correct. Scarcely would a book on letter-writing approve of the flowery salutations such as "Most respected sir" and just "Sir!" Or the complimentary endings such as "I have the honor to be most respectfully your obedient servant," or "I am, sir, with most respectful salutations, your obt. serv't.—."

Yes, the records of these honorary members are still alive, though they are now musty and crinkled at the edges. They always have something new to offer the occasional readers despite their age. They present the formality and respect of the age when Wake Forest College was young and they allow the readers to know that there are connected with our school outstanding men whose names have never before been associated with the school. In fact, we might wonder if they had ever heard the name "Wake Forest."



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